Exclusive! "I SAW THE DALTONS DIE" by Dr. W. D. CHESNEY

REAL WEST

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TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

TEDDY ROOSEVELT and the THREE BADMEN

•

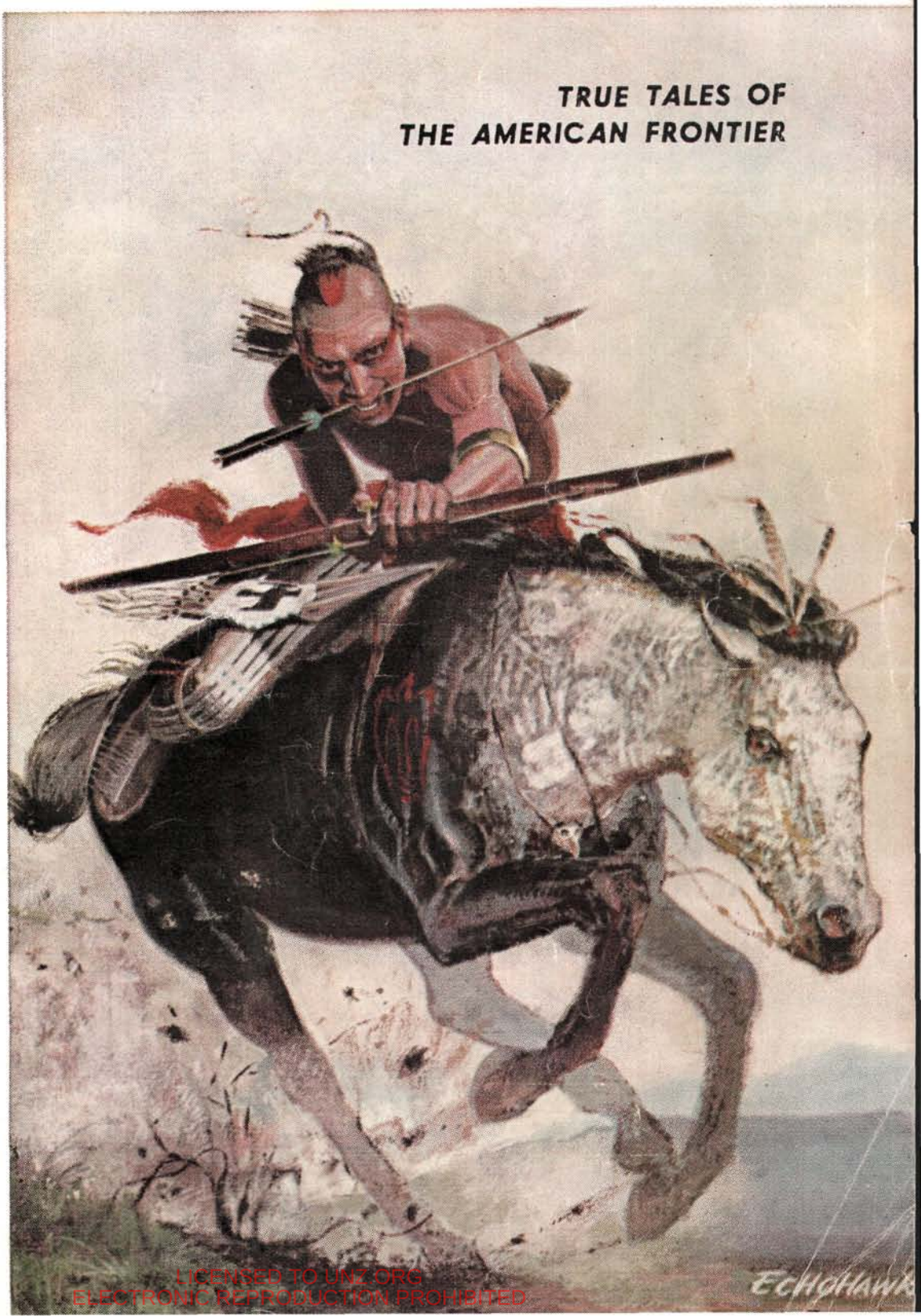
HARRY TRACY, MAD KILLER OF THE WEST

•

SANTE FE, CITY OF MYSTERY

•

BEN SMITH'S LOST MINE



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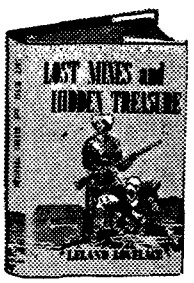

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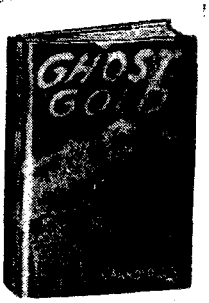

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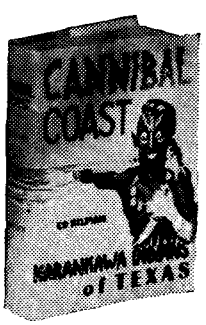

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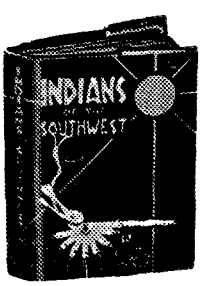

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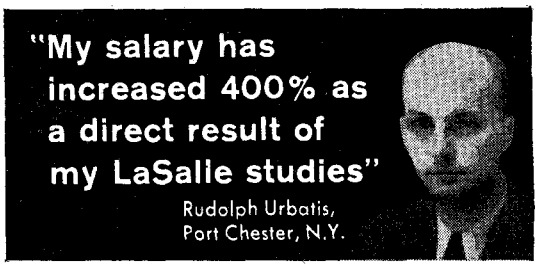

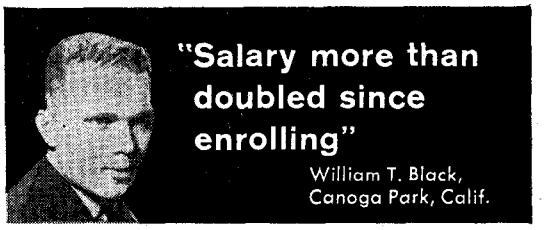

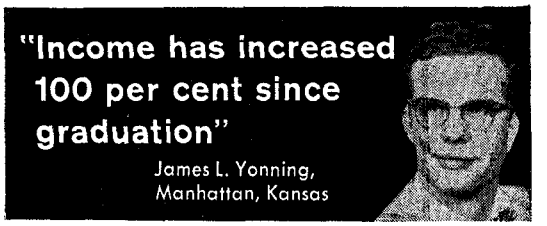

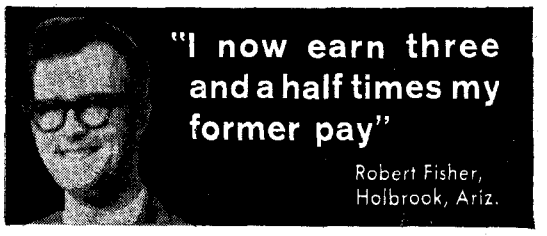

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REAL WEST

The Brand Of Quality

Volume VII
Number 35
May, 1964

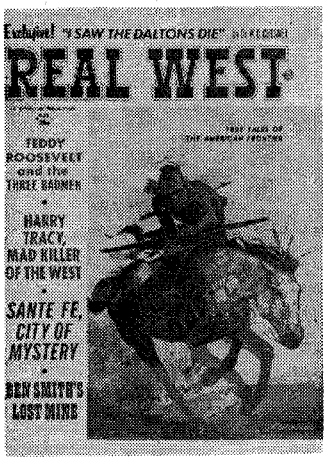
Editor: Philip R. Rand
Managing Editor: Ernest H. Hart
Executive Editor: Pat Masulli
Research Director: Edward T. LeBlanc
Art Director: Bohdan Dziubina
Production Manager: William Anderson

THIS MONTH'S COVER

The following is a description of our tremendously interesting cover, THE CHARGING PAWNEE, written by its talented creator, Indian artist Brummett Echohawk.

"The Pawnees call themselves Chaticks-Si-Chaticks, which means "Men of Men". They fought as a complete battalion of Cavalry Scouts under Major Frank North during the Indian Wars from 1864 to 1876.

"This Chaticks-Si-Chaticks wears the traditional Pawnee roach painted red. His black pony's head is painted with white clay to symbolize the Eagle clan. The skull of the eagle is tied to the horse's chest. There are hand and arm holds braided into the pony's mane useful when dropping to the side of the pony under fire or for hand holds when swinging aboard on the run. The warrior's leggings are trimmed with enemy scalps. The Pawnee is using a Kithahaki Pawnee bow made of Osage orange wood. It is short and flat with a powerful pull that ejects an arrow with swift velocity. On one end of the bow is a bladed hook used for decapitating prairie chickens on the run when the bow is unstrung. The bow, when used as a club during a mounted, hand-to-hand battle, utilizes the hook for tangling in a man's hair. The enemy could be jerked from the saddle in this manner. The blade was also effective as a small lance. The Pawnee is using the bow — which is strictly for horseback — in the Pawnee method: he fires it flat on a dead run.


REAL WEST
TEDDY ROOSEVELT and the THREE BRUNER
HARRY TRACY, MAD KILLER OF THE WEST
SANTE FE, CITY OF MYSTERY
BEN SMITH'S LOST MINE

Three arrows are at ready. One is notched, the other is in the bow hand with feather towards free hand and the last arrow is in the warrior's mouth. A fast bowman on a charging horse was deadly against an antagonist with a single action rifle. My grandfather, Echohawk, used this type of a bow as a Pawnee Scout during the Indian Wars. As a battalion of Cavalry Scouts, the Pawnees never lost a battle."

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A RW Editorial

The Editor's Corral

We just got over the excitement of reading WHEN THE WEST WAS WILD, that amazing book published by the Kansas Historical Society, a book that gives for the first time the unvarnished truth of those Kansas cattle towns, when we got a second book, KANSAS IN NEWSPAPERS, compiled by Nyle Miller, Edgar Langsdorf, and Robert W Richmond, all of the Kansas State Historical Society. It should be added that this interesting and valuable historical book was made possible by the generosity of Robert W. Baughman, Liberal, Kansas, the well-known historical authority on the old West.

The book is large, reproducing the Kansas newspapers during those wild border days, the cattle trade, and the days of Abilene, Dodge, and other famous Kansas cattle towns. For a student of those days, it could be called a miracle book. Few of us have the old newspapers at our finger tips, but if you have KANSAS IN NEWSPAPERS, you have, at least, copies of most of the great news stories of those days.

Do you want to know the real facts about Wyatt Earp being fired from the Wichita police force? You have it in this book, the whole story printed in the April 5, 1876 issue of the Wichita **Beacon.** The stabbing of Buffalo Bill's father is there in the September 28, 1854 issue of the **Democratic Platform,** Liberty, Missouri. You have every detail of the Dalton raid in the Coffeyville **Journal,** October 7, 1892. Any event of historical importance in Kansas during those years is there, just as it was reported in the newspapers when it happened.

The book sells for $9.95 and for any person interested in the old West this is a bargain. Your book dealer can get it for you, or if you wish, send your check to the McCormick-Armstrong Co., Inc., 1501-A East Douglas, Wichita, Kansas.

★ ★ ★

And on the subject of age, the old West is fast fading into only a dim memory. A few of the old timers are left, but they are too old to pound a typewriter to give us their version of those old days. The exception is Doctor W. D. Chesney, 1321 Sherman Avenue, Janesville, Wisconsin, whose article, "I Saw the Daltons Die," appears in this issue. Doctor Chesney is well into his eighties today, but even at this age he is as spry and as alert as a youngster. And if any of you young writers doubt that, study his style of telling a story and you can learn a lot

The above picture was taken in his younger days. The Doctor was brought to Kansas in 1879 by his mother, and he lived his youth in that wild era. He paid for his own medical education by hardrock mining in Joplin, Missouri. Between practicing medicine he prospected for gold, and hit pay dirt not far from the Lost Dutchman mine. He was well acquainted with Wyatt Earp, Bill Tilghman, Frank James, Calamity Jane, Boston Corbett, Al Jennings, and most of the famous characters in those old days.

For several years he has been pounding the typewriter, turning out stories of the old West that have appeared in many of the higher paying magazines. A Kansas publisher is bringing out a book of his articles next year.

★ ★ ★

Everybody seems to be interested in finding buried treasure. At least, judging from letters we receive when we run a story on buried treasure. Why not take a try at it yourself? Gold isn't difficult to find. This is the general idea you will get if you read Lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg's picture story in this issue on the use of modern equipment to locate this hidden gold.

If you want to go beyond the land and out into the sea, buy Mr. Rieseberg's latest book **Treasure of the Buccaneer Sea,** and you find a new and fascinating field for treasure hunting. This book can be purchased for $4.95 from Victor Specialties, P.O. Box 151, Derby, Conn.

★ ★ ★

Now that REAL WEST is going into its sixth year, we begin to have the feeling of an old mossback longhorn. Maybe we're not that old, but in the publishing field six years can be an old age for most magazines. However, we are glad to report to our readers that REAL WEST certainly shows no sign of old age. Each month sees a pickup in sales on the newsstand and subscriptions coming in keep a couple of girls busy.

Nope, we're still a young and kicking bronc, but that does bring up a point we would like to tip you off about. After six years the original copies of REAL WEST are now becoming collectors' items. That is, if we can believe the book dealers who keep querying us for the old numbers. Anyway, just hang on to any old copies of REAL WEST you might have. They are worth money now and will be worth a lot more as the years go by.

★ ★ ★

A new book, "Wyatt Earp", by Ed. Bartholomew (Frontier Press, $6.00. Toyahvale, Texas), had been published to add to the list of those books written to debunk the fictional legend built around Wyatt Earp. There have been recently a number of books covering this subject, but here we have an amazing documentation of the life of Wyatt Earp and any person interested in Wyatt Earp should have this book. We are limited for space in this issue, but in the next issue of REAL WEST, we will give a more detailed review of this book and its documentation.

★ ★ ★

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

(Where we have several questions covering the same subject but with varying details, we make a composite question to try to cover all the details asked in the different questions. So your question may sound a little different than the one you sent in.)

ALLEN Russell, P.O. Box 658, Beowawe, Nevada, wants to know about the origin of the American Indian. This has always been clothed in mystery. Archeologists and paleontologists, with the aid of science, have been able to pierce this cloud but the whole picture is not complete and each year new discoveries add to the confusion.

Last November an expedition headed by Dr. Richard Shulter, Jr., curator of anthropology for the Nevada State Museum, made some valuable discoveries at the Tule Springs excavations, ten miles north of Las Vegas, Nevada. Here they uncovered carbon from ancient fires, over 32,000 years old, and with the carbon were dissected bones of mammoths that man had killed and eaten.

This discovery raises in the minds of archeologists the question whether man migrated across the Bering Straits to America or whether man was here at the same time he appeared in other parts of the world.

The great unsolved mystery about man on the American continent is what happened to these original men. As they are traced down through the years — the Basketmakers, the Mound Builders, the Mayan and Aztec civilizations, we find that they reached a high state of civilization for the period in which they lived.

They were not primitive as were later inhabitants. We know the cliff dwellers had well-constructed homes. We know the Mound Builders were in an advanced state of civilization 10,000 years ago. And 10,000 years ago our ancestors in Europe had just come out of the cave man's civilization. The Royal Ontario Museum anthropologists have uncovered evidence of well worked silver mines in Northern Ontario 4,000 years ago, worked by the men who lived there at that time.

Yet when the first white men landed on the American coasts, the American Indian, with a few exceptions, was living in a primitive state, not out of the stone age, and as the white man went west the Indian tribes became more primitive and uncivilized. This raises the question: when did the American Indian as we have known him come to America?

There is no doubt that he has certain oriental features, and it is possible that several thousand years ago, he did migrate across the Bering Straits. But what happened to the Mound Builders, the Basketmakers, and the Indian that had reached fair civilization?

That is only one of the puzzling questions about the American Indian.

Pueblo Bonito in New Mexico is largest prehistoric Indian ruins in the West.

Q. Is it true that Buffalo Bill used shotgun shells with chilled shots to break the balls during his display of supposed great marksmanship? J.S. Burke. Box 293, Westport Point, Mass.

A. When Buffalo Bill first started his marksmanship act in his show, he did use bullets, but caused so much damage to windows and was such a danger to people outside the tent that he turned to the use of shotgun shells with chilled shots. Johnny Baker wrote that Buffalo Bill used a Winchester repeating rifle, smooth bore, 73 model, .44 caliber, shells 1-⅛ inches long, loaded with twenty grains of black powder and ¼ ounce No. 7-½ chilled shot. The use of the chilled shot was not a reflection on his marksmanship but a matter of safety.

Q. Can you give me the names of Sam Bass' parents, where he was born, and are there any members of the Bass family now living? Helen Santa Maria, 7635 Variel Ave., Canoga Park, California.

A. Sam Bass was born July 21, 1851 on his father's farm two miles from the town of Mitchell, Indiana. His father was Daniel Bass, and his mother was Elizabeth Sheeks prior to her marriage to his father in 1840. The parents were frugal, God-fearing, and highly respected citizens. Ten children were born to them. The two eldest died in infancy. The oldest boy joined the Union Army and was killed August 30, 1862 at the battle of Richmond, Ky. Sam was killed at Round Rock, Texas in 1878. The remaining children, John, Denton, Sallie, Euphemia, Mary, and Clarissa all married, had families and were responsible citizens, all settled in Indiana. They had children and many of the descendants are now living, but there is no record of their names or where they live.

(Continued on Page 62)

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GENERAL VALLEJO, the CON MAN'S DELIGHT

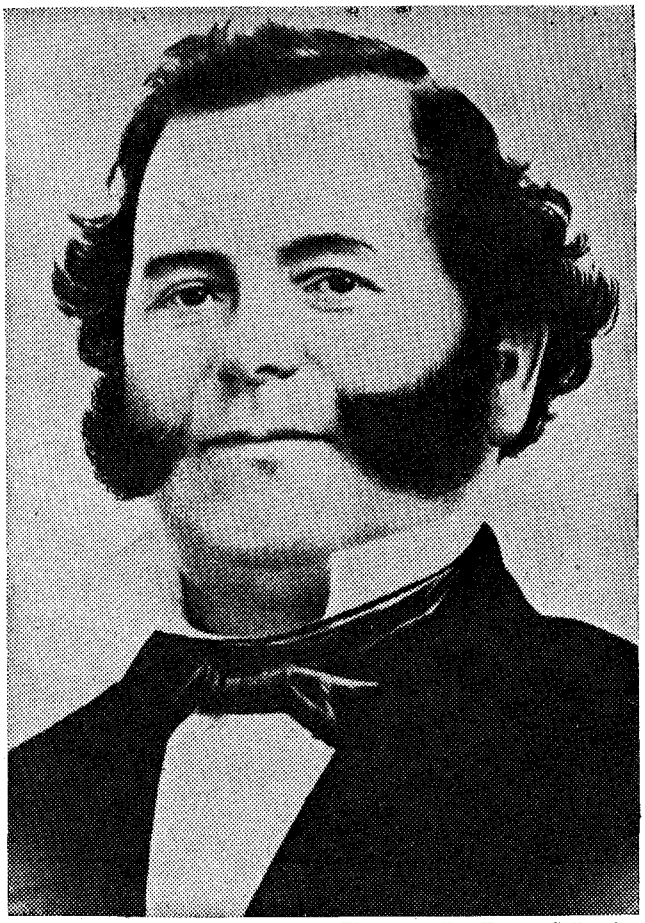

Photo credit: Young Collection

by Jan Bob

Vallejo was brave and contributed much to California history, but his generosity made him target of every con man.

General Mariano Vallejo played a significant and manysided role in the affairs of Northern California during the 83 years of his busy and rewarding life.

History has fully recorded his bravery and patriotism but less well-known is the fact that Vallejo was the answer to a con man's wildest dream.

The presence of the Russian colony at Fort Ross to the north posed a threat to Mexico's role in California at that time. It was in 1835, when Vallejo was 28, that Governor Jose Figueroa selected young Lieutenant Vallejo to command a group of soldiers at Sonoma as a buffer against further moves by the Russians. Through rewards for faithful service, Vallejo eventually acquired about seven million acres of land and owned or controlled almost all of the cattle north of San Francisco. Anyone with such holdings became the natural target for those who lived by their wits.

Even though he was imprisoned briefly during the Bear Flag Revolt, Vallejo also became a powerful figure in California politics and the first senator from Sonoma County. Life was good, and the living easy. Everything a man wanted was close at hand: all the cattle and sheep he wanted; vineyards for wines and gardens for fresh vegetables. But one major item was the lack of sugar. It had to be imported and was always expensive, even for a man to whom money meant little.

Into this pastoral scene wandered Octavio Custot, who had a sure-fire plan for the general. All the sugar he wanted, at virtually no cost.

Sugar beets, Custot confided, were the secret. The beets were then processed and the sap refined into sugar which had no equal in the world. Of course, Custot explained, the general would have to supply a few items before this world of sweetness could be tapped. Things like supplying the land, tools, seed, the hired hands and necessary money to build a refinery for processing the beets, once they had matured.

Vallejo readily agreed to all of the requests.

Custot was immediately given money to buy seeds in Mexico, and Vallejo sent a large group of laborers to Petaluma Valley where a trial forty acres would be cleared, plowed and furrowed. Others began construction of a building which would house the refinery machinery which Custot was going to buy — with the general's money.

Custot returned on schedule from his trip to Mexico City but there would be a slight delay, he explained. To insure the best crop, the seeds shouldn't be planted until just before the first Fall rains. Custot made himself com-

(Continued on Page 57)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

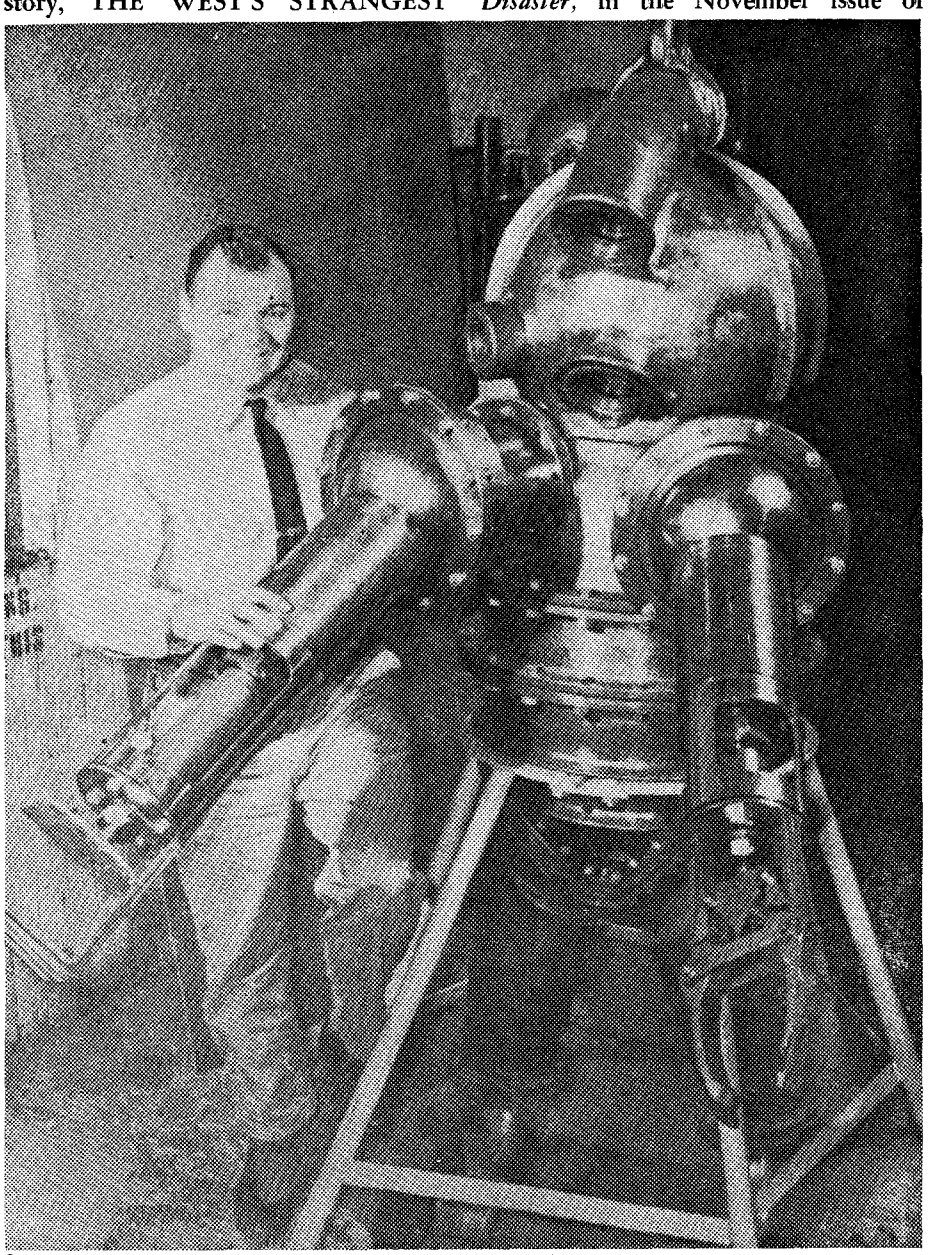
Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

WE would like to caution our readers to be sure to put their addresses on letters to the Mail Roundup. We have mentioned this before. When a letter arrives at our office, a girl takes the letter from the envelope and files it under whatever classification is required. We caution the girls to always check if the address is on the letter, but the amount of mail they must handle causes them to slip and as a result we have a letter without an address. So please put your address on your letter.

In our November issue we had the story, THE WEST'S STRANGEST SEA DISASTER, and from the number of letters on the story, it certainly went over big. We said the location of the *City of Rio de Janeiro* in the bottom of San Francisco Bay was unknown. Lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg, whose latest book, TREASURE OF THE BUCCANEER, is a sensation in deep sea treasure hunting, called our attention in his letter to a new and interesting development in the mystery.

Dear Rand:

The story, *The West's Strangest Sea Disaster*, in the November issue of REAL WEST covers one of the strangest sea mysteries of the old West. However, I beg to inform you that there is no mystery where the *City of Rio de Janeiro* rests in the bottom of the Golden Bay in San Francisco. That is one part of the story never completely told.



Enclosed is a picture of the man who located this mystery ship and its treasure. He is A.A. Mikalow, director and owner of the largest school for specialists in deep sea diving, known as the "Coastal School of Deep Sea Diving," 331 2nd Street, Oakland, California.

Mikalow, who is collaborating with me at the moment on a new book to be called "Cargoes Of Treasure" and concerning the treasure ships of the world, is the *only* man ever to locate the actual resting place of the *City of Rio de Janeiro* wreck off Fort Point, Golden Gate, San Francisco. He made this descent in a hard-hat dress diving suit, but the currents there are too terrific for actual salvage of the wreck. This was in 1956. Since then he worked constantly to devise and develop some sort of diving robot which could cope with these currents, and this photograph is the result, now completed, and which he plans to make this salvage. Mikalow has the *only* city and federal claim on this wreck's salvage, and he plans shortly to make the operation.

The Steamer carried some $2,000,000 in Chinese silver and $75,000 in gold, and the man who placed it aboard the steamer still lives and resides in the Bay Area, a friend now of Mikalow. He has showed Mikalow the actual placement of the treasured cargo by himself on board. He is retired now.

Lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg
P.O. Box 1191
Paradise, California

KNEW THE OLD TIME RUSTLERS

Gentlemen:

I have been very interested in your magazine. It has, I think the most true history as to facts of any magazine I have been able to pick up.

This story by Koller about Sam Moses was very interesting as it put the "bounty hunters" in a far different light than the "80 Year Cattle Cavalcade" by

(Continued on Page 75)

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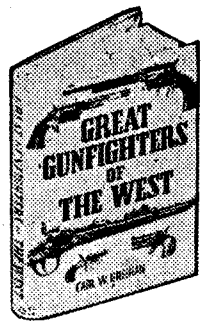

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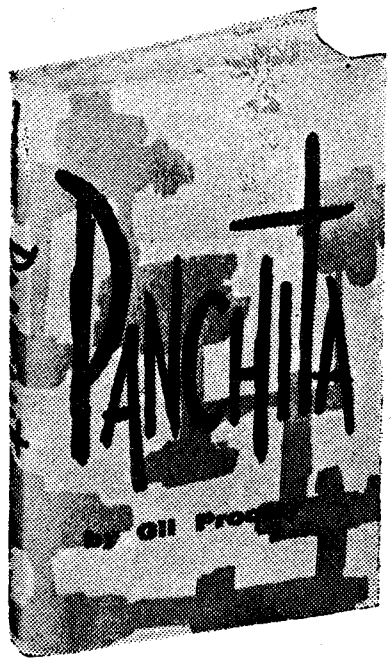

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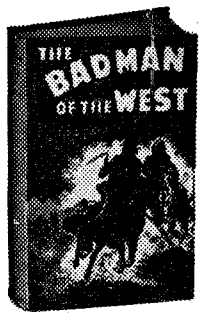

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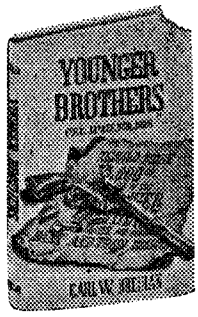

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HARRY TRACY,
THE WEST'S MAD KILLER

We are offering here what we believe to be one of the finest pieces of research and definitive reporting that has come to our desk in many, many months. You may already have read about Harry Tracy, but we are certain you will learn so much that is new and fresh in this article that it will make much of what you have already read inaccurate and unconvincing.

by Gary Williams

Photo credit: Chelan County Historical Society

Harry Tracy in wheatfield at Eddy Ranch, dead by his own hand from a bullet in the head.

I remember how surprised I was when I first heard the statement that Harry Tracy made Jesse James look like a Sunday school choir boy. I had made a thorough study of Jesse James and heard only a little about Harry Tracy. To me the statement seemed foolish, brazen, and rather rash.

But it did start me on researching the career of Harry Tracy, and today, after some years of this study and research, I must admit that Harry Tracy not only stacked up well with Jesse James but in brutality and sadistic killings, he made Jesse James look like a second rater.

The final, and most spectacular episode in Tracy's long, violent, career began about 7:00 a.m. on the morning of June 9, 1902 in the Oregon State Prison. An Oregon drizzle met the line of gray-clad prisoners as they marched from their cells to the various shops they had been assigned in the grim house of bondage. Harry Tracy, one of the deadliest men in America, and his companion, Dave Merrill, were among those working out their debt to society in the prison foundry shop.

Tracy, in prison jargon, served "hard time." He was constantly at outs with the guards for refusing to conform to what he thought were "trivial rules." On this particular morning, however, he was filled with high hopes. According to the generally accepted version of what happened, a promise of a good deal of money had persuaded a former inmate, Charles Monte, who had been released from the prison the previous month, to help Tracy set up an escape from the adamant old pen at Salem, Oregon.

In fulfilling his part in the plan, Monte did an amazing thing, probably one of the few feats of its kind in history. On the night of June 8, 1902, he drove a buggy to a secluded spot near the prison wall. Toting a cumbersome bundle of ropes, grappling hooks, and guns, he approached the prison wall under the cover of darkness. Hurling

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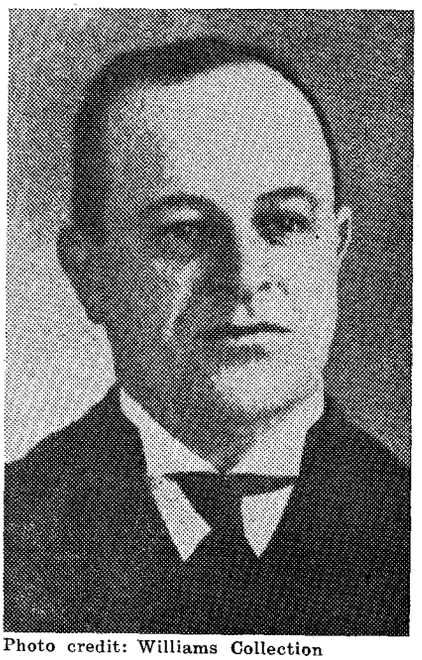

Photo credit: Williams Collection

Dan Weiner, Portland detective, who arrested Tracy after gunbattle.

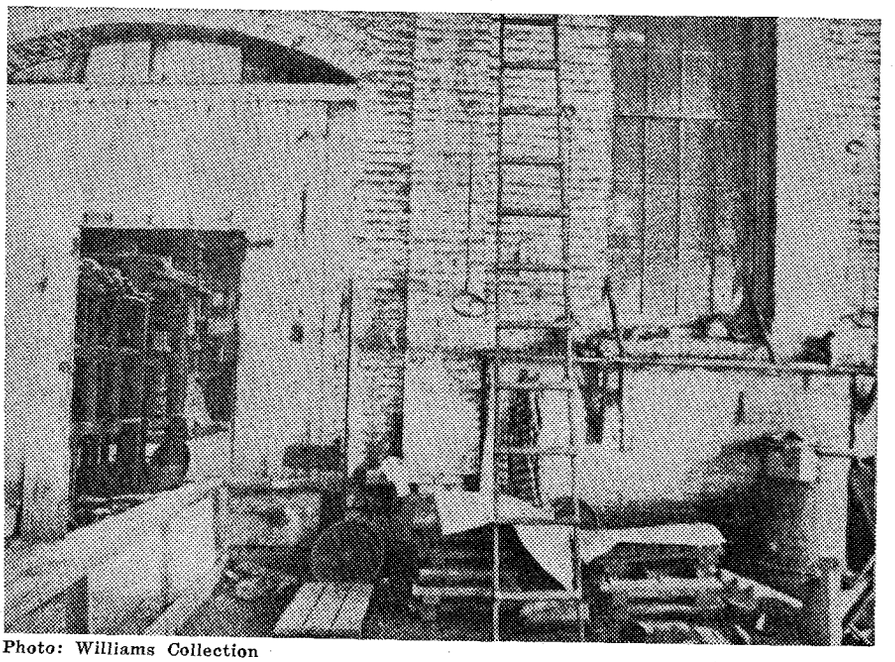

Photo: Williams Collection

Prison foundry shop where Winchesters were hidden beneath packing cases and used by Tracy and his companion in one of west's most amazing prison breaks.

a grappling hook high in the air, he secured it fast to the catwalk above. Hand over hand, he made his way up the rope to the top of the wall. Drawing the rope up quickly, and letting it down inside, he lowered himself into the prison yard.

Moving silently, he crossed the yard, entered the foundry shop, and planted two loaded 30-30 Winchester rifles beneath some patterns in some packing cases. Stealthily making his way back to the outer wall, he climbed up and over it and was soon gone into the night. It was a clean job; no one had seen him. It was certainly a daredevil feat-but one that later earned him a life-sentence. For this act was instrumental in causing the deaths of three men the following day. Several more in the weeks to come.

On the morning following Monte's secret visit to the prison, Tracy, Merrill, and the one hundred fifty-seven other inmates that made up the foundry gang entered the shop as usual. The moment Tracy and Merrill stepped through the door, they sprang toward the packing cases against the wall. Seconds later they were armed with the deadly Winchester rifles. Tracy, with a curse, drew a bead on Frank Ferrell, the shop guard. "I'll learn ya' to hard time me, you ————!" exploded Tracy.

The heavy slug ripped into the guard's body and he died almost instantly. Some of the old time convicts said that this cold-blooded killing was motivated by the fact that Guard Ferrell had once tied Tracy up by his wrists and lashed his back with a pronged leather strap. According to Joseph "Bunco" Kelly, in his autobiography "13 Years In the Oregon Penitentiary" corporal punishment was certainly much in vogue in the prison in those days.

AS Ferrell went down Tracy swung his rifle around and took aim at another shop guard. At this instant an old convict, Tom Ingraham (doing life for killing his brothers), made a move to stop Tracy and was blasted in the leg. The old prisoner was later given a pardon for this act but lost his leg as a result of the wound.

Picking up a ladder which was lying behind the packing cases, Tracy and Merrill ran into the yard and toward the northwest wall. This was "D Day" to these two desperate men. Nothing was to stop them.

Guard S. R. Jones, in his tower, saw them running across the yard and began firing. Tracy paused for a moment and squeezed off one shot. Jones yelled, dropped his rifle, and toppled from the wall.

Reaching the wall, they placed the ladder firmly against it, and with Tracy in the lead, started over. Guard Tiffany started firing at them from the East Tower. Tracy and Merrill both returned the shots and a slug caught Tiffany in the chest. He fell outside the wall. In a moment the two escaping convicts dropped to the ground outside, rushed to the wounded guard, and forced him to his feet. Using him as a shield, they made their way quickly to a dense, wooded area a short distance away. When the guard had served his purpose, Tracy shoved him to the ground and put a bullet through his brain. When Tracy and Merrill made their break, it marked the beginning of one of the greatest, most wide-spread manhunts in American history.

This was not the first dramatic jailbreak for Tracy, but it was certainly the most spectacular. Throughout the West, he had left a trail of sawed bars and dead men.

Tracy, whose real name was Harry Severens, was born in Minong, Wisconsin in 1875, and had drifted West at an early age. It seems he fell immediately into the pathways of crime, for he was soon riding with Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch, or "Hole in the Wall" gang, as they were known. Tracy, along with Harvey "Kid Curry" Logan, was probably the most ruthless and feared man to ever ride with the notorious gang.

There has been much garbled fiction written about Tracy's boyhood years, and most of it was dreamed up in the minds of the pulp paperback novelists who were grinding out their dime-novel hash under the label of "historical fact" just after the turn of the century. In truth, little is known of Tracy's early life for he was not one to often talk about his boyhood.

His first recorded jailbreak took place in 1897. Tracy, then 22 years old, had been sentenced to a term in the State Penitentiary at Salt Lake on July 10, 1897, following a burglary in Provo, Utah. Tracy (#939) was in the prison less than two months when he led three other convicts in a daring escape. On October 8, while working at a rock quarry some distance from the prison, Tracy attacked a guard, grabbed the latter's shotgun, changed

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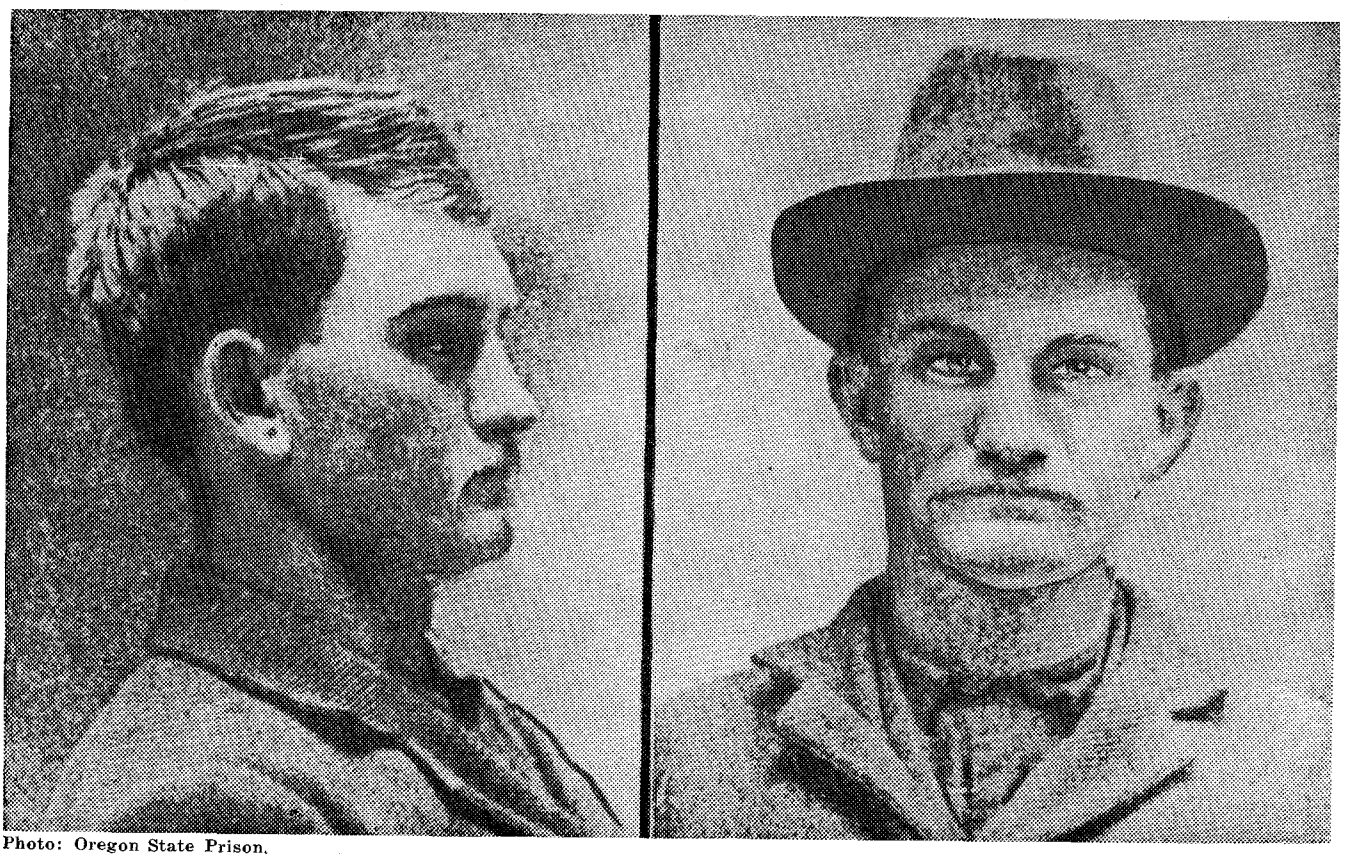

Photo: Oregon State Prison.

Two rare photos of Tracy, one taken at time of his arrest in Portland and other when he made break from prison.

clothes with him, and accompanied by Dave Lant, Pat Johnson and Jack Bennett, made good his escape. Dodging pursuers the four convicts fled to the safety of a remote outlaw camp known as "Brown's Hole" in northeastern Utah.

On the first day of March 1898, a young boy named Willie Strang was brutally shot and killed in Brown's Hole by one of the Salt Lake escapees, Jack Bennett. Before he could make his escape, Bennett was captured by Valentine Hoy and other angered ranchers of the region, who promptly honored him at a necktie party. Upon receiving word that a posse was on its way to the hole, Tracy, Lant, and Johnson decided to make a fast exit from the valley. When the lawmen arrived, Hoy and other ranchers joined in the chase for the fleeing outlaws. They finally cornered Tracy and his companions on a rugged mountainside in Lodore Canyon, high above the Green River. The posse had advanced up the treacherous cliffs to a spot just below a group of large boulders where they had the outlaws at bay. As Valentine Hoy moved out from the others to a position just a few yards from the cornered men, Tracy yelled down at him, "What kind of a fool are you, Hoy? Get back down there or I'll blow your head off!" Hoy chose to remain where he was. It was a fatal choice. When the rancher showed himself, Tracy raised up and fired once. Hoy tumbled down the hill with a bullet in his heart.

After night had fallen, the outlaws managed to slip by the posse and make their way off the mountain. The outlaw's stronghold was situated in a deep valley and was bordered on the south by the Green River. Setting their course toward the west entrance to Brown's Hole, some thirty miles away, the desperados raced their horses parallel to the river, the posse pressing hard not far behind. Some hours later, the three men were once again cornered, and despite Tracy's protests, they decided to surrender.

THEY were taken to Colorado where Pat Johnson was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a term in the Colorado State Pen at Canon City. Tracy and Dave Lant were taken in irons to Routt County and lodged in the jail at Haun's Peak to await trial for the murder of Valentine Hoy.

During his incarceration, Tracy wrote a poem which he gave to Sheriff Charley Nieman. Several verses are published here for the first time, the courtesy of Sheriff Nieman's widow, Ruby, of Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

We left the Salt Lake pen
as the sun was setting low
and walked along the railroad track
until our legs refused to go.

But we struck Park City early
where the Morning sunbeams lit
On our striped pantaloons
where a happy party sit.

We claim to be no poetes
But the truth we will plainly tell
of those two brave detetives

who have by the wayside fell
Now just one word to citessons
who for protection cry
Just vote for braver oficers
When the swallows homeward fly.

Yours With Kind Love
and
Best Wishes
(illegible word) Skindflints
Harry Tracy

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On March 24, 1898, Dave Lant broke through the wall separating their cells, and got into Tracy's cell. When Sheriff Nieman brought the morning breakfast, Tracy clubbed him over the head with a heavy object, secured his keys, locked him in a cell and he and Lant made their escape. They had taken the keys with them, so it was some time before the jail lock was pried off and the Sheriff was released from the cell.

He immediately took after the escapees and succeeded in capturing them a few miles south of Steamboat Springs. In a short while they were lodged in the stronger jail at Aspen, Colorado. The vicious Tracy wasn't to be held here long either. It was here he performed the spectacular stunt that was applied some thirty years later by that infamous Indiana farm boy John Dillinger.

In a bold bluff, Tracy bulled his way out of the maximum security tank of the jail with a wooden gun which he had carved in his cell, and covered with tinfoil. Dave Lant, as usual, following him to freedom, but at this point, for some unknown reason, they parted company. Lant later joined the armed forces and distinguished himself for bravery in the Philippines.

After his discharge, he returned to Utah and thereafter lived a peaceful life. Not so with Tracy. He headed to Oregon where he soon teamed up with another young criminal named Dave Merrill, to act out the final and most spectacular chapter of his violent, misspent life . . .

Merrill and Tracy had a lot in common — namely, their interest in a successful career in crime. Merrill was two years older than Tracy and the young bandits favored each other to a remarkable degree in looks. Merrill, however, was to prove to be the weaker counterpart of the fearless, intractable Tracy. The pair launched their new partnership by staging a series of daring daylight robberies of department stores in the Portland, Oregon area. They wore grotesque face masks during these forays, and soon came to be known as the "false face bandits."

Merrill didn't have the seasoned good judgment and criminal instinct for caution that the crime-wise Tracy had. After a successful job, Merrill would often go on a wild spending and drinking spree, and invariably talked too much. On one of these occasions, he came under the suspicious eye of Portland Detective Dan Weiner who traced Merrill to his mother's home and arrested him. After tripping himself up in a web of lies, Merrill finally confessed, and hoping to get his sentence shortened, put the finger on Tracy.

When confronted on the street by Weiner that night, Tracy put up his usual tiger-like resistance. At the corner of Market and Fourth, Tracy and the Detective exchanged gunfire, and leaping aboard a slowmoving Southern Pacific train, Tracy commanded the engineer at gunpoint to "speed up, and get this train out of town!" Someone, however, had pulled the emergency cord and the train very quickly began to lose speed. Cursing, Tracy sprang from the engine and once again exchanged shots with Weiner who had been running alongside. A butcher, Albert Way, saw the two men blazing away at one another. He grabbed his shotgun and fired at Tracy.

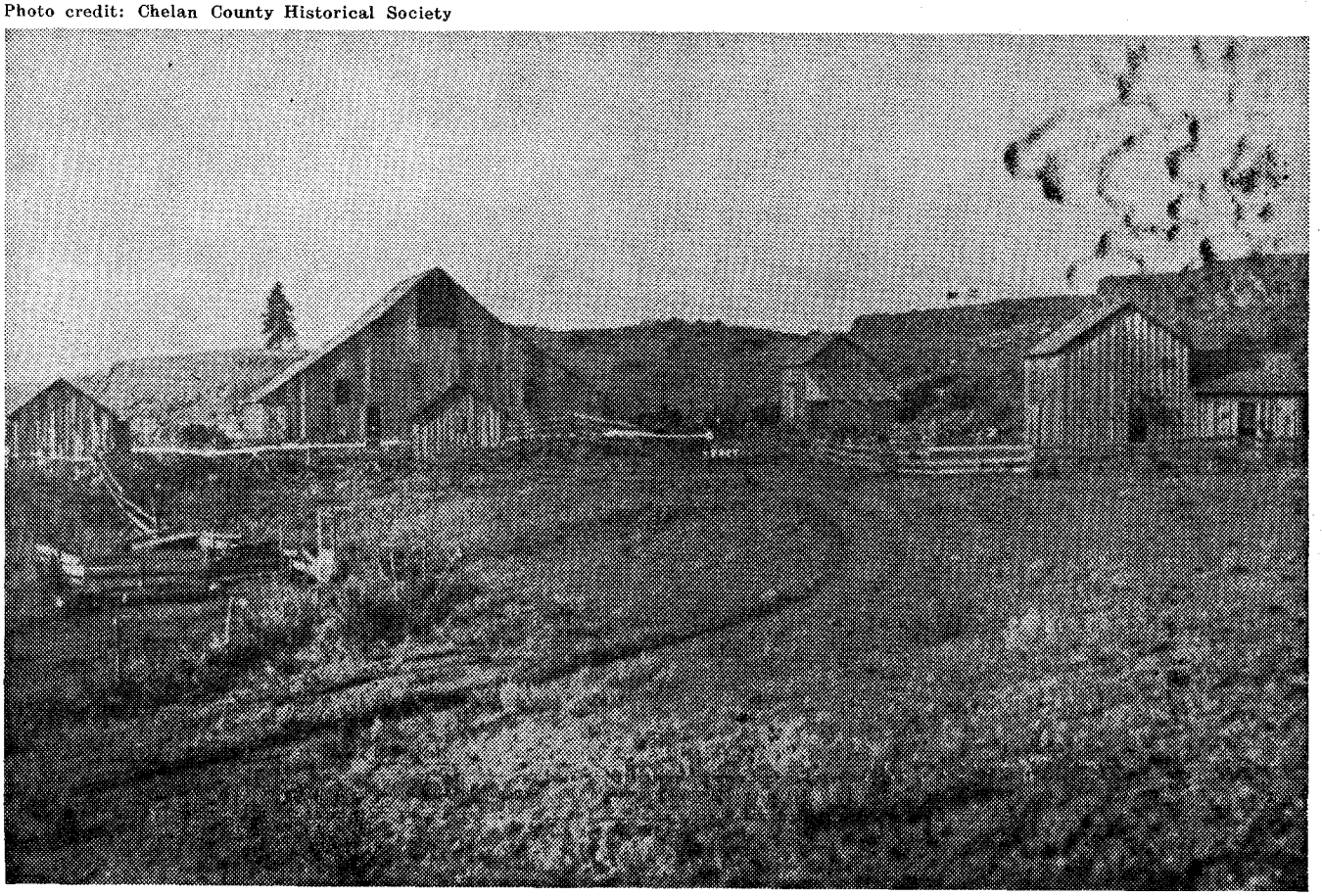
THE heavy charge of shot crashed into the side of the outlaw's head and he sprawled in an unconcious heap on the ground. Luckily for Tracy, the charge had only grazed his skull, and though painful, his wound was soon to heal. Weiner hauled him away to the Portland jail, and that same night detectives found much of the loot from their stickups in Merrill's home.

Portland police might have kept a more diligent watch on Tracy had they been aware of his past escapades. On

(Continued on Page 64)

Rare photo of Eddy Ranch where Tracy killed himself, making good boast that he would never again be taken alive.

Photo credit: Chelan County Historical Society



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HUGH GLASS' EMPTY REVENGE

Left to die by his partners, Hugh Glass lived to search them out only to find that his bloody revenge was impossible.

by Bob Young

HUGH Glass pushed his way through the thickets of brushwood and dwarf plum which abounded along the Grand River. Despite the density of the shrubs, he was quiet as a doe walking on velvet and all of his senses were alert for any sign of danger.

Glass was working the shoreline as a hunter for Major Henry's trapping expedition and it was the grizzled old mountain man's job to provide meat for the other eighty men in the party. Though he was always referred to as Old Hugh Glass, he was as tough as a buffalo thong and had an instinct of courage and self-preservation that surpassed human understanding. His confidence was sometimes his undoing.

With Colonel Leavenworth's wretched failure to discipline the treacherous Arikaras in the area, Glass knew that a scalp-hunting, painted Arikara might be hunkering down behind any bush or tree, and the area of the Grand and Missouri Rivers was notorious for the fierce, brutish grizzly bears which prowled the territory in packs of two or three. Since they had never been consistently hunted, they had no fear whatever of the white man and actually attacked him as fair game whenever they roamed

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in numbers. For them it was an easy living along the rivers where thickets of wild plum, cherry and buffalo berry bushes provided not only food but cover.

(It was along the Grand River that Sitting Bull, then a youngster, had a tussle with a grizzly which qualified him as a warrior. All Indians considered these beasts so formidable they recorded a grizzly killing the equal to that of a human.)

Wily old Glass might have been thinking of these things when he pushed through a particularly dense thicket of plum bushes, growing near the river in a sandy patch of ground. Shielding his face from the branches, he struggled through the brush and into the opening.

There lay a huge female grizzly with two cubs frolicking in the warm sand by her side.

Glass knew he had no chance to retreat because of the thick bushes. He would plod while the she-bear leaped through the bushes like a spooked cat. The bear was already on her feet and approaching. Glass drew a bead on her, crooking his gnarled old hands to set the triggers.

But the bear was faster. With a guttural growl, imitated only by certain Indian tribes just before a killing, the giant bear brushed Glass' rifle away as though it were a stick. Her scimitar-sharp claws ripped and raked Glass' throat and body, pushing him to the beach. Her fangs ripped out a ham-sized piece of flesh which she flung to her cubs. As she turned away momentarily, Glass struggled to his knees, hoping to meet this furred terror on more equal terms, though he had no real defense against the claws and fangs which sought his body time and again.

The bear grabbed him by the shoulder, then as Glass threw his arm across his face and eyes, the she-bear killer grabbed at him, biting through bone and sinew time and again, almost as if she were only intent on torturing Glass before the final crunching bite.

Glass' cries of agony, bolstered by the frenzied growls of the bear attracted Glass' hunting partner, who pushed through the brush to help him. Curiously, one of the bear's cubs, apparently taking a cue from his enraged mother, attacked the other hunter. He jumped into the river, then aimed and shot the cub. While he reloaded, he yelled to attract the attention of the other trappers who should be cordelling up the river and shouldn't be far away.

The distress signal was recognized and men piled off of the keel boat to effect a rescue. They broke down the brush as they rushed to the hunters' aid, and came upon a ghastly sight. The one cub lay dead, the other huddled in the brush not knowing quite what to do. It was killed immediately.

The killer mother-bear stood over her victim, her lips and teeth still dripping blood from the wounds she had inflicted on the body of her victim. She was six feet of murderous fury, her great paws armed with the terrible curved scythes that had ripped Hugh Glass to ribbons. Rifles cracked and ball after ball hit her. The bear faltered and rubbed at her wounds, then fell across the inert body of Glass, who no longer showed a sign of life.

It was all the trappers could do to drag the enormous, furry body covering old Hugh. Several of the men looked at Glass and all agreed that there was little or nothing that could be done for him. There were no medicines nor medical aid and Glass with his monstrous wounds was just as good as dead. They tried to move him into a more comfortable position but he writhed and screamed with the movement and yelled he simply wanted to lie there. He was soaked with his own blood.

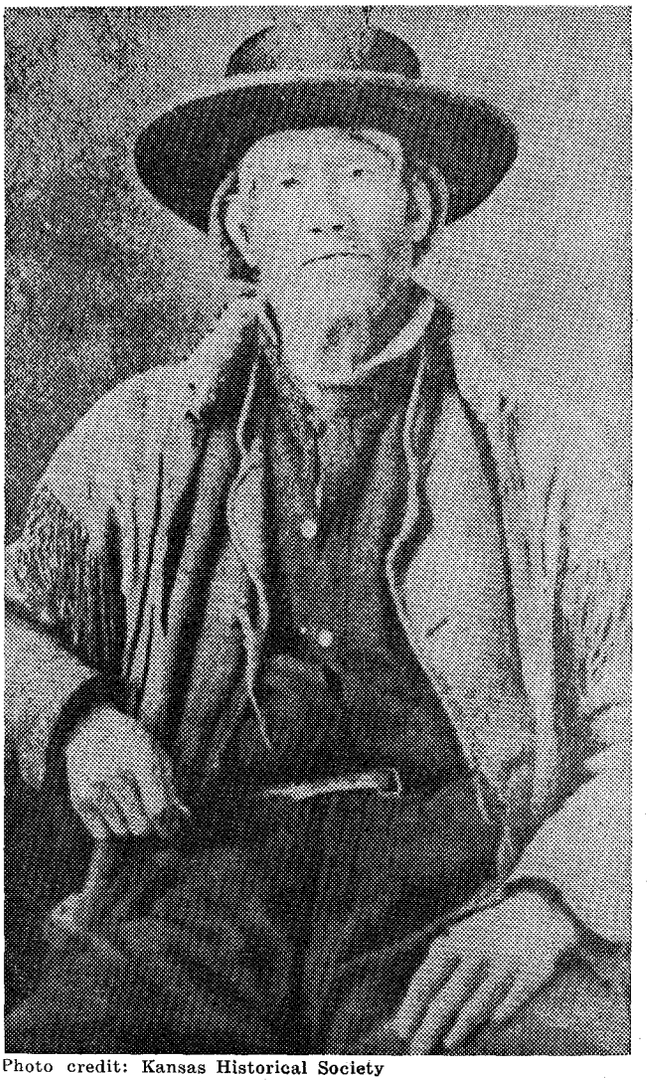

Photo credit: Kansas Historical Society

There was suspicion that Jim Bridger, the mountain man, was one who left Glass to die of his bear wounds.

MAJOR Henry and his men made Glass as comfortable as they could, then left a guard with him and took council. What could be done, was the question posed. "He's as good as dead," they all agreed. "He can't be moved, and we can't in good conscience leave him behind." The men finally decided to leave a two man guard to care for Glass until he died (no one entertained any other thought). A purse of $80 was taken up to pay these men. The contributors who didn't have the coins were put on tick with Major Henry until the trapping season was over and the men were paid off. There could be no delay because the Yellowstone country had a season which consisted of July, August and Winter.

Two men reluctantly stayed behind to care for Glass. One was named Fitzgerald and the other Jim. Some say it was Jim Bridger who later emblazoned his own name among the best of the mountain men. There has never been any more definite identification of the man named

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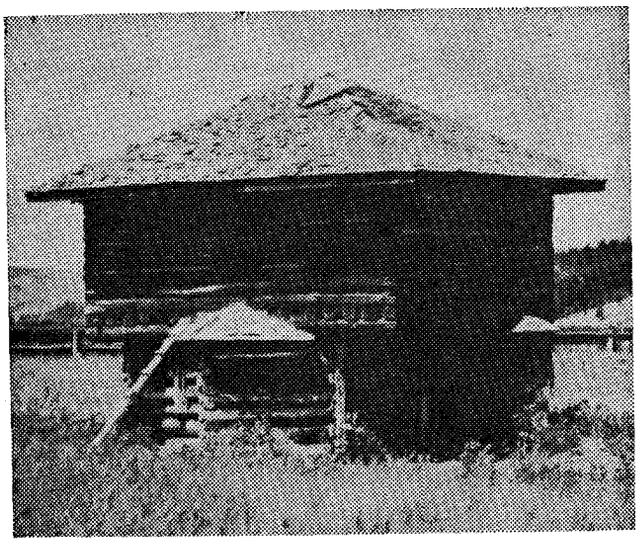

Photo credit: Mallon Collection

Glass stopped at Fort Logan in Montana in search.

Jim, except to point out that Bridger was a member of the Henry trapping outfit at that time.

Major Henry's trappers moved on, leaving the silent vigil for the desperately wounded Glass, who was never more than semi-conscious. They treated his wounds with cold water, the only available medication, except for keeping him warm and fed.

Rushing Bear, Arikara chief, once helped Hugh Glass.

Photo credit: Bureau of Ethnology

Glass survived day after day, moaning with pain and not seeming to improve, except that he was still alive. Most of the meals were cold as Fitzgerald and Jim were afraid to build a fire which might attract the dreaded Arikaras. There just wasn't anything to do but sit and look at the terribly wounded man they wished more everyday would die. Finally tension and fear broke their determination. They decided that Glass would die anyway so there wasn't much reason for them to endure such danger for a dead man. They stripped Glass of his rifle, his powder, his knife, and all plunder. If they didn't bring these items back with them no one would believe that Glass was dead. And if they said they had abandoned the old man to the mercies of animals or Indians, their days were, at the very least, going to be unpleasant.

They took off, leaving Glass without anything to protect himself, or to provide for even mere survival in this wilderness. But Fitzgerald and Jim arrived at Fort Henry and reported that Glass had died and they had given him a proper burial. Nobody doubted their word. It was what had been expected and the men were commended upon staying until Glass' death.

Their treacherous desertion had a strange effect on the mutilated man. When old man Glass awoke and realized what they had done, he swore a blood oath to get revenge on these rascals. He'd live just to spite those bastards.

"Those snakes. I'll git 'em!" he croaked through a parched throat.

Mustering all of his strength, Glass dragged himself to a small spring, thirstily gulping up the cool, sweet water. He reached up and plucked a few buffalo berries and wild cherries. Both the water and fruit gave strength to his torn body and the raging wrath which burned within him. Glass stayed there feeding and drinking as he wanted but as the nights became colder and the days shorter, he knew he would have to seek better shelter before winter set in. The nearest place he knew was Fort Kiowa, situated on the Missouri near the mouth of the White. But even that was 100 miles away. Could a man drag himself that far? Hugh Glass didn't rightly know but he did know that he would crawl and drag himself as far as he could, rather than let winter or some vagrant Indian kill him.

Arikara villages were sprinkled along the banks of the Grand River, so Glass knew he couldn't go that way. though it would be the easiest. The most direct path lay to the southeast. Painfully, Glass left the banks of the river, and pulling, crawling and scratching he scaled the high bluffs and late that day reached the high prairie plateau, heading in the direction of the Moreau River. Glass was exhausted and instantly fell asleep, caring for neither drink nor food.

AS the sun warmed the prairie at dawn next day, Glass resumed his terrible ordeal. He was fiercely hungry but he had neither gun nor knife, and no way of catching any game, which he'd have had to eat raw anyway, having been stripped of even his flint.

It was only his great desire for revenge that kept Glass alive.

Late in the afternoon he noticed a commotion in the distance and thinking it might be wandering Indians, he hugged the earth. Even the most docile Indian would consider it a huge joke to scalp a wounded, helpless white, lifting his hair while the man remained alive. Warily, Glass raised one eye to see what added danger he faced. He saw a lost buffalo calf being harangued by wolves who surrounded the animal. One would rush in snapping

(Continued on Page 49)

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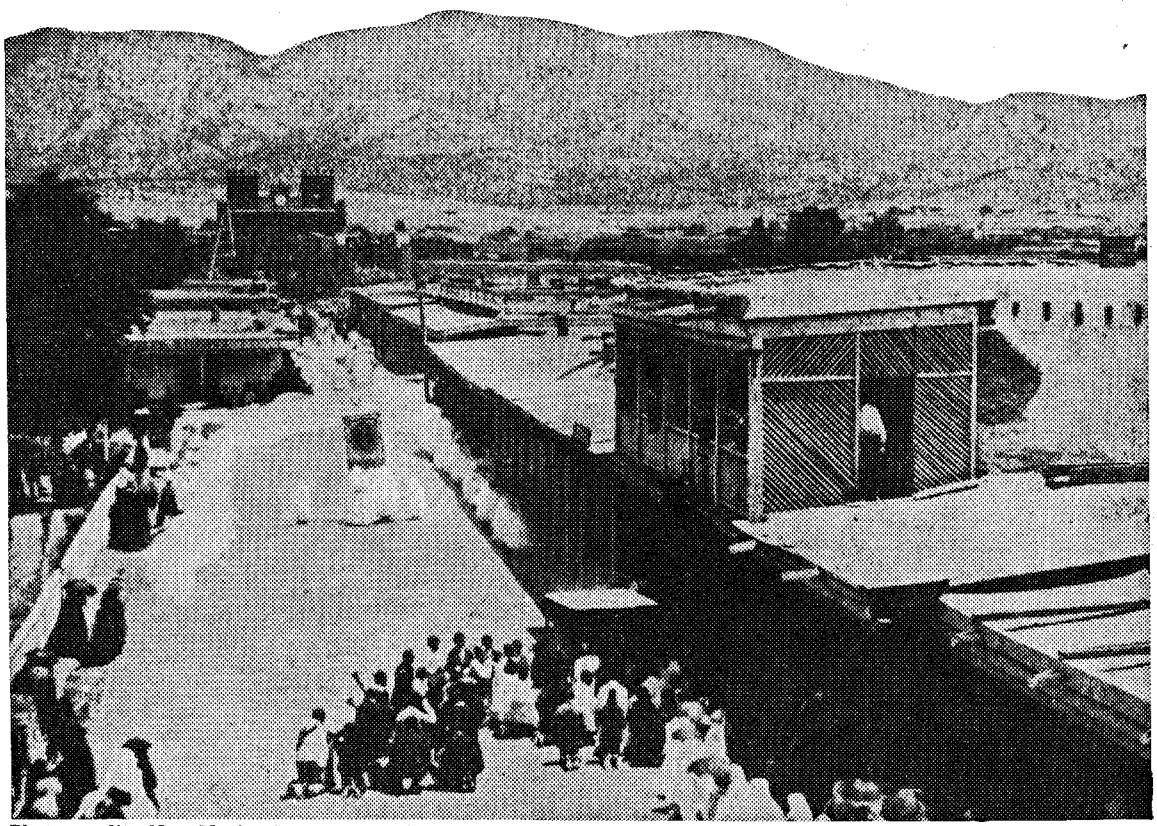

Photo credit: New Mexico Department of Development

Santa Fe, city of strange mysteries

This city and its mysteries date far back in our history.

by Lee Miller

THERE are some cities that wear their traditions like costumes on certain days of remembrance. There are others that house their traditions in buildings of historic significance. But Santa Fe, New Mexico, differs from both types in that it is its own tradition.

In its long and often hectic career it has never for a day, never for an hour, ceased to be "The City of the Holy Faith," and "The City Different."

The new has been toned down by the old in Santa Fe, until the symbols of contemporary civilization take their places in the over-all pattern of a city that is the embodiment of a rich and colorful past.

Ancient walls, skeletons unearthed within the city limits, objects made of pottery, of bone — all prove that Santa Fe was the site of prehistoric settlements. Probably at no time during those long years between the dawn of human life in the Southwest and the coming of the Spaniards was the earth of Santa Fe for long untouched.

The conquest of New Mexico by the Spaniards came about from one of man's oldest desires: the desire for gold. From Mexico came the early explorers, dazzled by rumors of gold — rumors doubtless traceable to the greed of the Spaniards who had been spurred toward remote horizons by Cortez' conquest of the Mexico of that fabulous ruler, Montezuma.

From 1540 to 1542 were years blazing with achievements and disappointments for the Spaniards under Co-

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I SAW THE DALTONS DIE

Photo credit Tilghman Collection. Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library.

by Dr. W. D. Chesney

(We feel we are making a valuable contribution to the Dalton saga by publishing this eye witness account of that day in Coffeyville when the Daltons died. The Author, Doctor Chesney, is now in his eighties and is one of the better Western writers. We refer you to the Editor's Corral for more detailed information about this amazing man.)

THE gun exploded near my face. Powder burns stung my cheeks. Then the face of the man in front of me turned a scarlet red and he tumbled head first to the side, blood gushing from his cheeks and forehead.

On that day, October 5, 1892, I was only twelve years old. My stomach did a violent somersault. I retched but nothing came up. And then I felt faint and I remember my father grabbing me and rushing me inside the Isham hardware store.

This happened seventy-two years ago, and all through that long span of years that sight and that day in Coffeyville, Kansas has been a nightmare to me. The man with the bleeding face was only one part of that terrifying day which history has recorded as the day the Daltons tried to rob two banks in Coffeyville and were killed.

As I saw those terrifying events through the eyes of a twelve year old, I can't say that I saw everything clearly and that what I did see will settle many of the historical arguments about that day. I can only tell you what I did see and give you some idea of the tense drama that took place on that day, a drama that has become a part of our history of the Old West.

My father was a lawyer. In 1863 he went to Topeka, Kansas and in the following year was elected county attorney for Shawnee County. Father was a close friend of Abe Lincoln and the next year he went to Washington to visit Lincoln and was at the Ford Theatre when Lincoln was assassinated. My father also was in Lawrence the day after the Quantrill raid.

After serving as County Attorney, my father opened a law office in Wyandotte, Kansas, now Kansas City, Kansas, and served in a number of government capacities. In 1892 he had a case in the court of the famed Judge Parker in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and he took me along. When his work was done in Judge Parker's court, we started back to Kansas. Father stopped at Vinita, Indian Territory, to visit a cousin who was an Indian agent. From there father had to go to Coffeyville to consult

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with a lawyer about whites stealing from the Indians.

We arrived on the afternoon of October 4th. I remember noticing that that were no hitching racks in front of the banks, and when I asked why, I was told that they didn't want to accomodate bank robbers by giving them a place to tie their horses. Whether this meant that Coffeyville was expecting a raid from the Dalton boys is something I can't say for sure.

Yet since the Daltons were then riding high and handsome, it would only be natural that Coffeyville might expect a visit from them, as they were, in fact, hometown boys, having lived on a farm south of Coffeyville and were well-known in town. After the famous raid there were rumors that this person and that person had been tipped off that the Daltons were coming. There has also been the claim that the Daltons walked into a trap.

If they did, I can only say that Coffeyville made no preparations for their arrival. If they had, the tragic list of the dead wouldn't have been so great. That morning father and I decided to walk to the town square to have a look around before he consulted the lawyer he had come to see.

IT was between nine and nine-thirty, and unknown to us things had started to happen. About ten or fifteen minutes before Mr. and Mrs. Hollingsworth were driving their spring wagon west on what later was known as 8th Street but was then only a country lane. At the old cheese factory and about a half mile from the town they saw six men on horses.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollingsworth later said that the six men were heavily armed and were rough looking, but neither Mr. or Mrs. Hollingsworth, who were newcomers to Coffeyville, recognized any of the six. Jim and John Seldomridge were riding on the same road and saw the same six men and said they were armed and looked like outlaws.

The number of the men on horses the Hollingsworths and the Seldomridges said they saw poses an interesting question. Only five members of the Dalton gang took part in the attempted robberies. It is known that Bill Doolin was a member of the Daltons and that he ran out on them, but it has always been generally supposed he left them some distance from the town.

The residents of this road who saw the horsemen after they passed the Hickman property claimed to have seen only five riders. So Doolin must have left the gang somewhere between the old cheese factory and the Hickman property.

The five horsemen turned into Maple Street, passed the Long Bell Lumber Company office, and entered the alley between Walnut and Maple Streets. The five slid out of their saddles, tied their horses to a hitching rack at the rear of Police Judge Munn's home. By this time a number of citizens had seen the five and what they had seen caused no concern, which confirms the theory that the residents of Coffeyville had no inkling of the planned raid.

Another point in dispute was whether the five men wore false beards. Some writers claim they did. I can only say that when I saw these five men later, they were not wearing any disguise. After tying their horses the five walked two abreast, Grat and Bob Dalton leading the way, up the alley and out onto the town square. They came out alongside the Condon National Bank. Grat, Broadwell, and Powers walked boldly into the bank. Bob and Emmett remained outside for a few minutes and then crossed the street and entered the First National Bank.

All this happened before father and I got to the square, and as we neared it somebody yelled, "The Daltons are robbing the bank!" Who yelled this has been lost in the

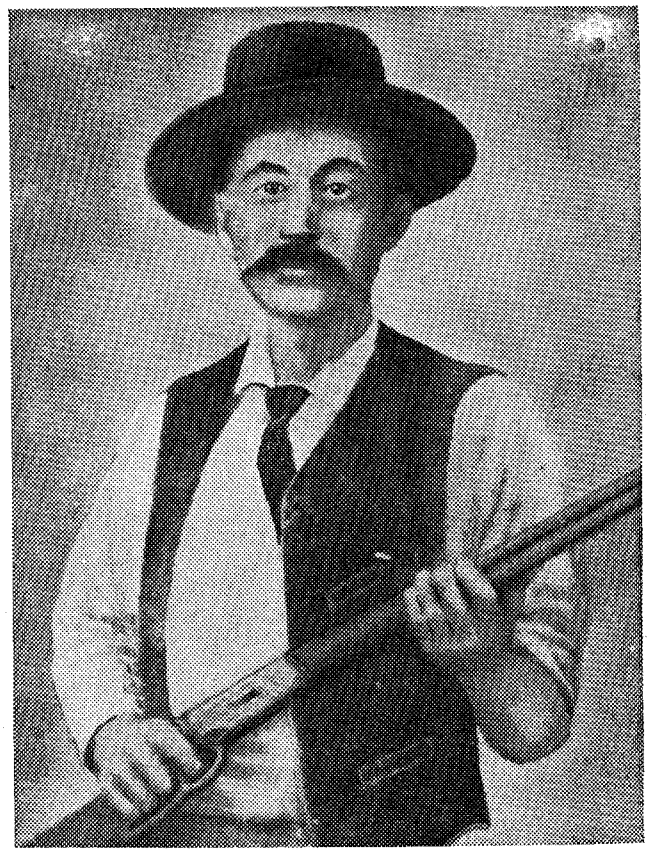

Photo credit: Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma Library.

John Kloher was credited with killing Bob Dalton.

welter of confusion that followed. Some say it was Charley Grump, the drayman, and others said it was Cyrus Lee, who delivered ice and whose wagon was close to the Condon Bank. Which one did give the warning is still being argued and probably will never be settled.

A shot followed and by the time father and I reached

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Emmett Dalton, after serving time, poses with Jim Thorpe.

Photo credit: Katigan Collection.

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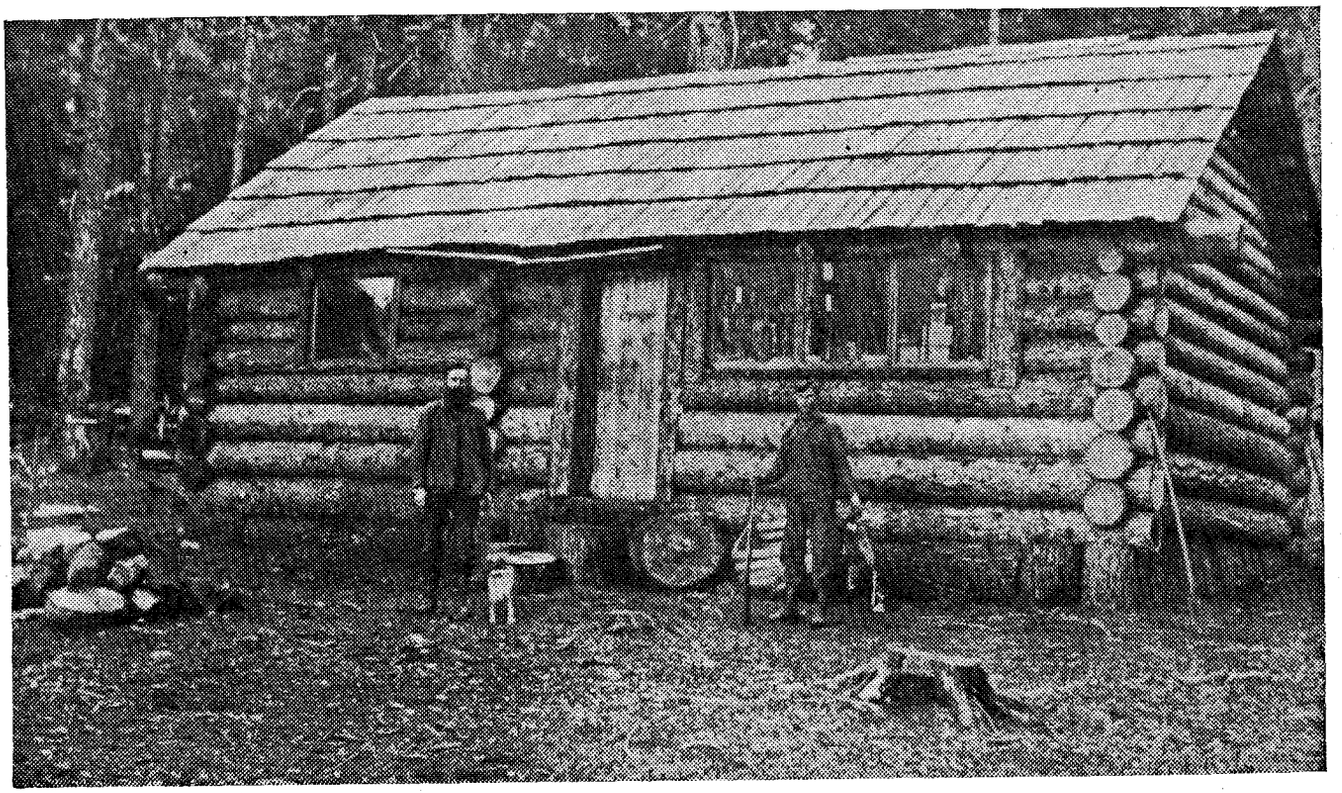

BEN SMITH'S MYSTERY MINE

Here is story of mysterious Ben Smith and his strange gold mine told by a woman who was present when Smith disappeared.

Photo credits: All photos by author

by Hope Price

A childhood memory has intrigued and haunted me for nearly sixty years. My story begins just after the turn of the century. I was a little girl at that time and I had never heard of the Blue Bucket mine, or the Emigrant Train's Lost Mine, believed to be somewhere in Eastern Oregon. However, I was one of the very few who had heard the story of Ben Smith's lost gold ledge which he found as he fled desperately from Eastern Oregon towards the deep woods of the Cascade Mountains, and then lost and, as far as I know, never found again.

Did that gold have some connection with the lost Blue Bucket gold? Could it have been the parent head of the gold nuggets found in or near the streams below by the emigrants as they hurried over their shortcut to reach The Dalles before winter caught them? It was just as mysteriously found and lost again to mankind as the famous Blue Bucket mine was.

At the time of which I speak, my father, a professional man in Portland, Oregon, was having a log cabin built far up in the Cascade Mountain wilderness between Mt. Hood and Mt. Jefferson, beside a glacial mountain lake. Then it was a deep wilderness with few trails and those mostly trapper trails. The Forest Reserve was still in its infancy. There was no smoothly paved Mt. Hood Highway, leading from Portland to Mt. Hood and winding around carefully graded hills so gradually that you are scarcely aware of the steep climb you are making.

Instead there was the narrow and deeply rutted old pioneer Barlow Road, a privately owned road which passed through the Toll Gate where all who went through, except the Indians, paid toll. The road, first of corduroy wooden planks laid side to side and then through deep sand, wound between banks of giant ferns up and up over great boulders to the steep curving incline that was the dreaded Laurel Hill of that day. This mountain was so covered with laurel bushes that the air was filled with

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their pungent aroma intermingled with the smell of the pulverized volcanic dust from the boulders over which the steel wagon tires jolted and ground.

This old road that the pioneers took was made by trail blazing Samuel Barlow said to be the first white man to cross the Cascade mountains. When told of the dangers of starvation in the forests, attacks by the Indians, and the impossibility of passing Mt. Hood, he replied, "God had made no mountain that man cannot get around or under."

Then, gathering his small party about him, he said: "No man having 'cannot' in his vocabulary shall accompany me." At first the road was so perpendicular that the pioneer wagons had to be let down the steep hill by ropes passed around the trees.

AROUND the time of which I write, travelers on that road always arranged to start up Laurel Hill early in the day with the horses fresh as the trip up the hill was considered a hard day's work for the horses. All but the driver usually walked to lighten the load. Often even the driver walked. Camp was usually made at the top of the hill at Government Camp so that the horses could rest and the travelers enjoy the nearness and the atmosphere of magnificent Mt. Hood. Government Camp was so named because long ago U.S. soldiers camped there on the summit to keep the Indians from crossing and killing the early settlers in the valley below.

Everything such as windows for the cabin father was building, had to be packed in by horse from the road to eastern Oregon as there were no roads into the cabin site. No matter how well a window had been packed, when it finally arrived at its destination and was uncrated the glass would be found shattered.

My father, a born pioneer at heart, had to spend most of the time in the city, but he had a trusted man, Joseph Ario, in charge of a small crew; and my mother, older brother, and I were spending the summer there.

As I remember it after all these years, the mysterious Ben Smith appeared one day when my father was away and asked for a job from the men building the log cabin. He didn't have a horse, which was unusual. He gave the name of Ben Smith. This may not have been his right name. He was a huge powerful looking man as I remember him, and as help was badly needed, Mr. Ario hired him on the spot.

Hope Price, author of this interesting article, taken in Portland in 1958. Hope Price's memory of earlier era is so keen she hasn't forgotten smallest detail.

He was silent and redfaced with blonde hair plastered to his head. He had a trick of disappearing when anyone rode in to look at the cabin being built or to visit us.

Mr. Ario in charge of the crew, was an Austrian with an auburn beard. He was a great favorite of mine, so I often visited the men's camp in the evening after work

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Toll gate on old Barlow Road in the 1800s, a road that figured in strange story of the disappearing Ben Smith.

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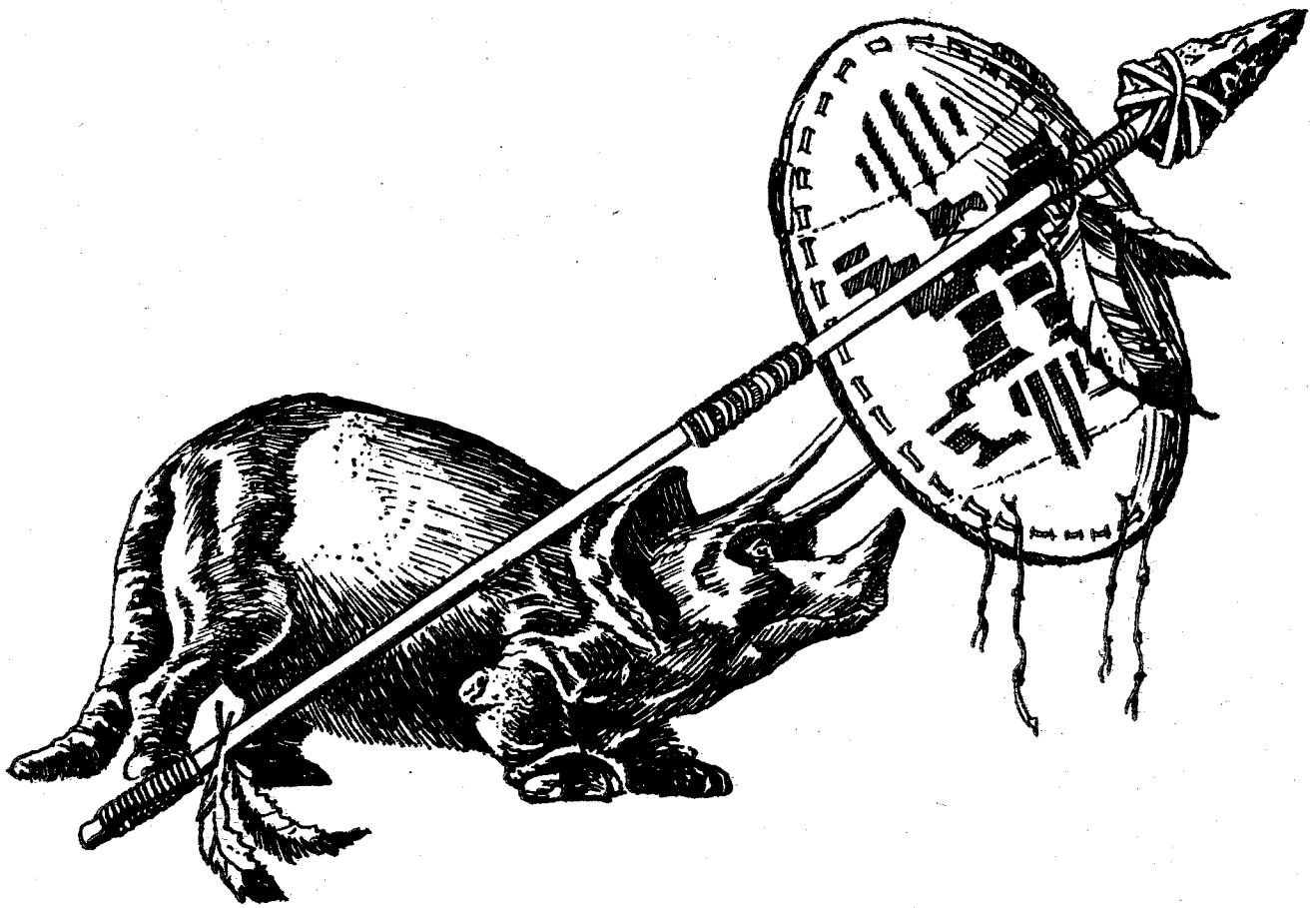

PROFESSOR MARSH AND THE THUNDER HORSES

Professor Marsh of Yale was willing to risk any danger to locate the graveyard of the great "Thunder Horses."

by Fred Harrison

THE Sioux chiefs sat in a half circle, glaring at the white men facing them. The date was November 15, 1875 and the council was meeting at the Red Cloud Agency, 200 miles northeast of Fort Laramie.

Chief White Tail rose and spoke. "White men come to steal gold from our land. Others will follow like the blades of grass on the prairies in the spring. They will take our lands. No, white man cannot go into our land. You must return at once or we will have to declare you enemies, and enemies die."

The threatening words of White Tail were backed up by the group of Sioux warriors standing behind the chief, all armed with repeating rifles and the rifles pointed at the five white men. These white men sensed an aura of death that might explode at them any minute.

Then one of them got up, spoke slowly in a pronounced Boston accent. He was a rather small man, with a beard and the manner of a banker or a college professor. He said, "We do not come for gold. We care nothing for that yellow metal and we know full well the justification for your fears. We come to find the graves of the Thunder Horses."

And as this man talked, and his words were interpreted to the chiefs, their attitude of anger and defiance seemed to change. The man told them that they could send their warriors with the white men to see that they did not

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search for gold. They would also be given beads and trinkets and all the food they wanted. When this man finished his eloquent plea, the chiefs were nodding agreement and shaking hands with the white men and assuring them they could go in search of the graves of the Thunder Horses.

There were stipulations, several of them. The number of white men would have to be limited and a band of Sioux warriors would accompany them to protect them from the northern Indians and to watch them.

The man who made this speech was not a frontiersman, a mountain man, an officer in the U.S. Army of the West, or an Indian agent. In all probability this was the first time he had ever spoken face to face with any Indian chief. He was O.C. Marsh, professor of paleontology at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut.

Had Professor Marsh been a little more experienced in dealing with Indian chiefs, he would have realized that their moods were often mercurial and what they might agree to one day could easily be changed on the morrow. Had he known this, he would have been forewarned of the strange adventure he and his men were walking into in their search for the graves of the Thunder Horses.

A huge tooth of a prehistoric animal had started the professor on his search for the graves of the Thunder Horses. The tooth had been taken from an Indian brave who had carried it in a tobacco sack as "medicine." He called it a tooth from a "big horse struck by lightning," from an ancient Indian legend. The prehistoric bone-site was well known to the Indians. It contained the remains, they said, of "Thunder Horses," which, during heavy tempests in the shine of lightning and the crash of thunder, leaped from the sky to the earth where they hunted buffalo, slaying them with powerful hoofs.

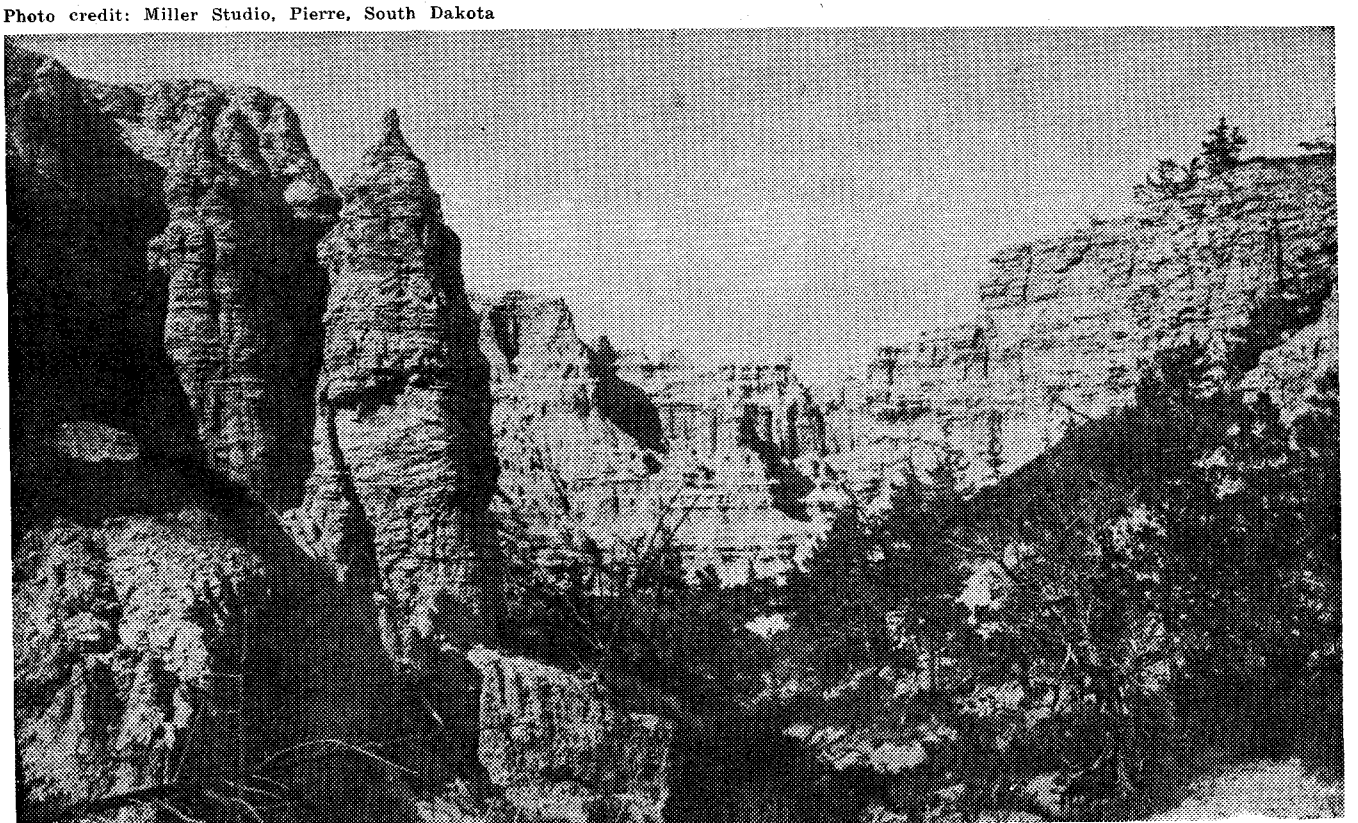
PROFESSOR Marsh had been interested for some years in collecting fossils for the Yale Museum of Natural History. His interest in fossils was consistent with the general interest in that subject at that time, which has been called "The Golden Age of Paleontology." Cuvier of France had started this interest in fossils when he identified in the gypsum quarries of Paris the remains of a gigantic extinct dinosaur. This discovery set off hot competition throughout the world to collect these fossils of the prehistoric eras.

Photo credit: Courtesy Yale University

Professor Marsh led expedition to the secret graveyard.

Badlands, in Dakota Territory, was grave of prehistoric monsters Indians called, "Thunder Horses."

Photo credit: Miller Studio, Pierre, South Dakota



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Nations quarreled over their finds, each trying to outdo the other. Professor Marsh got caught in the world interest and his discoveries had been considered some of the greatest in the world.

So upon receipt of the rare tooth, Professor Marsh made immediate preparations for an expedition into the unknown country. Winter was approaching and the bone-site was right in the middle of an area which many warlike Indian tribes considered their exclusive property. He was well aware of the dangers and for that reason planned to take no one from New Haven. Instead he would make up the exploration party of men who knew the country and who knew Indians.

The professor took a train for Cheyenne. He then traveled overland to Fort Laramie where General E. O. C. Ord, commanding the Department of the Platte, and Col. T.H. Stanton of Ft. Laramie promised their full support.

After studying maps, it was determined that the fossil location did not lie on any reservation. Consequently the Indians had no legal right to obstruct the scientific search. It was agreed, however, that permission to enter the Badlands should be obtained from the Indians if possible.

Spotted Tail was suspicious of Professor's motives.

Photo credit: Bureau of Ethnology.

Otherwise, the expedition might well be a suicidal venture.

Prof. Marsh then proceeded to the Red Cloud Agency, 200 miles to the northeast and the nearest white post to the fossil site. There the search party was formed. It was to be led by Hank Clifford, chief guide on a previous Marsh expedition who knew the intricacies of unearthing and packing fossils. Equipment was also gotten together and a military escort of M Co. of the 2nd Cavalry arranged for.

But fate seemed determined to wreck the expedition. Winter's most vicious months were fast approaching when temperatures often dropped to a bone-cracking 20 degrees below zero and snow drifts piled ten feet high. Also the Indians of the area were in a surly mood because of a recent attempt to hoist the American flag at the agency. This had resulted in such a rage that the Indians had cut down the flagstaff and would have burned the agency to the ground except for the arrival of soldier reinforcements from Ft. Laramie.

It was also a time when there were an extraordinary number of Indians camped about the agency waiting to receive their usual annuities. Their number was estimated at 13,000 together with their children, squaws and lodges. These included 9,000 Ogalalas under Chief Red Cloud, Cut-Offs under Little Wound, Arapahoes under Chief Friday, Sioux under Chief Sitting Bull, and Cheyennes, sulky because they had been ordered further south.

In addition 4,000 Northern Indians of the wilder tribes north of the White River including Mineconjous, Uncpapas and Sausarcs squatted malevolently about the agency.

"There were Indians everywhere," said one awed trooper.

IN view of the situation the Indian agent recommended that a council be called and the purpose of the expedition explained to the leading chiefs. Maybe — just maybe — permission would be granted to enter what the Indians considered strictly their own territory. The agent also strongly urged that a guard be selected from among the warriors as added protection.

The council was called and the haughty chiefs arrived one by one. Red Cloud put in an appearance and was extended the red-carpet treatment as he exerted great influence among the other chiefs.

When they were all seated about the council table an attempt was made to discuss the bone-hunt. But Chief White Tail, one of the principal chiefs, leaped to his feet and interrupted the discussion by a long and bitter harangue of the many wrongs suffered by the Red Man at the hands of the whites. He stressed that the so-called fossil hunt was merely a thinly disguised plot to dig for gold during an invasion of the Black Hill region. The other chiefs listened sympathetically, nodding their heads and often applauding with guttural exclamations of "How! How!"

The situation looked hopeless until Professor Marsh turned the tide by addressing the muttering chiefs through an interpreter. He promised that their complaints would be heard in Washington; he pledged the true nature of the expedition; and he guaranteed bounteous pay to all Indians who would aid in the bone search. The scientist's sincerity seemed to turn the trick. Consent to search the region was given. But there were stern stipulations.

The professor must take a selected guard of six young warriors along. Sitting Bull was selected to go at their

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Photo credit: Courtesy Estate of D.M. Norlic.

Cleng Peerson, Texas Viking

The forerunner of Norwegians in old West, he faced any danger to find his people a home.

by Harold Preece

HIS scuffed old boots took him across more miles of the American continent than splendidly decked long boats had carried his Viking ancestors over the oceans during the centuries antedating Columbus. Unlike them he split no heads with broadaxes and possessed no weapon except his tongue which could be as sharp as an axe. Thousands of miles he trudged planting colonies of settlers from his native land of Norway. But of all the areas he roamed, he liked best that great rawhide natal state of the American west: Texas!

Texas, where land was free for people who weren't.

In that fateful year of 1821 when Stephen F. Austin brought the first American settlers to Texas, Cleng Peerson landed in New York also seeking a promised land for folk who needed one. The thirty-four-year-old son of a Norwegian farmer was acting as agent for a sect of persecuted Norwegian Quakers, though he himself subscribed to no formal religion. Four years later, he returned in a sloop, the *Restoration,* which has been called "The Norwegian *Mayflower,*" bringing with him the first sizable group of Norse colonists since Leif Ericson's Greenland settlement in 1000 A.D.

This community was located near Rochester, New York, where Cleng Peerson began his unselfish custom of not keeping any acreage for himself. He didn't wish to be burdened with property and its responsibilities as such. For, like his great contemporary colonizer, Steve Austin, he was a loner and a dreamer, forever empty in pocket while constantly enriching others.

In subsequent foot pilgrimages over a quarter of a century, the dedicated, ill-clad "Father of Norwegian Migration" founded or helped start pioneer settlements of his countrymen in Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa and probably Wisconsin. The Indians didn't harrass him when he tramped through their villages feeling that all eccentrics were protected by the Great Spirit. His shabby boots beat out trails on both sides of the Mississippi for homeseekers of many national origins to follow. He was a pathfinder in the true tradition of Daniel Boone and of Jonathan Chapman, popularly known as Johnny Appleseed for sowing apple orchards in advance of settlements.

Throughout those adventurous years, Cleng Peerson kept hearing about that lusty commonwealth called Texas. By grace of buckshot and plow sweat, Steve Austin's

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TEDDY ROOSEVELT and the THREE THIEVES

Finnigan and his gang of river thieves found out too late that stealing from Teddy Roosevelt was a dangerous game.

by L.C. Leham

TWO hungry mountain lions started it. At least, if these night prowlers hadn't found the carcass of the deer hanging on the dwarfed cedars the three thieves would never have gotten the chance to steal the boat.

That winter of 1886 the ice broke early on the Little Missouri River in the upper reaches of the Dakota Territory, but the break didn't last long. In late February the thermometer dropped far below zero and the river froze again, forming a huge jam at the oxbow bend of the river above the Elkhorn, the location of the ranch bought by Teddy Roosevelt in 1885. Then almost as suddenly another thaw came.

In 1885 a double tragedy had come into the life of Roosevelt. His wife had died following the birth of Alice Roosevelt, later known when Teddy was in the White House as "Princess Alice." And on the same day his wife died, Teddy's mother passed away.

Stunned by this double grief Roosevelt left New York City for the Dakotas where he hoped to find surcease in the rugged life of the old West.

His ranch at Elkhorn lay on both sides of the Little Missouri. Roosevelt had brought in a clinker built boat to use as a ferry when the river was too high to ford. He had horses pastured on the opposite side of the unpredictable stream and they had to be looked after come high water or low. When the ice was still thick, Roosevelt and his two range hands, Dow and Seawall, had killed, dressed and hung four deer while checking the herd of horses. When the cold broke and thawing set in they crossed over in the boat and went to get the deer meat.

Rough and difficult terrain at best, it was almost impassable now with several inches of slippery mud covering the frozen ground beneath. It was with considerable difficulty that the men made their way to the patch of dwarfed cedars in which they had hung the deer carcasses. And when they did reach the spot there were no deer, only bare bones scattered about upon the ground and the tracks of two mountain lions.

Roosevelt looked about and then looked at Dow and Seawall. "We'll go after them," he said tersely.

No rancher could allow mountain lions to roam on his range land. The three men followed the trail until late in the day and then, lacking bedding and supplies, were forced to go back and wait until the next day. But that trip gave the three thieves the chance to operate.

While Roosevelt was still busy with his early breakfast Dow hurried to the ranch house with the news that the boat had been stolen. He held a short piece of rope out toward the angry rancher.

"Cut," he said laconically.

Roosevelt took the piece of rope and examined it. The edges were clean as though sawed with a sharp knife. His face went hard. "Finnigan and his gang," he said, a sharp edge to his voice.

THIS was an easy guess. The only other boat on the Little Missouri was owned by the three hardcases who lived about twenty miles above the Elkhorn. Finnigan, the leader, was a big man with fiery red hair which he wore at shoulder length. He always wore a broad-brimmed hat and buckskin shirt and was a dangerous man to cross. The others were a stout, heavily muscled half-

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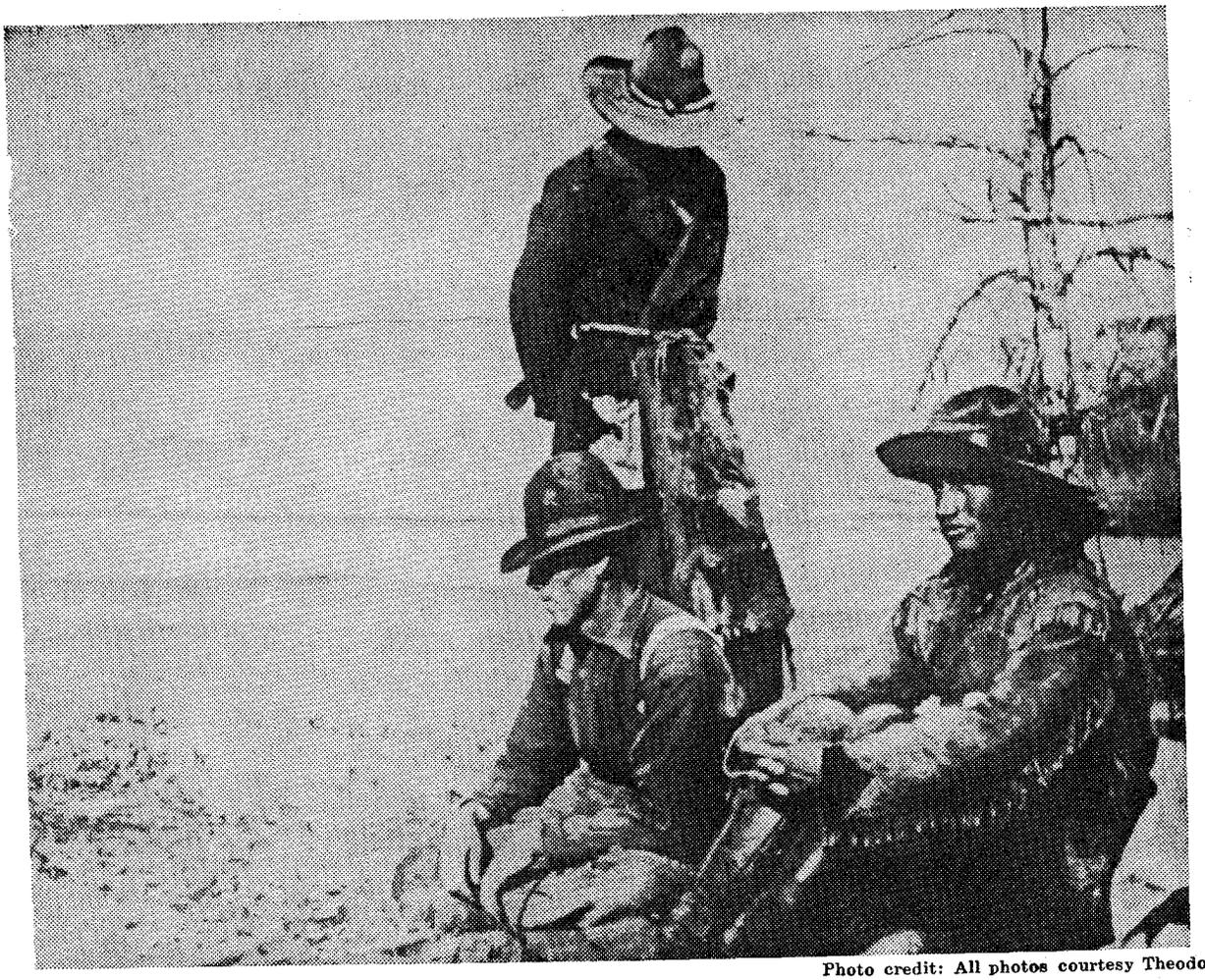

Photo credit: All photos courtesy Theodore Roosevelt Association.

breed, and an old German whose greatest weakness was general laziness and a tendency to drift the way of the least work.

Finnigan and his men were suspected of cattle rustling and horse stealing, which was worse. They had barely missed being caught and hung by a vigilante group in the fall and were doubtless anxious to get out of the country while it was still impassable on horseback. The vigilantes would be after them again as soon as they could get about the business of ridding themselves of the gang. Since Roosevelt's boat was, for the time, the only means of pursuit, they had stolen it. This was a personal offense which the peppery rancher could not overlook.

With a flooding, ice-choked river which could not be crossed and broken, half-thawed countryside impossible to cover on horseback, a less determined man might have been stymied, but not Roosevelt. Within an hour he and his men were busy building a flat bottomed scow in which to follow the thieves.

Both Dow and Seawall were from Maine and could work as well with woodworking tools as with cattle. They built a very passable scow in record time. To manage the boat they made paddles, heavy oars and long, iron tipped poles. When they finished they stocked enough flour, coffee and bacon to last for a few weeks, packed plenty of warm bedding and a mess kit and set out.

The first part of the pursuit went quickly. The Little Missouri wound through steep banks of clay, marl or sandstone and occasionally spread out into small valleys. The water ran thick with slabs of ice but was passable.

The first night out they camped upon a wooded point of land jutting out into the stream. While Dow and Seawall set up camp Roosevelt went hunting and shot three prairie fowl which they cooked and ate for supper. Then, being weary, they rolled up in blankets and buffalo robes and slept. Next morning they awoke to find that colder weather had returned. Anchor ice was thick in the river so they went deer hunting while they waited for the water to become navigable. They had no luck and returned to the scow and set out once more. The going was hard in the slush-choked stream. They had another cold night that night, zero or worse, and next morning the river ice was so thick that they again went hunting. This time their luck was better and they shot a yearling doe and a buck. Cheered to know that they would now have a supply of fresh meat, they dressed out the deer and packed them back to camp. By the time they cooked a meal and ate, the ice had thawed enough for them to continue the pursuit. They packed the scow and set out once more.

Knowing that the thieves would feel safe with the only means of transportation in their possession, Roosevelt was in no great hurry to capture them but in the middle of the afternoon of the third day he sighted his quarry. Upriver, pulled up to the bank and made fast was his boat and the scow the ruffians owned. A little back from the river the smoke of a campfire drifted up from among the trees. The thieves, sure of their safety, had taken no precautions to hide their presence.

Roosevelt leaned forward. "Pull in," he motioned toward the ice-rimmed bank.

SWIFTLY and expertly, Dow guided the scow in. Roosevelt leaped ashore to cover for his men as they made

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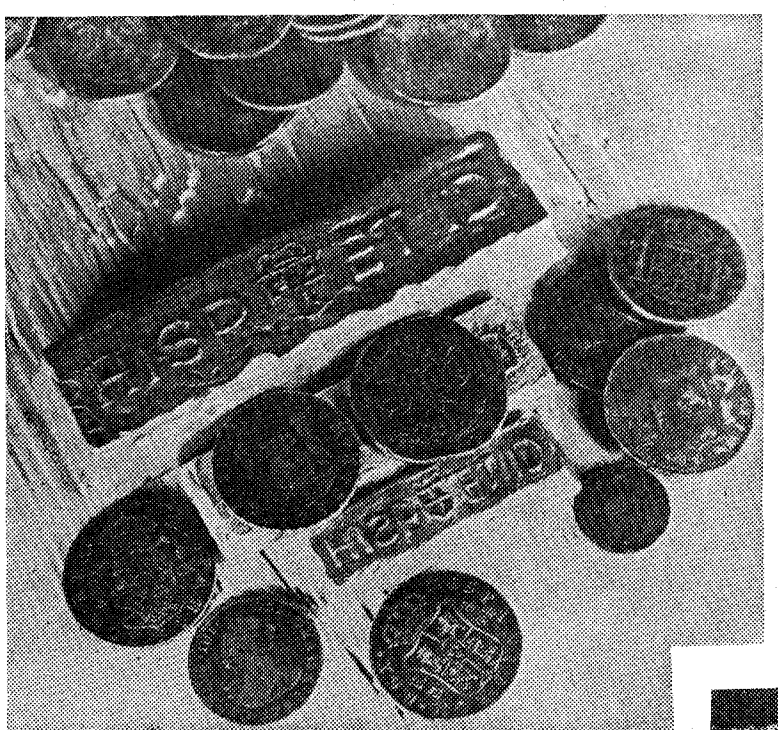
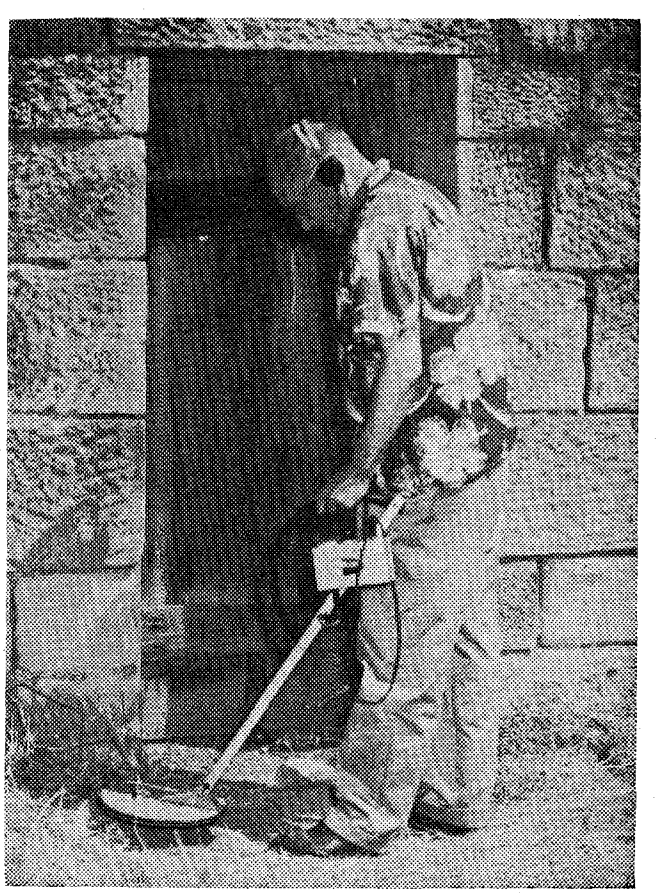
FINDING BURIED TREASURE IS EASY



This famous expert tells you how you can find buried treasure without much trouble with the new treasure finder, the Metal Detector, which opens up the vast underground treasures to all.

Photo credits: All photos by author.

Upper left shows old Spanish gold coins located in California with Metal Detector. At lower right you see George Fisher, inventor of the Fisher Electronic Metal Locator and Detector, using the instrument in searching for buried treasure in wall of ancient building.



by Lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg

Any reader interested in purchasing an electronic Metal Detector can turn to the advertisements in this issue of REAL WEST and they will find a number advertised. There are two general types of the Metal Detectors. The most generally used is the single loop type. It is light and easily carried. It will locate an object as small as a dime at a distance of a foot and a large iron chest at six feet. In the old days caches of treasure were seldom buried more than a few feet down because the person burying the treasure planned to dig it up in a short time. Of course landslides and floods could cover the buried cache and make it deeper. The second type of metal detector is the double loop. This has separate transmitter and receiver loops attached to a connected carrying bar. This instrument when placed over suspected metal detects it by either a meter deflection or increased volume in the earphones. This instrument is more powerful than the single loop and is used to detect large metal masses twenty to thirty feet below the surface. Some caches are deeper than this and, when they are, there is no instrument that can detect them.

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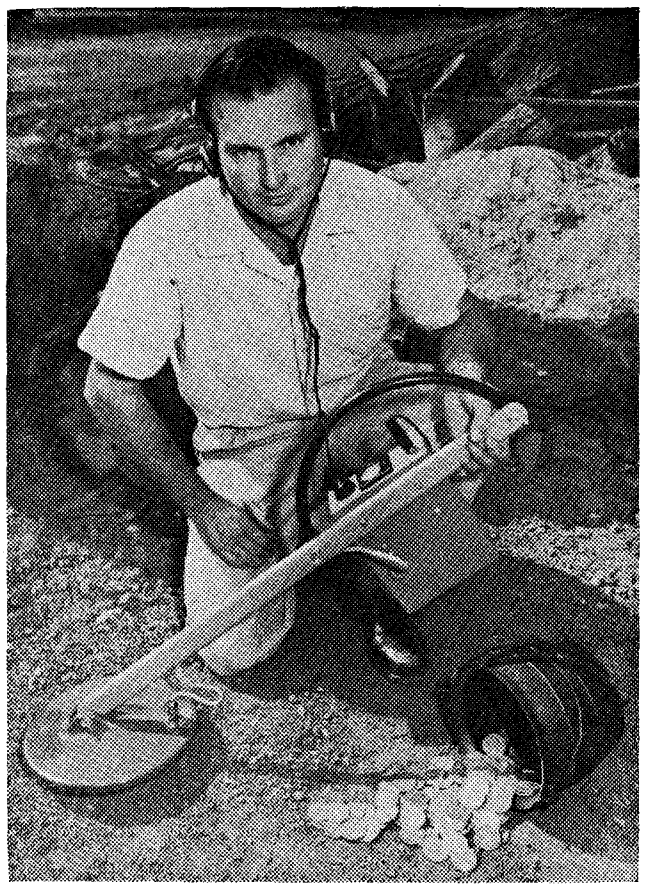
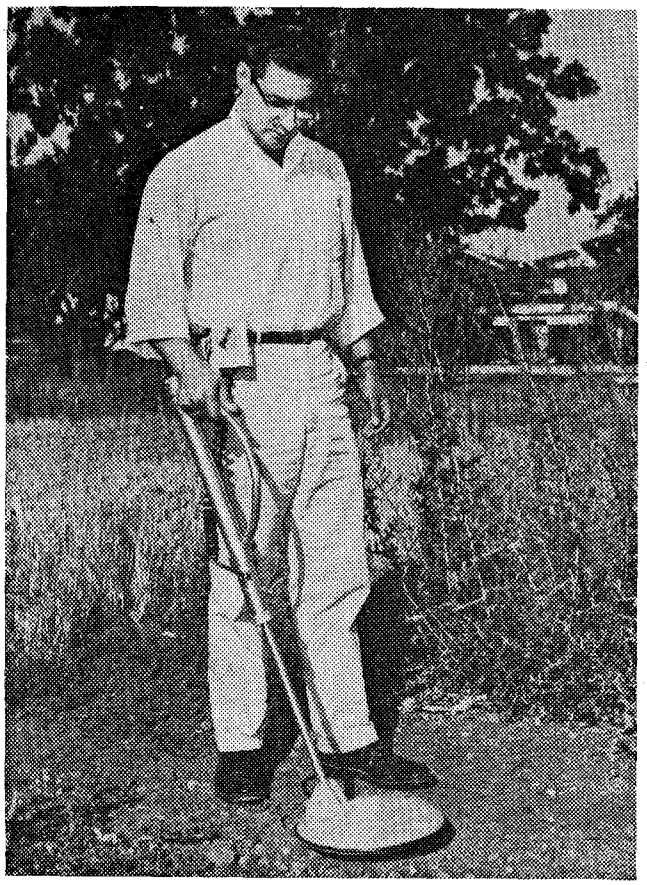
Neither of these instruments will be of much value unless you know where to search for buried treasure. There are books that give the general location of old mines and *treasure, but if you really want to find something valuable,* you will have to spend a lot of time in libraries and morgues of newspapers, searching through old magazines, historical society collections, newspapers, records and old letters to find hints that might lead you to buried treasure. We must warn you to beware of so-called treasure maps. The old time con game is still practiced in the West. Before you fall for it do some research to authenticate what is claimed on the map. After you have searched the libraries and are sure you have a good tip on some buried gold, *you are not yet ready to start using your* Metal Detector. The owner of the property where your cache is has certain legal rights and it is advisable to consult him and make ararngements to share whatever is found. This will prevent later action, trouble with the internal revenue, and will eliminate all danger of violence and robbery since you are working in the open and can get police protection. Gold is not the only treasure you are likely to dig up, especially around old gold towns and camp sites. Many valuable antiques in the form of blown glass bottles, chinaware, pottery, antique metal, old coins, and weapons may appear. Some of these will bring far more than their weight in gold, and it is important that you clean every object carefully and throw none away. Frank L. Fish, the great treasure hunter, reports that he has found thousands of dollars in antiques in his digging around old gold mines and camp sites.



Metal Detector here has located old kettle which was filled with gold coins and valuable antique jewelry.

Using the metal detector requires a certain amount of practice as it must be moved over earth at uniform speed



Metal Detector can be used on old walls as shown here by girl surveying walls of an early mining warehouse.

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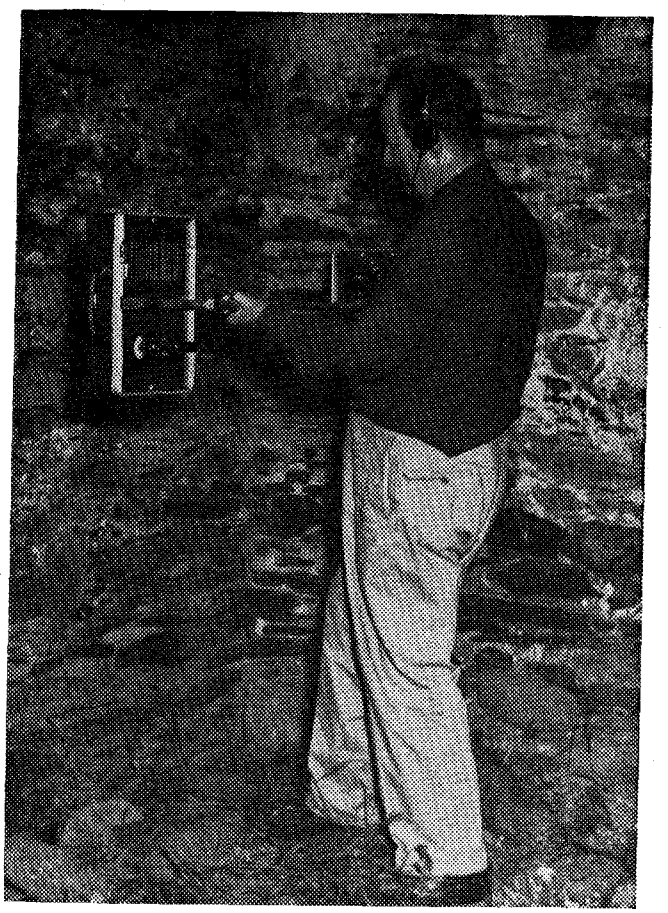
Here we see cache of stagecoach loot buried by bandit in 1876 and consisting of gold, jewelry, and odds and ends, all discovered by Fish through Metal Detector.



Often in the old mining days the miners would secrete gold and other valuables in the walls of their cabin. Above Frank Fish is checking walls of a miner's cabin where he found valuable cache of Chinese loot.

Here is the loot Fish dug out of the stone walls of the old miner's cabin. Most of it was Chinese and the miner could have been of that nationality. Note opium vials, cups, for preparing the drug, tea box, jug, cash box and pistols.

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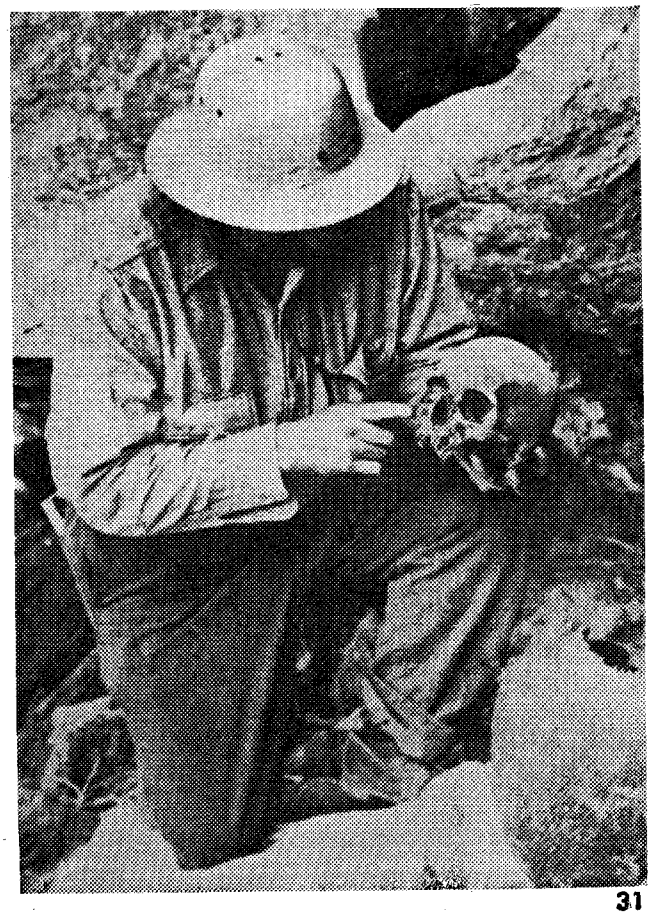
Here we see Fox sisters trying their luck with Metal Detectors by exploring old miner's cabin in hope miner might have buried some gold dust or nuggets. Miners often did, which make cabins logical places for search.

Here is a sample of what your detector might uncover for you at old campsite or from foundation of some old store building. Most of the articles have little value, but don't throw them away until carefully examined.

You will probably dig up a number of old skulls if you are exploring old campsites. And where you find a skull you are in possible territory for valuable loot as bandits, like pirates, often killed at burial place of treasure.



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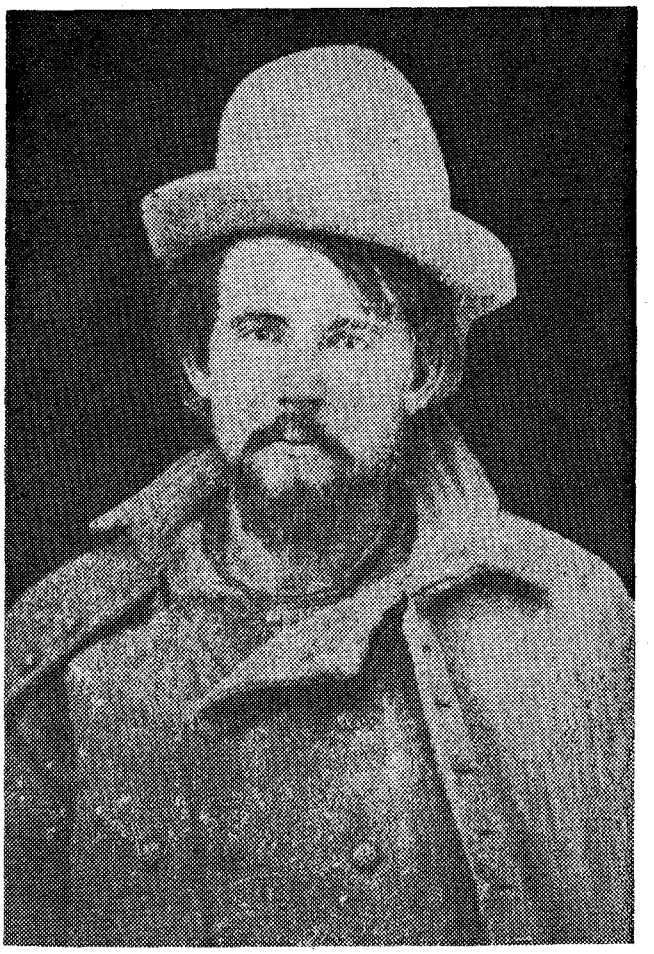
THE THREE TRIALS OF KILLER SMITH



Justice in West was swift, but this story makes one wonder how good it was.

All photos Nebraska Historical Society.

by Jack Best

THE four Texans rode to the top of the hill overlooking Kearney, Nebraska. They were driving a herd of horses, the remuda for their cattle drive from Texas to the Dakota Territory. They were mad and irritable because they hadn't been able to sell the horses to the Indians and had to drive them back to Texas.

Ahead of the horses was the green cornfield of a farmer. The trail boss, a young and thin-faced Texan, yelled, "Go through the cornfield. It only belongs to a damned sodbuster and we ain't going out of our way just because of his corn."

With whoops the trail hands drove the horses through the cornfield, and when they had passed the field not one stalk of the tall green corn was standing.

A Texan herd of cattle or horses stomping down the field of a homesteader wasn't unusual on the plains in that year, but no other piece of wanton sabotage produced the strange series of bloody events and gave the peculiar twist to Western justice that this one did.

The trail boss who had ordered the herd through the cornfield was Jordon Smith, son of John Wright Smith, wealthy Texas cattle baron. Young Smith was spoiled, obnoxious, and arrogant. With his family prestige behind him, he pushed anybody around he wished, was sadistic, and if living today would be called a homicidal juvenile delinquent.

He and his men drove the horse herd to the river bank where Smith left Jimmy Roach, the kid wrangler, to watch them, and then Smith, Bert Brown and John Copeland rode into Kearney, tied their horses at the hitching rack in front of Alice McDonald's brothel and strutted inside to get rip-roaring drunk and have their women.

At noon Milton Collins, the young farmer whose corn had been trampled down, rode up to his farm and saw the ruined crop. His wife, who met him at the gate, told him what had happened. Collins got back on his horse to ride into Kearney to report the act of sabotage to Sheriff Captain Dave Anderson. Young Collins was the son of Reverend Asbury Collins, the Methodist minister, and was very popular in Kearney. He never carried a gun, but there was never any question of his courage.

As he rode along the river bank for Kearney, he saw the herd of horses with Roach watching them. He stopped and asked Roach a few questions and was convinced this was the herd that had trampled his corn.

"Tell your boss I'm driving this herd back to my farm and am holding them until he pays for the damage to my corn crop."

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Young Roach didn't argue with Collins. He reasoned this was Smith's business and he would have to take care of it. As soon as Collins had driven the horses back toward the farm, Roach jumped on his horse and rode into Kearney where he found Smith, Brown, and Copeland roaring drunk at Alice McDonald's place.

Smith grabbed his gun belt when Roach told him what had happened and said to Brown and Copeland, "Come on, I got to kill a damned Nebraska sodbuster before I leave this territory."

COLLINS was ready to start for Kearney when the four Texans rode in sight. Collins' wife had pleaded with him to turn the horses loose and let Sheriff Dave Anderson handle it. She had seen the cowboys and was afraid of them. "Don't do it, Milt," she had pleaded, "those men are wild and dangerous, and I'm afraid they'll kill you."

"They won't kill me," Milt countered. "They're tough, but they are not killers."

When the four riders were close enough, Roach recognized Collins. He said, "That's him, Jord — that's the man that took your hosses."

Smith reined his horse directly in front of Collins, the others fanning out in a half-circle, almost surrounding the young man.

"Where you think you're going?" demanded Smith.

Anger had made Collins incautious, and ignoring the big black-handled .45 on Smith's right hip, he snapped, "I'm going into town to see about collecting damages to my cornfield. Get out of my way!"

"Well, now," drawled Smith, "how much you figure I owe you, Collins?"

"I figure fifty dollars would be about right."

"Too damn much," snorted Smith, spurring his horse right up against Collins. "Mebbe we'll get three fellers to arbitrate."

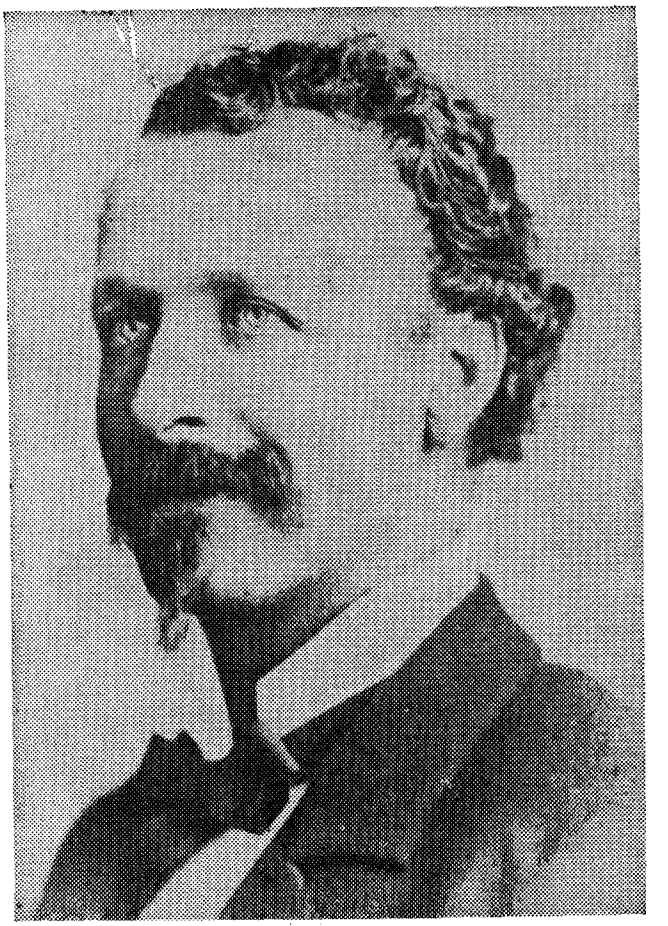
Collins answered, "We're not going to arbitrate this — you're going to pay me fifty dollars."

Saying that, he tried to ride by, but Smith drew his six-gun and pointed it at the homesteader's head. Drunkenly swaying in the saddle, he turned to his men.

"Did you hear that, boys? This clodhopper threatened me. Me! Jordon Smith!"

"Put that gun away, Jord," Copeland said. "Collins ain't heeled, and Lord knows we don't want gun play."

Furious now, the Texan turned on Copeland, trying to ride over him. "Damn you, Cope, don't get in my way.



Sheriff Captain Anderson aided in capture of Smith.

This damn farmer can't threaten a Texan! I'm goin' to kill him if I don't get them hosses, pronto! Come on, Collins, ride."

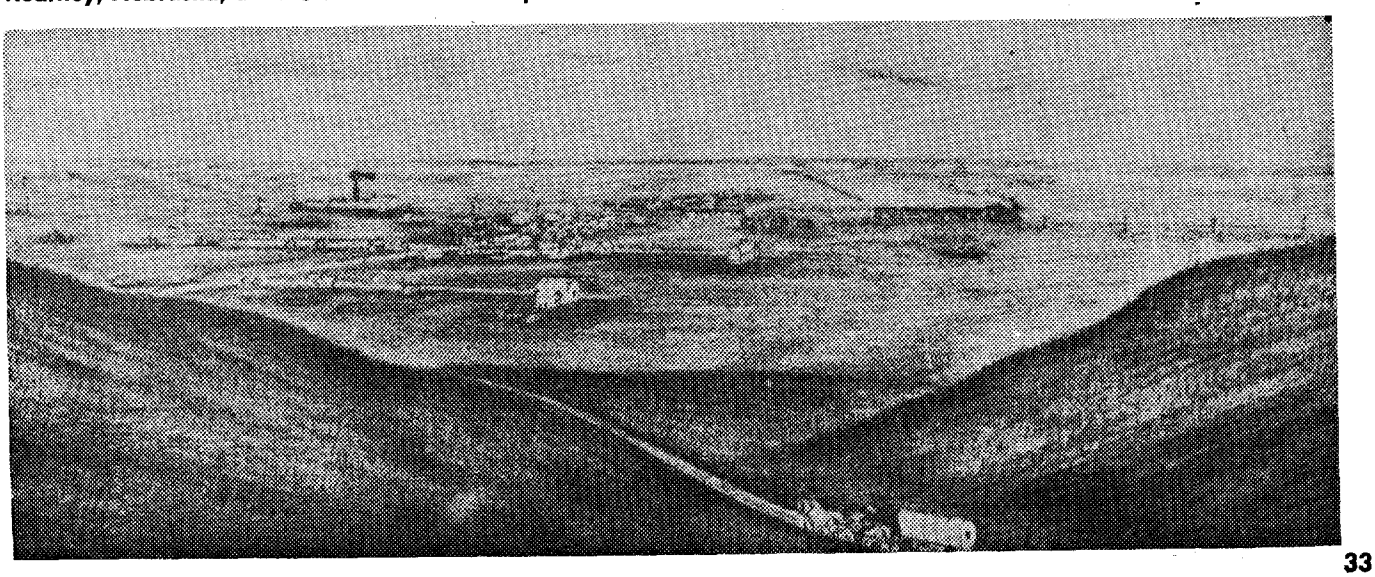
Realizing now the danger he was in, Milton Collins looked for an avenue of escape. But the four riders were crowding him too close. He wouldn't get fifty feet, and he knew it. When they reached the farm buildings, Collin's young wife came to the door.

"Milt, what in heaven's name —?"

"Shut up, ma'am," yelled Smith, "we taken about all

(Continued on Page 58)

Kearney, Nebraska, at time Smith and his companions rode into town to commit one of the most brutal murders in West.



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Panhandle-Plains Historical Society

Paulo Duro, canyon of the dead

It was a weird freak of nature, this deep hole in the ground of the Panhandle, called Paulo Duro, the canyon where men died.

by Orlan and Wini Jones

WEARINESS haunted the face of Colonel Ranald Slidell Mackenzie as he sat quietly and listened to the latest report from his scouts about the marauding renegade Indians he had sought in vain since their flight from the reservation at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

It was the late September of 1874 and Colonel Mackenzie had learned that the Kiowa, Cheyenne and Comanche runaways were camped in Paulo Duro Canyon — that unexplained gash in the Panhandle of Texas which even Coronado didn't know was there until he almost fell into it.

Mackenzie knew that the Indians had found their way to the floor of the canyon down the northern slopes while he and his troops were approaching from the south, where the cliffs drop off in sheer, unscalable angles. There, the next day, he was to lead his men along the upper rim in plain view of the Indians, and when it turned out there was nothing else to do, he would take them down the walls of Paulo Duro.

The lesson he was about to learn gave him the knowledge he needed two years later to break the back of the Sioux and Northern Cheyenne nations when he was sent to the Dakotas as a trouble shooter a few months after the debacle of General George A. Custer at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Mackenzie is the man who engineered a surprise attack in sub-zero weather which led to the surrender of Crazy Horse. But all of this came after Paulo Duro.

The strangest part of the Mackenzie story is that so glorious a feat is veiled in obscurity. His name has not been commemorated on river, mountain or army post, although a public park in Lubbock, Texas, does bear his name. Little has been written about him, and even the most "reliable" sources are contradictory, at least in minor details.

Take the date for instance. In *Carbine and Lance,* Colo-

* *Paulo Duro: also spelled Palo Duro.*

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nel W. S. Nye, working from official army records at Fort Sill, says Mackenzie learned of the Indians' location on September 26, 1874. According to another retired Army colonel, Robert Goldthwaite Carter, who was a captain when he served with Mackenzie's Raiders during the Paulo Duro fight, the event took place on September 28, 1874. Two days difference in time is minor, of course, but along comes contemporary historical writer George D. Wolfe to place the historic clash in 1871. Concurrence of the two most reliable authorities would seem to establish the year pretty conclusively as 1874. Wolfe's report could have been based on the fact that Mackenzie had been a colonel in charge of the 4th U.S. Cavalry since 1871.

Despite other discrepancies in the accounts, everyone is agreed that the weather during this period had been miserable, with continued rain making it necessary for the cavalry to make frequent stops. In fact, the Indians had found themselves so throughly wetted down that they dubbed the 1874 campaign "The Wrinkled-Hand Chase."

Perhaps even more descriptive, however, is that the campaign led the Indians to refer to Ranald Mackenie as "Bad Hand" — and well they might. Always as self-disciplined man, suffering constantly from three Civil War wounds and one imposed by Quanah Parker, the half white Comanche Chief, Mackenzie was described by Carter as having complete disregard for his own health but "irritable, irascible, exacting, sometimes erratic and frequently explosive." His temperament and his dislike for the Indians were not benefitted when he came upon the ruins of a wagon train, shortly after his arrival in Texas in 1871, to find horrible mutilation of corpses plus the spectacle of a man spread-eagled on a wagon wheel with the embers of a fire still glowing on the ground underneath him.

An aide to Mackenzie said later that the Colonel drew himself to attention, removed his hat and stood in silent tribute to the victim. The aide dared to whisper, "He ain't hurtin' no more, Colonel."

Glancing sharply around, Ranald Mackenzie snapped, "The hurting has just begun."

From then on, it appeared that Mackenzie would go anywhere, do anything, drive himself and his men to the point of exhaustion to track down nefarious Indians. Yet he never seems to have resorted to the cruel tactics which triggered his vociferous reaction. He bypassed the opportunities to torment and torture his Indian victims and merely incapacitated them by capturing their horses and pack animals, burning their lodges and destroying their supplies and ammunition. Colonel Mackenzie was a dedicated man, but he tormented himself, not his victims.

BORN in Tarrytown, Westchester County, New York, in 1840, Mackenzie was the son of a celebrated Navy man, Commander Alexander Mackenzie, who had the dubious honor of hanging Philip Spencer, the son of the then Secretary of War for treason. The ensuing furor may have resulted in Mackenzie's shy and reserved childhood (although he loved to play soldiers and Indians with his friends.) In fact, this cloud over the family's reputation may easily have led to his military career in a far-away corner of the country in later years. There is no doubt that it gave him a driving ambition to excel.

Nevertheless, the apparently frail young man always gained the awe of his compatriots with his fluent speech and his flashing fists.

A brief spell at Williams College qualified Mackenzie to transfer to West Point where he was graduated in 1862 at the head of his class scholastically, in addition to becoming an expert with firearms. He finished at U.S. Military Academy just one year after Geroge Custer, and a year after Fort Sumter.

During Civil War service he attained the rank of brigadier general of volunteers at the age of 25, was recognized

Photo credit: Courtesy of S. Evetts Haly Library.

Gen. Ranald Mackenzie commanded the troop in canyon.

Map showing areas in and around Paulo Duro Canyon.

Photo credit: Paulo Duro Salon.

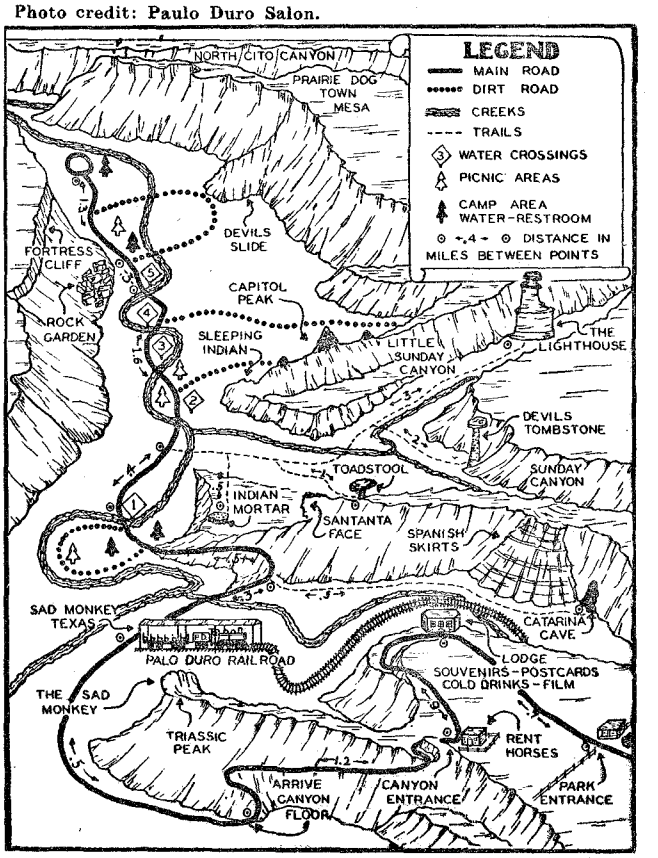

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Photo credit: Bureau of Ethnology

Quanah Parker led Comanches back to reservation.

by General Ulysses Grant as one of his most promising officers, and was given the peace time status of colonel — soon to head the 4th Cavalry and move to the Southwest to quell severe Indian forays.

Carefully, Mackenzie listened to the reports brought in that clear, cold day in September, 1874 by his Tonkawa scouts, Johnson and Job, and Sergeant John B. Charlton. His precise, disciplined mind was already clicking with plans for the proper military procedure.

Hundreds of tepees stretched from miles up the gorge of Paulo Duro, he learned, and camped there were all the "out" Kiowas, small bands of Cheyennes under Iron Shirt, and Comanches under O-ha-ma- tai (Red Warbonnet). Their horses had been put out to graze and the women were taking this opportunity to scrape some new lodge poles from the trees in the canyon, often mistakenly called cedars. They are actually junipers and it is they that give Paulo Duro its name: "hard wood."

Mackenzie's Raiders had been operating north along the old Mackenzie Trail (no longer discernible) from his supply camp on the Clear Fork of the Brazos and had had several skirmishes with other Comanches and Cheyennes. The Colonel knew his seasoned troppers were tough and fit, one of the best combat units the U.S. Army ever had, but he also knew that they needed rest before tackling the job ahead of them.

He ordered the men to bed down and to be ready to ride at 4 a.m. Arriving at the rim of the gorge at daybreak, the troops searched vainly for a trail down the sheer face of the south wall, all the while being clearly silhouetted by the increasing light. Why the Indians didn't spot them is miraculous. Finally a narrow buffalo trail was found, referred to in some accounts as a goat trail. This causes West Texans to groan because there had never been any goats in the area.

"An old Indian trail, an old buffalo trail, or an old Comanchero trail, yes," says Boone McClure, director of the Panhandle-Plains Museum in nearby Canyon, Texas. "But goat — no. You hurt my pride."

Even this discovery didn't look like much to the men but when Mackenzie gave an order it was followed.

"How we got down into the canyon was and always will be to . . . (those) who participated in the Paulo Duro fight a great mystery," Carter wrote almost 40 years later.

But, leading their horses, scrambling and skidding, down the Paulo Duro walls they went. "A" Troop, with Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Eugene B. Beaumont as its captain, went first, followed by "H" and "L" Troops under Mackenzie. Carter was in this group.

At this point in the story, the available accounts are once again at variance. According to both Carter and Wolfe, the troops were "almost to the floor of the canyon" before the Indians discovered them. But Nye is emphatic in stating that three companies reached the canyon floor before being noticed.

"If the Indians had been ready they could have picked off each soldier before he reached the bottom," Nye wrote. "But once again the lie-abed habits of the Indians, and their lack of organization, played them false."

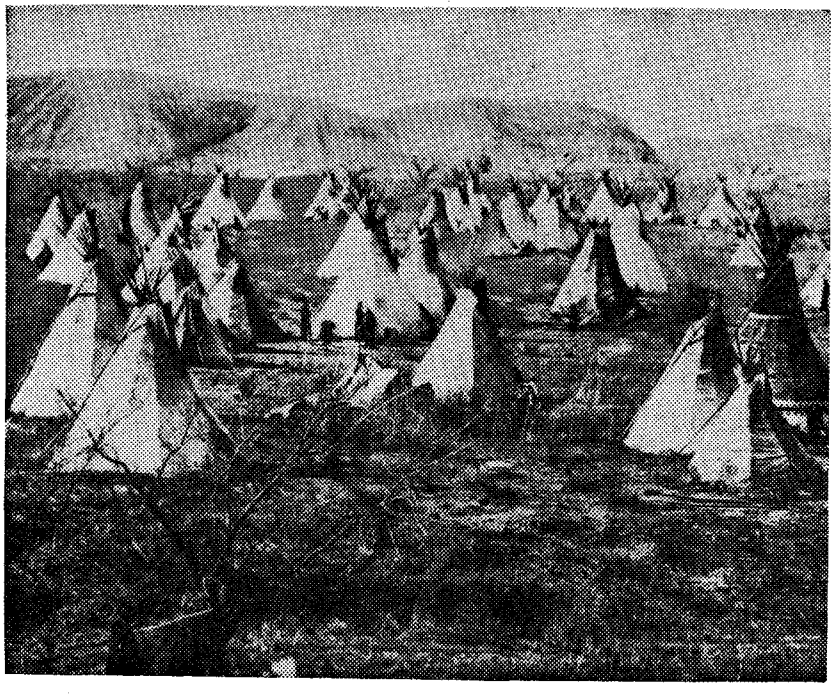
Some versions would have us believe that the Indians put up a fierce holding action before retreating, but Nye and Carter are quite clear in saying that the surprise element confused the Indians, who fled immediately.

Red Warbonnet was in charge of the family group nearest the foot of the

(Continued on Page 55)

Cheyenne village after Cheyennes fled north into Dakota Territory.

Photo credit: National Archives



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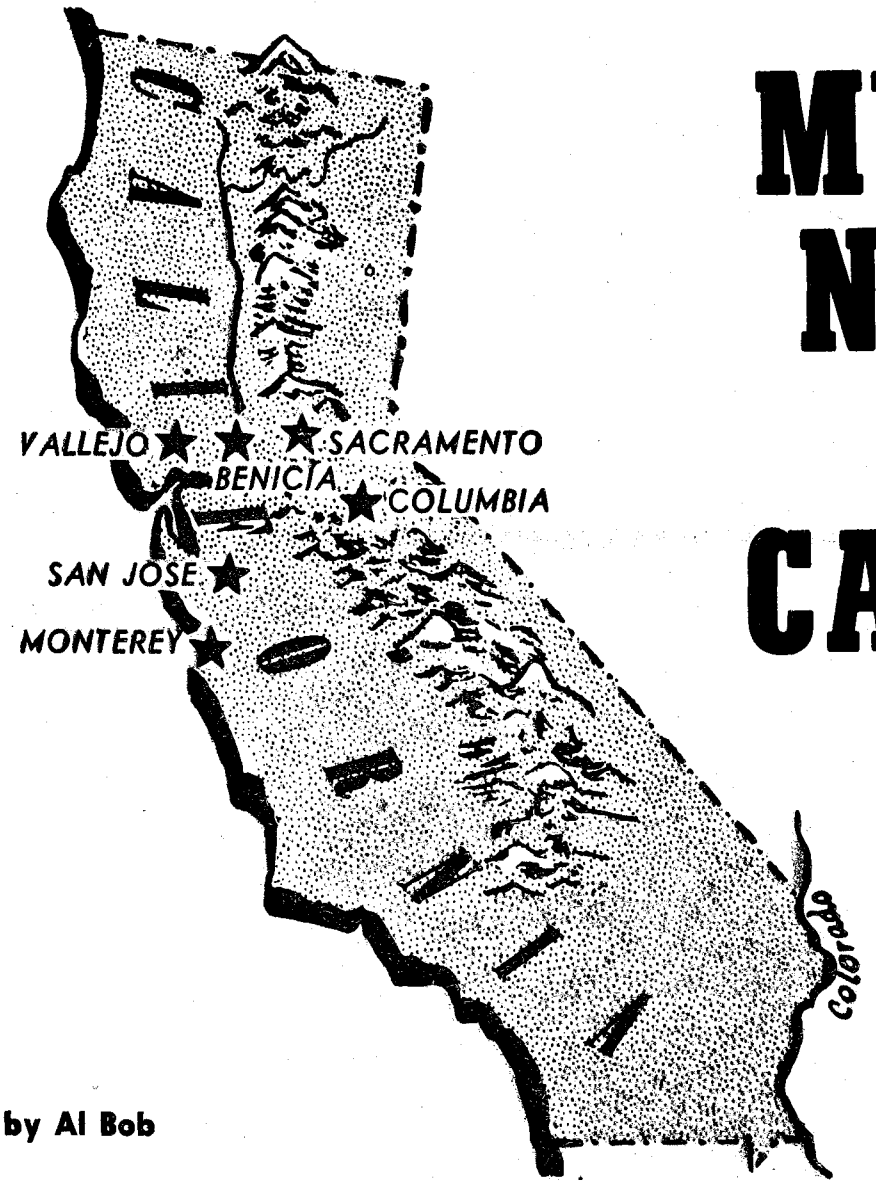
MURDER NAMES A CAPITAL



Various and strange ways were often utilized to find names for the capital cities of the old West, and murder was often used to name wild and woolly capitals.

by Al Bob

Locating the capitals for some of the western states was as uncertain as finding a vein of jewelry ore. After the Americans took over California, for example, the seat of government moved so many times that it was laughingly called "A capital on wheels." One man's term expired while he was chasing the capital.

In one five year period, the capital moved no less than nine times, but it was, some stoutly argue, murder which really picked the final site of the capital at Sacramento.

While Alta California was under the aegis of the Mexican government Monterey was ostensibly the capital of the territory, and it was there that the Constitutional Convention met to draft the document which would form the basis for the State. While the Constitution was enduring the capital moved from Monterey to San Jose, Vallejo, and then to Benicia from whence it was moved to its present location in Sacramento.

Because of its strategic location on Carquinez Strait on a northeast arm of San Francisco Bay, the founders of the City of Benicia in 1847 dreamed that it would become a leading port of the Pacific Coast. And almost from the time that California became the 31st state, Benicia entered into the bitter competition against other cities to become the capital. Dr. Robert Semple, a participant in the Bear Flag Revolt and Thomas O. Larkin, the first American consul in Monterey, were among the founders of the fine city.

The first and second meetings of the Legislature opened at San Jose and after a generous offer by General Vallejo to provide the necessary land, funds and erection of the required public buildings, the capital was moved from San Jose to Vallejo. But state officials were dissatisfied with the location, the limited facilities and the inadequacy of the wooden state house.

It was at this poignant juncture that Benicia officials stepped in, constructing a fine two story brick building, 40 by 80 feet, ornamented with Doric columns, for use of state officials. The legislators liked what they saw and for a period of thirteen months Benicia was the state's headquarters city. Sixty assemblymen and 27 senators composed the two chambers that struggled with monumental problems. By the time the Fifth Session formally convened on January 2, 1854, there was a growing movement to seek still another location.

Residents of Columbia, a fine Mother Lode city, knew of the solons' dispositions and planned to covet the capitol as their own, no matter what measures had to be taken to accomplish the task. Murder almost did the job.

While the solons were pondering where they would

(Continued on Page 44)

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Photo credit: New Mexico Department of Development

INDIANS HAD STRANGE APPETITES

Colonel Dodge spent 33 years with the Indians. During that time he learned about the strange appetites of Indians and tells about them in this article.

by Colonel Richard I. Dodge

A vegetarian would have little chance of survival among Indians. In their natural condition the sole diet of the Plains Indians for at least nine months in the year is the flesh of animals, and though they prefer it cooked, they are by no means averse to it raw.

In camp the duty of cooking is usually devolved on the oldest or least favorite squaw. There is no variety of style, no French methods, no necessity for titillating appetites already over-keen. A pot full of meat and water is put on the fire and boiled, but there is no definate point in the cooking process when the food is "done." If an Indian is especially hungry, he may commence on the contents of the pot by the time they are fairly warm. Generally, however, it is allowed to boil until the head of the lodge intimates that he is hungry, when the pot is set off the fire; and each, crowding around, helps himself or herself with knives or fingers, sometimes with a huge stick, cut in the shape of a ladle. Among the more advanced tribes tin plates are frequently used, and, sitting around on the beds or ground, the diners are helped successively by the old squaw who does the cooking. This is considered the civilized, the "tonish" way, but is not much liked, the helping squaw being always suspected of favoritism. There is no fault-finding about the cooking, and whether "half raw" or "done to rags," no objection is made, provided the meat be of good quality, and sufficient in quantity.

This is the habitual and formal style of cooking and eating in the permanent camp, and also on hunting and pleasure parties, when squaws are taken to cook for them; but on warlike or thieving expeditions, when no women are along, each buck cooks for himself, boiling his meat on the coals, or roasting it on a stick over the fire.

There is no doubt that good meat cooked in this way is far more palatable than boiled or that the Indian greatly prefers his out-door style of cooking; but boiling is less trouble, and, therefore, perferred by the women. That he, at home, puts up with boiled meat every day of his life, when he prefers it broiled or roasted, is pretty good evidence that, however complete and vigorous his sway, however absolute his power over his family under certain circumstances, he is yet subject in his domestic circle to the same control, or influence, that falls to the lot of civilized man.

The Indian is a great epicure; knows the choicest tidbits of every animal, and just how to cook it to suit his taste. The great fall hunt yields him the fullest enjoyment of his appetite, for then he not only has choice of the more savory parts, but the women being employed in other work, it is not derogatory to his dignity to cook for himself.

His days are spent in all the delight and excitements of the chase, and almost the whole of his nights in feasting and revelry. This is the time for "marrow guts," for "hump ribs," and for "marrow bones." The first can, to the Indian, scarcely be improved by cooking, but the greatest epicure will wrap eight or ten feet around a stick, sprinkle it plentifully with salt, and hold it in a bright blaze until the melted fat streams down. The whole mass is swallowed almost red-hot, and is the choicest *boone bouche* with which an Indian palate can be tickled.

In butchering, the women cut the meat as closely as possible from the bones, but leaving on and between the ribs many a glorious mouthful. Broad slabs of these ribs are placed before a fire of hot coals, turned, basted, and roasted *secundem artem*. The large bones of the hind legs are thrown upon the glowing coals, or hidden

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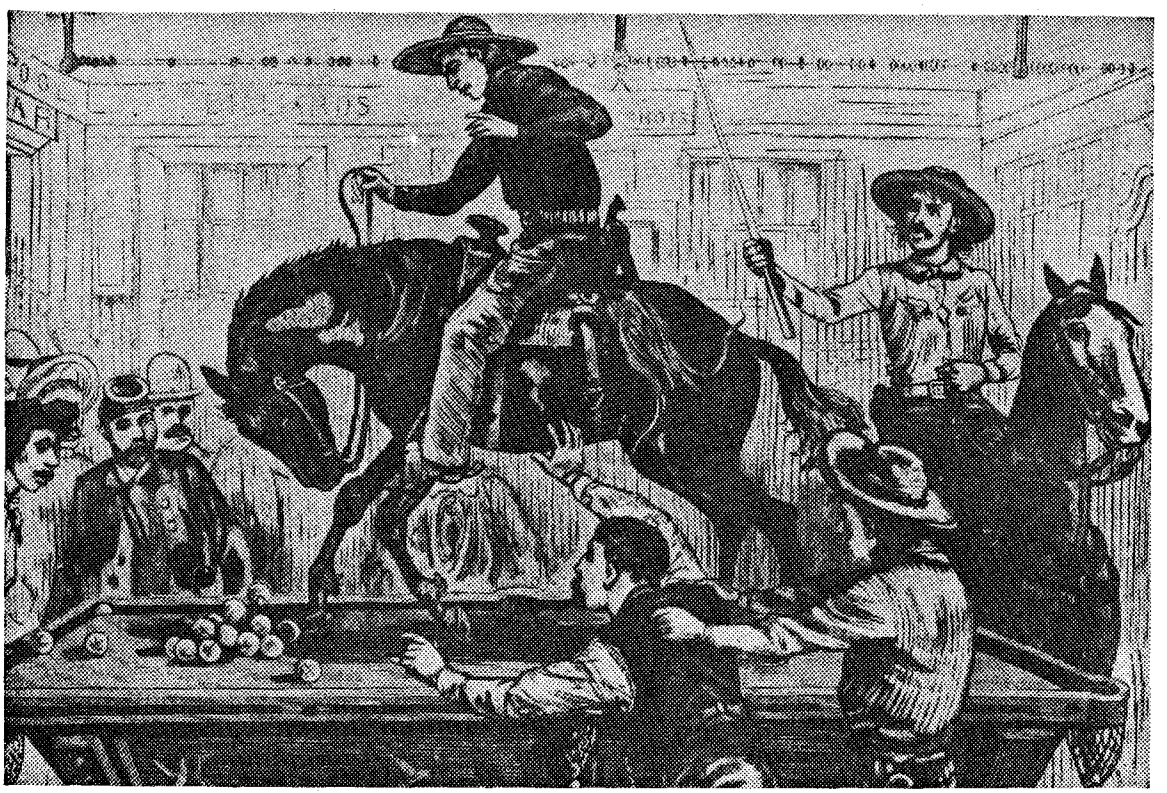

Those were Hellin' Times

Sports were wild and brutal in the old West that was.

by Arlene J. Fitzgerald

"WHAR'S them feathers?" a flannel-shirted gold miner shouted.

"One dollar on the heeler!" came the excited cry of another.

The betting went on for a good half hour before the chicken fight got under way in the pit set up in front of Bachman and Davanay's saloon. Bachman and Davanay themselves were handling the fowls to insure the bettors against foul play, while the owners, McChaney and Gordon, hovered anxiously at the edge of the pit to urge their feathered fighters into vicious, blood-spurting action.

At a given signal, Bachman and Davanay released the cocks. Bachman received a painful blow on his hand in the process and feathers started to fly. Gordon's chicken heeled in earnest, promptly driving McChaney's rooster into a corner.

"By god, Gordon's been tanking that cock up on corn," someone in the crowd shouted. "It ain't fair to fill a chicken up on corn before a fight. That extry weight he's carryin' is givin' him the advantage over McChaney's rooster."

Fired by a few rounds of Tea Kettle Whiskey, set up by the cock owners before the fight, the men were steamed up for action at the first hint of dirty work. It wasn't long before fists were flying along with the feathers. What had started out to be a simple chicken fight was soon transformed into a free-for-all brawl.

McChaney's chicken, confused by it all, turned and ran. But Gordon's corn fed fowl had his dander up. He wasn't about to stand around and let his adversary get clean away. He charged after the fleeing cock, his rust colored ruff standing in a stiff collar around his neck. Leaping high into the air, he came down on McChaney's

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unfortunate chicken, neatly severing the bird's windpipe with one well placed blow.

When the feathers had cleared away, McChaney retrieved his dead rooster, and made off for his cabin with him, plucking feathers on the way to make him ready for the pot.

Chicken, or rooster fights, such as this one which took place in Mariposa, California, back during the gold rush days, were a common form of diversion in the rough mining district of central and southeastern California. Crowds of miners, eager to place their hard earned dust on their favorite, gathered around the fight pits which were set up in the dusty streets when the weather was fair. If an unexpected shower blew up, the sport was moved into the saloons, cocks and all, without so much as a lull in the betting.

"Chilenos" and "fillipinos" drifting into the mining fields originated the custom of attaching cock spurs to the spurs of the roosters. This made the sport more barbarous and bloody than ever, with the rooster quickest to jump his opponent and tear him to shreds coming out the winner.

Another savage form of entertainment which lent itself well to an exchange of dust and nuggets, was the "bear and bull" fight. To avoid accidents, an arena was staked out and fenced with poles. The animals were then driven inside and chained together with a common size draft chain, to prevent them from turning and running from each other. They had no choice but to fight it out.

THE wiry, Mexican bulls used for this purpose had an advantage in their long, needle-sharp horns. One sweep of these curving weapons could make fast work of a bear. Knowing this, the Mexican gamblers usually stuck by the bull, while the Americans tended to favor the bear. On more than one occasion, it had been demonstrated that a smart bear could grab the bull by the nose and shut off his air until he strangled to death.

To make the contest more exciting, two bulls were sometimes pitted against a single bear, with the bear being chained to a stake in the middle of the arena. The bulls were left free to circle around him and charge at will. During the action which ensued, it wasn't unusual for the chain to slip off over the bear's head, freeing him. If you were a spectator, and valued your life, then was the time to run. Not alone out of fear of being mauled by an enraged grizzly, for the poor creature was most often as not too confused to deal direct harm to anyone.

The real danger came from the miners themselves, who, at the sight of a mad bear running loose, immediately raised their guns and fired indiscriminately across the arena. Men on either side dropped like flies, pierced by bullets originally intended for the frantic animal circling between them. More than one bear and bull fight ended in a bloody slaughter of both men and animals.

When they were bent on hellin', the miners were in a mood to bet on anything and everything that came along. It they couldn't find a good chicken fight, or a bear and bull competition underway on a Sunday afternoon, they entertained themselves by walking two Chinese out onto a log over a rushing creek or river, and pushing them in. It was a rare "John," as the miners called the Chinese, who could swim. Usually both of them drowned. But, whether they won or lost, the miners had a philosophical way of looking at it. "There's always more Johns where them come from. You couldn't get rid of all of the slant-eyed little yeller bastards if you had to."

The first place a dry miner headed for come Saturday night was the saloons. There were many. Cheap whiskey flowed freely, and there was always an assortment of brightly painted dance hall girls on hand to help a man get his mind off of his troubles.

The fancy houses with their imported women were another favorite spot to spend a few idle hours. Plea-

(Continued on Page 46)

The most brutal of all sports were dog fights, which always drew a good crowd that wagered large sums.

Photo: Bancroft Library

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TEDDY ROOSEVELT AND THE 3 THIEVES

(Continued from Page 27)

the scow fast but there was not a sound to indicate they had been seen. The three of them slipped through the low brush and leafless trees toward the campfire. They crept close and peered at the quiet camp. Only the old German was there. He lolled lazily beside the fire with his weapons carelessly leaned against a nearby fallen tree.

Gun trained upon the unsuspecting outlaw, Roosevelt broke through the thin cover of trees. "Don't try to move," he spoke quietly.

Startled and taken completely by surprise, the man gave up without making a move of resistance. Seawall tied his hands and feet while Dow and Roosevelt scouted the immediate area. They came back in a short time.

"Watch the German and see that he does not warn the others when they return," Roosevelt told Seawall. "Dow and I will watch for Finnigan and the breed."

Dow and Roosevelt found a place of concealment and settled down to wait. They waited an hour or more in the bitting cold and then they heard Finnigan and his companion approaching. They made no effort to come in quietly as they came through the brush, their Winchesters on their shoulders. Roosevelt and Dow covered the approaching outlaws. As they drew close Roosevelt stood up.

"Hold up your hands," he ordered.

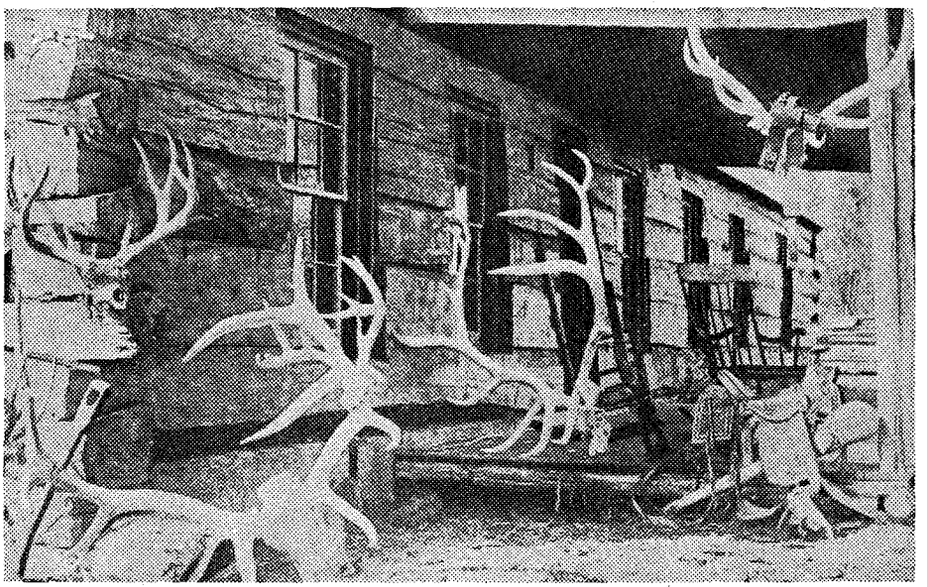
The half breed's rifle dropped and his hands went up in swift obedience to the command but Finnigan hesitated. Roosevelt stepped slowly toward him, his rifle trained upon the ruffian's chest.

"Up with them," he repeated sharply.

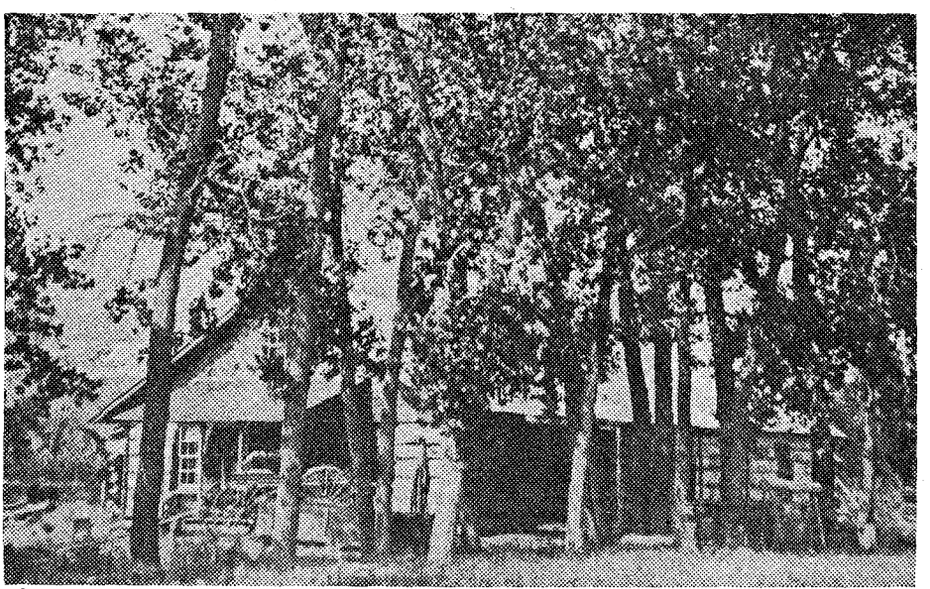
Swearing, Finnigan dropped his rifle and lifted his hands above his head.

The element of surprise had worked well. Not a bullet was fired in capturing the outlaws. Now all that was left to do was get them to the nearest law. This was a task which proved to be greater than the pursuit and capture thanks to the caprice of nature.

Since it was almost dark they camped where they were. Dow and Seawall gathered enough wood to keep a big fire going all night while Roosevelt covered the prisoners. He ordered them to stay together at a spot about twenty yards away, the best distance to blow them apart if they started anything. The old German and half breed were resigned but Finnigan eyed the shotgun in Roosevelt's hands sullenly.



The antlers above show Teddy's success as a hunter. Below is picture of cabin on his ranch, the one he used the year around, no matter what the weather.



NIGHT guard presented a problem. If the prisoners were tied tightly enough to be sure they could not free themselves their circulation would be slowed too much and their hands and feet would freeze in the extreme cold. That left one alternative, a constant watch. The weapons of the outlaws were rolled inside a bedroll and Roosevelt told the men to take off their boots. This was a useful precaution since the alkali deserts surrounding the river valley grew a heavy crop of sagebrush and cactus and a man foolish enough to walk barefoot ran the almost certain risk of crippling himself for life.

Boots off, Finnigan and his men were ordered to lie down sharing one buffalo robe and covering with another This kept them in a small, easily guarded group. In the full glare of the fire any move on their part could be detected instantly. Roosevelt took first watch and found it difficult to stay awake and alert after the long and tiring day just past. He found himself nodding and saw Finnigan's eyes watching him intently. He got to his feet and paced up and down until he wore a path besides the campfire. At midnight he awoke Dow to take over. Warning him about Finnigan he rolled up in blankets and buffalo robe and was instantly asleep.

Next morning the determined rancher and his men started the long trek to take their prisoners to the law. They took two of the boats, keeping Finnigan in the boat with them and putting the

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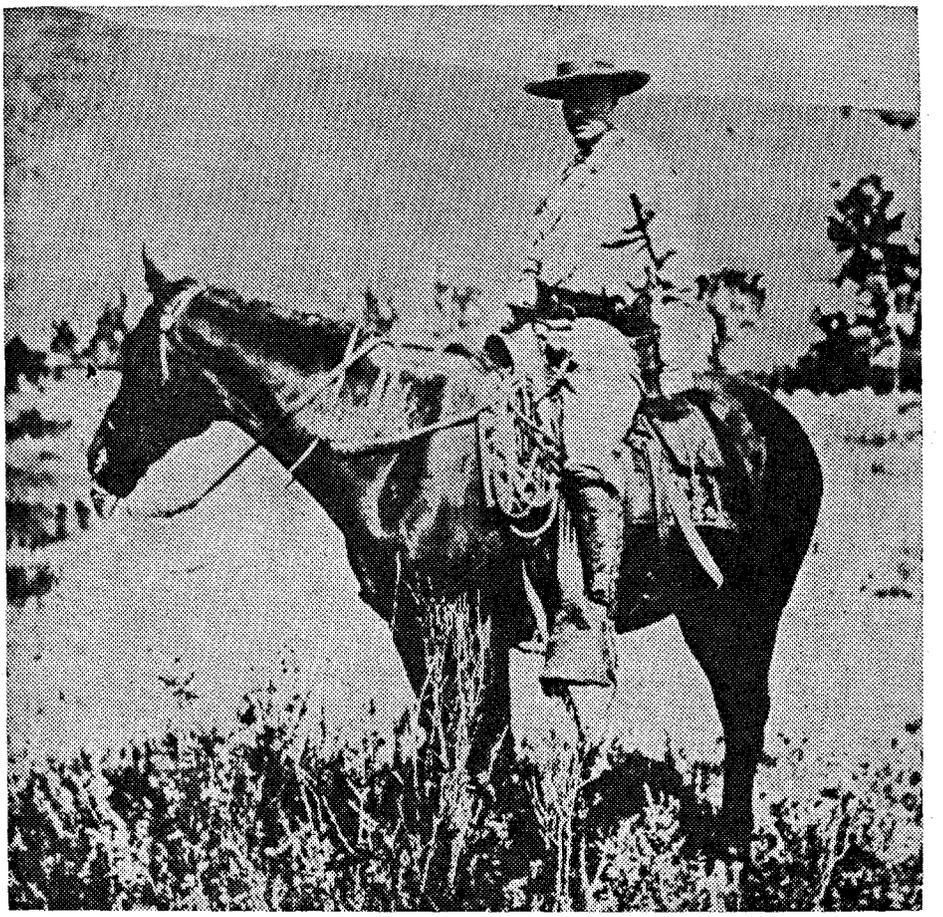
half breed and old German in their own leaky scow. Heavily loaded and with only one paddle between them, they were told to take the lead where they had no hope whatever of escape. The two boats moved along quickly in the fast current until they came to an ice jam. With great effort they broke through and went on for several hundred yards. Then, rounding a bend, they were almost swept under another ice jam by the powerful rush of water before they could fight their way to the ice-choked river bank.

Telling Dow to guard the prisoners, Roosevelt and Seawall went forward to look the situation over. What they found was discouraging. This was no slushy anchor-ice. It was hard, black ice which could not be broken through. Hoping a portage would be possible the two men climbed a nearby hill. As far as they could see the Little Missouri was choked with solid, impassable ice. It was then that the danger of their situation hit them. They were stranded until a thaw started the ice to move again. Stranded with prisoners who had to be guarded twenty-four hours a day without let-up and with a food supply which had already dwindled alarmingly.

The days that followed were long, hard and monotonous. They were able to move downstream a few miles each day after the thin heat of the winter sun inched the ice forward little by little. And always there was the demanding need for unremitting alertness in guarding the three prisoners who became increasingly surly as the days passed. Also, there was the danger of giving way to impatience and drawing too close to the ice jam. Roosevelt knew that if they did this they could easily be sucked under by the swift current.



Teddy Roosevelt, as a rancher, didn't look or act part of eastern tenderfoot.

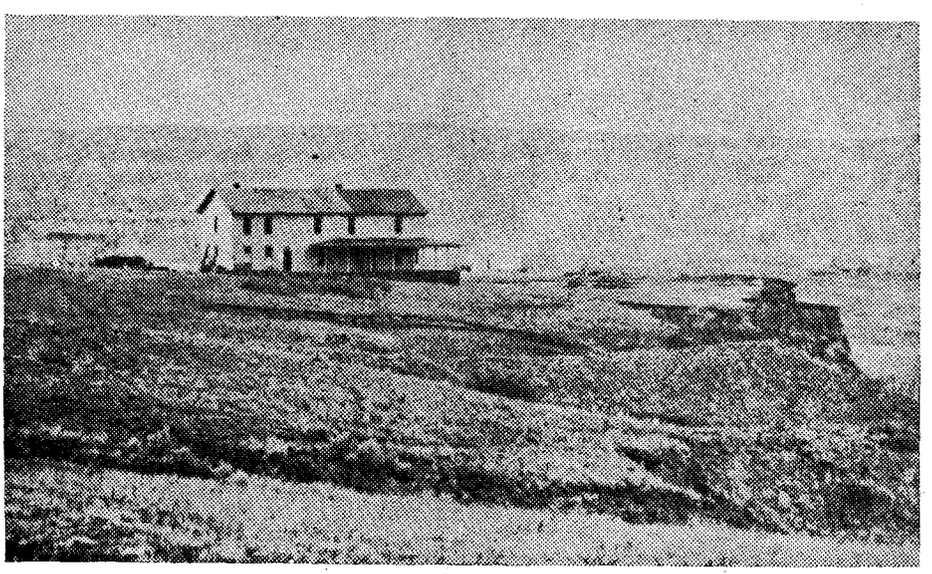
TO add to their already serious situation, they were now faced with the possibility of actual starvation. They were now in Sioux country and it was obvious that the Indians had recently had a big hunt down the river valley and killed or driven off all the game. There was no game left and only an occasional fowl to add to their food supply. Additional precautions had to be taken to avoid coming upon any Sioux because while the Indians might not harm them they couldn't afford to depend upon this possibility. Their position changed rapidly from serious to desperate.

Roosevelt rationed their food but even at that they were soon reduced to unleavened bread and water. The one bright spot was that the prisoners gave no trouble. Treated well and under constant, alert guard, they passed their tiresome days, now, by reading from their store of dime novels and a copy of a History of the James Brothers. It was as though they had decided to let Roosevelt and his men get them out of their difficulties the best way they could.

The days dragged on and even the flour was almost gone but still the river lay dark and frozen ahead of them. Driven by imminent starvation, Roosevelt and his men began to consider the desperate attempt of leaving everything behind except the prisoners and going ahead on foot. Then, unexpectedly, they came upon a C Diamond cow-camp.

With the readiness of any cowman to help bring cattle rustlers and horse thieves to justice, the cowhands in camp

Home of the Marquis de Mores, famous Frenchman and close friend of Teddy.



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loaned Roosevelt a horse to ride to the ranch house for help. There he was given all he asked. He hired a wagon and team and the owner went along to drive.

Now that the end was in sight Roosevelt began to think once more about the Elkhorn, his horses at the mercy of the mountain lions and other possible emergencies. He sent Dow and Seawall back to the ranch while he went on with the prisoners. Loading the three men into the wagon he headed for Dickinson. It was a two day trip and hard, slow going. Not knowing the driver the weary rancher decided to keep the prisoners in the wagon and follow along behind on foot. So, cold and bone-tired, he plodded through the ankle deep mud with his Winchester bearing down on his shoulder more each mile.

The one night on the way was spent in a hut they chanced upon toward dark. Roosevelt ordered the three prisoners into one bunk bed where they were too crowded to make a sudden move. Then, propping his back against the door, he settled down to a long night watch.

Next day, after thirty-six hours without sleep, he dragged into Dickinson still trudging along behind the loaded wagon. Here he turned his prisoners over to the sheriff.

Under Dakota law Roosevelt received a fee as deputy sheriff for making three arrests and mileage for the three hundred odd miles they had covered coming in. A total of about fifty dollars all told.

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THE SARATOGA TRUNK

The Saratoga trunk of the last century might have been an absolute necessity for the well-bred young woman traveling West, but to the tough old Western stage drivers it was an invention of the devil. Its great bulk made it almost impossible to stow away properly on the coach.

One grizzled old driver won himself a measure of immortality (anonymous, unfortunately) because of his particularly violent hatred of the unwieldly trunks. He had picked up a passenger for Tahoe, a young lady from the East whose baggage, of course, was a single monstrous Saratoga. When the stage arrived at Tahoe, she was dismayed to find the trunk had been left behind.

"No room fer it," the driver explained, "but I'll sure bring it up next trip!"

The next trip found the woman waiting for the stage. There was no trunk on board, and she proceeded to give the driver a violent tongue-lashing. He replied with an earnest and lengthy explanation of the difficulty of loading such a big item.

"But I got it licked now," he concluded, taking up the reins and preparing to leave on the return trip. "Figger it'd be best to haul it up in sections, like. Got a man busy right now, sawin' the derned thing in three pieces!"

P.S.: The next day he brought the trunk up, intact, and delivered it to a young woman who took an oath always in the future to travel light.

MURDER NAMES A CAPITAL

(Continued from Page 37)

move next, a Russian named Nicholas carved up a miner named Parrot in a camp called Pine Log, which wasn't far from Columbia where the public spirited citizens were busy getting signatures on a formal petition for Columbia as the capital.

Nicholas, who had a rather unsavory reputation anyway, had killed Parrot in an unusually cruel manner, so he realized that a miner's court might decide to hang him. Nicholas hired D. C. Bulton to defend him because of the odds. Bulton was an early day Clarence Darrow, having never lost a murder case in all of his career. Despite Bulton's eloquence, the District Attorney H. P. Barber ranted that the killing was sheer butchery and the jury believed him. With their verdict of guilty, the judge sentenced Nicholas to be hanged.

BULTON was downright discouraged about the possible loss of a client, and he kept turning the matter over in his mind. Bulton just couldn't see a solution until one day he was making a deposit in the bank of D. O. Mills. There he overheard two men discussing the petition to make Columbia the state capital, judging that they had collected 10,000 signatures. Bulton congratulated them and observed that one could get almost anything in the political line with a petition of that size. The men nodded and said the petition was being kept in the bank's vault because they'd heard Sacramentans might try to stop the movement. Bulton observed, in great truth, that politicians would do most anything, then left.

But the worst fears of the Columbians were realized. Next morning the vault door stood upon. Bankers checked the gold and noted it was all there. Only the petition with the 10,000 names was missing. Everyone blamed them danged Sacramentans.

Because of the excitement, no one even mentioned that Governor Bigler pardoned Nicholas, even though there didn't seem to be any reason for it. When Bulton was questioned about the pardon, he simply said that he had filed an appeal, with a "few supporting papers." He never said that one of his papers included 10,000 signatures, all from the Columbia area, now attached to Bulton's appeal. Lacking any request from other cities, the legislators decided to choose Sacramento as the capital, and murder had its way.

The fine old building still stands at Benicia, a monument to the perfidy of others. Although it has gone through several transitions, the interior has been restored, even to the red leather chairs still looking much as the legislators left them many years ago.

Benicia never realized its dreams of maritime greatness either. But there are a half dozen historical sites to remind the visitor of its ties with the past. There are the Benicia Barracks where young Lieutenant U. S. Grant served a decade before his Civil War triumphs. Here also in Benicia, is buried Concepcion Arguello whose romance with the dashing Russian, Nicoli Rezanov, ended with his sudden death and her becoming a Sister in the Dominican Order years later.

Benicia echoes with many memories.

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BEN SMITH'S MYSTERY MINE

(Continued from Page 21)

and listened to their talk about the camp fire. Ben talked quite freely to the other men. I soon learned that he was awfully excited about a ledge of almost pure gold which he had stumbled on mysteriously on the side of a mountain somewhere towards Mt. Jefferson. As I remember it, his story, was that he had been pursued by someone, had been lost, and with nightfall coming had climbed onto a high ledge with its back to a cliff from which he hoped he could look way out onto the plains of eastern Oregon far below and see any pursuers.

At daylight — he was astonished to find he had been lying on what looked as though it might be gold, and had managed to break some specimens of it off and stuff them into his pockets and shirt before hastily traveling on. At that time, food, water, and shelter were far more important than something that looked like gold — but which might easily turn out not to be the real thing.

BEN finally arrived at a town where he could get it assayed and was told it was extremely high grade gold. He had returned to the mountain country, — sure he could locate the gold ledge again. But it was the old story of lost mines. Somehow everything looked different and he never could find the landmarks he thought he remembered.

Apparently his grub stake of food had given out. Ben worked on the log house most of the summer and I knew he was saving his money to finance another hunt for the lost ledge.

Then one day a man from eastern Oregon rode in quietly and caught a glimpse of Ben. He told my mother privately that Ben was wanted for murder in eastern Oregon. He said Ben had hit a man over the head with a baseball bat at a ball game, in a fit of temper, and killed him. Then Ben had fled towards the mountains with the law after him. It must have been during his wanderings in the mountains, to evade the law, that he found the gold ledge.

Not long after that Ben Smith disappeared from the cabin and I never saw him again. He may have realized that after the man saw and recognized him, — others would soon be on his trail. It was a remote lonely place in the mountain wilderness where anything could happen. I often wondered if Ben ever dared go back and hunt for the lost ledge again.

Perhaps it still lies there waiting for someone like Ben to get far off the beaten path and stumble on it. Or perhaps it has been covered with the debris of time, storm, and cataclysm, and hidden from sight in all the years that have passed.

The men working with Ben on the cabin had been brought in from Portland, Oregon, and were taken back to Portland after the cabin was finished. They were not woodsmen and had no horses of their own. They would probably have been afraid of getting lost and never finding their way out of the wilderness. Besides, Ben Smith had not given them any directions. Even he himself had not been able to find it again.

Mr. Ario, who had been in charge during my father's absence, returned to Portland, and then went to Austria as interpreter for the Socialist Party. He either was killed or died there. As a girl, I wrote letters to the last place in Europe from which we had heard from him, but they were all returned marked "deceased" in Austrian or German. I had been fond of him and missed him greatly.

It has been said that it is the finder of the lost mine that is lost — not the mine. And so it may be with Ben Smith's lost gold ledge. Also it just could be the answer to the perplexing riddle of where the lost Blue Bucket gold came from.

Father of the author standing near the mountain home he built for his family.

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THOSE WERE HELLIN' TIMES

(Continued from Page 41)

sure houses, the miners called them, for they went there with nothing but funnin' on their mind. Once he got inside, a man could pick and choose at random, until he lit on the kind and color of woman that suited his particular fancy.

There were dusky women from Spain, wearing black lace, and a look of mystery in their haunting eyes. Silk gowned Chinese girls, fragile as dolls, their sloe eyes demure and coy at one and the same time, tottered about in their tiny, blue satin slippers, wearing their long, black braids tied neatly under their chins. There were Mexican girls, too, fiery tempered, and not to be trusted.

IN those days, every mining town in the central and southeastern California mining districts had its "dog town." The Mexican population lived there, along with their skinny mongrels, and an odd assortment of gamblers, prostitutes and other unsavory characters who had been expelled from the more respectable areas of town by the Law and Order Committee. The fandangoes operated full blast twenty-four hours a day in dog town. The wild sounds of revelry filled the littered streets. Inside the dance hall and gambling dens, brown skinned, bare-legged Mexican girls danced with reckless abandon on the tops of the rough, pine tables, and fought each other for the nuggets tossed at their feet. They fought over their men, too.

A fight between two hot blooded Mexican Senoritas was something to see. They scorned the hair pulling, clawing, biting tactics usually employed by enraged women. They used weapons, instead. No Mexican dance hall beauty was ever without her dagger, skillfully concealed in the folds of her garments. She flashed it at the first sign of competition from another girl, tossing her heavy lace mantilla over her left arm as a shield against her adversary's razor-edged weapon.

Gambling games came in for their fair share of attention from the miners. Faro, Monte, Roulette, Rouge-et-noir, Vingt-et-un, and other popular games were widely enjoyed. Although the American miners scorned Chinese "Johns," looking upon them as a form of life a step below the Indian, they nevertheless frequented the eerie, incense scented Chinese gambling dens. The Chinese were skillful gamblers, being impassive and clever at the same time. More than one bag of dust was left behind with the "pay off" Chinaman who stood at one side of the Fan Tan table.

Though there was a variety of run-of-the-mill entertainment available in nearly every mining town, the restless men constantly hungered for new diversions. An exciting time in the gold camps was the advent of the touring entertainers who traveled from camp to camp performing in the "opery" houses, or the saloons, if no better place was available.

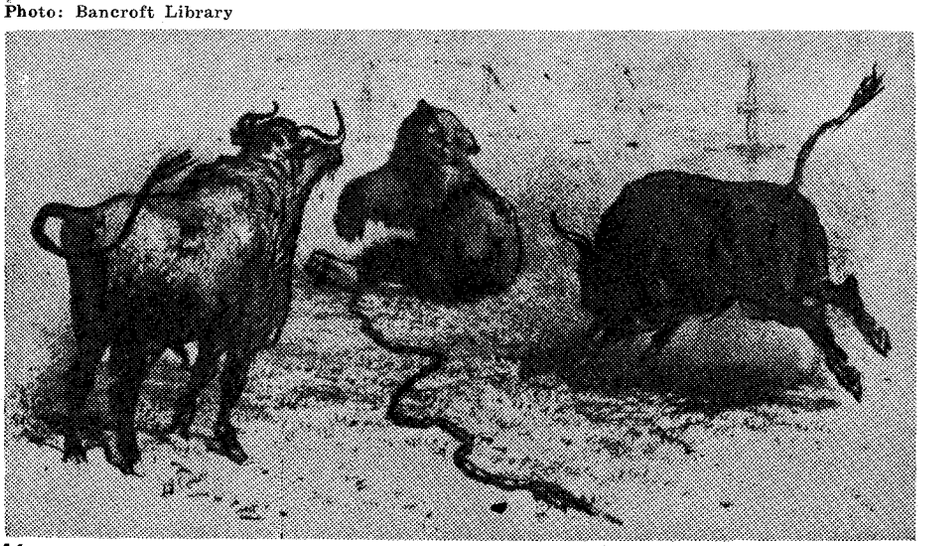
Charlie Morrill's Minstrels was one of the best known entertainment groups to tour the gold country in the late 1850's. They made the rounds at least twice a year, providing an unusual repertoire for the pleasure hungry miners. Morrill served as middleman for Johnny Diamond, an expert tambourine player who also billed himself as the "Champion" Banjo picker. At the conclusion of his act, he went into a fast jig, thus winning a claim for himself as a skilled jig dancer, as well. Codgill and Cooper were also members of Morrill's group. Their specialty was clog dancing.

Acts like Morrill's were a cinch to draw a capacity audience in any mining camp. The entertainers didn't have to be skilled to draw a loud ovation. Most in demand was a change of pace from the every day grind and drudgery of the placers. The miners were generous in their appreciation of anyone who could provide it.

However they chose to spend their leisure hours, whether they passed it betting on a chicken fight, or watching a Spider Dance, one thing's for sure: The "forty niners" never lacked for excitement come "hellin' time."

Bear and bull fight, a bloody event, was a favorite sport in the old West.

Photo: Bancroft Library



DREAM MINE

The first time the prospector named Davis had the dream, he dismissed it as being just another dream. The next night he dreamed again of seeing a timbered ravine—and of a ledge that was rich with gold. On the third night, Davis again dreamed of the gold-laden ravine—and saw more details of the area.

He also dreamed of seeing himself loading pack animals with rich ore.

By now, Davis was certain his dream ravine actually existed—and so did the gold. But where? The mountains of Northern Idaho are vast and rugged. He approached a few special friends, and told them about the dream. Most of them spooted his "dream mine". Two men finally agreed to accompany him into the Couer d'Alene mountains to search.

Several days later, Davis found the ravine which resembled the one he had seen in his dreams. More search revealed the ledge—and it was rich. He and his partners took out over $42,000 worth of gold. Appropriately enough, Davis named the ravine Dream Gulch.

Ferris Weddle

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PROFESSOR MARSH AND THE THUNDER HORSES

(Continued from Page 24)

head. Official reason for the escort was as protection against the hostile Northern Indians. But everyone knew that the escort's main duty would be to spy and report on the expedition's activities. As the council broke up amid much handshaking and protestations of friendship, the way seemed clear for Marsh to begin his trek into the Badlands. It only remained for him to let the Indians know when he was ready to start. It had seemed almost too easy — and it was.

During the night four inches of new snow fell and the expedition's start had to be delayed temporarily. During the interim, annuities were issued to the Indians. Receipt of this annual treasure promptly changed their previous cooperative attitude. They made no further pretense of good behaviour. Now they could raid, pillage and kill for another year. As one soldier put it: "The Indians don't care a cuss for Uncle Sam."

The bone-hunting expedition was savagely discussed in every lodge. One conclusion was reached. The whites were in search of gold. Hair-trigger Indian tempers began to rise.

UNAWARE of this sudden change in attitude, preparations for the expedition went ahead. On the second morning after the issuance of annuities, Prof. Marsh and company broke camp and proceeded to the agency to pick up their Indian guard. On their way they had to pass between several villages of Indian lodges. The sight of the soldiers and wagons inflamed the already smoldering Indians. Soon a threatening mob was gathered about the agency. The warriors were armed as well as the soldiers with breech-loading rifles and revolvers and out-numbered the whites by 30 to one.

Sitting Bull declared that the young men promised as a guard refused to go, being afraid of the Northern Indians. Prof. Marsh appealed to Red Cloud who said frankly that his warriors believed the object of the search was gold, not bones. The gathered Indians cheered. Suddenly Pretty Crow shrieked:

"The white men are going into our country to find gold; we must stop them at once."

A cry of warning was given. Squaws and children dashed for safety. Guns were levelled at the white men from every side. A line of mounted Indians formed behind and in front of the expedition. Meanwhile, runners sped in all directions to the villages to call together the warriors. The stage was set for a massacre.

The agent and the few friendly chiefs quickly pointed out to Marsh that the presence of soldiers particularly aggravated the Indians. There was but one thing to do, withdraw — quick.

As the inflamed Indians milled about in indecision, the expedition turned about and marched at a half-run to the safety of Camp Robinson, a distance of one and a half miles. Throughout the retreat Indians showered insults and jeers on the white men. But, miraculously, there was no shower of bullets.

The experience did not dampen Prof. Marsh's determination. In fact, he was beginning to get a little angry as well as impatient at the delay. But he agreed to one more try at obtaining the Indians' consent. This was to be done by throwing a sumptious feast and handing out many gaudy presents to the principal chiefs.

The gala council-feast was planned with great care and followed an order of precedence as rigid as an occasion at a European court. Only the more eminent chiefs were admitted. The inviation list included Red Cloud, Red Dog, Old Man Afraid of His Horses, Spider (a brother of Red Cloud), Sword, (son-in-law of Red Cloud), Sitting Bull, Pawnee Killer, Conquering Bear, Friday, American Horse, Torn Belly, Red Leaf, Rocky Bear, Little Wound, Three Bears, White Tail, Young Man Afraid of His Horses, Stabber, Hand, Pretty Crow and some thirty others of less note.

The feast was given in one of the largest lodges. Every detail of Indian etiquette was rigidly observed. Prof. Marsh again stated the object and character of the expedition. Again a reluctant consent by the Indians was given. A band of scouts was also promised under the leadership of Sword.

But approval of the expedition was viewed with skepticism by Prof. Marsh. It had been given with too much hesitation and reluctance. He resolved to test it.

Late that night he sent word to the Indian scouts he was ready to start at the crack of dawn that morning. It was as he feared. After the blandishments of the feast had faded, the Indians flatly refused to go. Dread of the northern Minneconjous and Uncpapas was too great.

Disappointed and exasperated, Prof. Marsh decided he had waited long enough and resolved upon an extraordinary and dangerous move. He would give the Indians the slip and gamble upon being able to get into the Badlands swiftly, get what he wanted, and

Guard mount at Fort Laramie where Professor Marsh and his expedition left for the dangers of the Black Hills.
Photo credit: National Archives 111-5c-82462

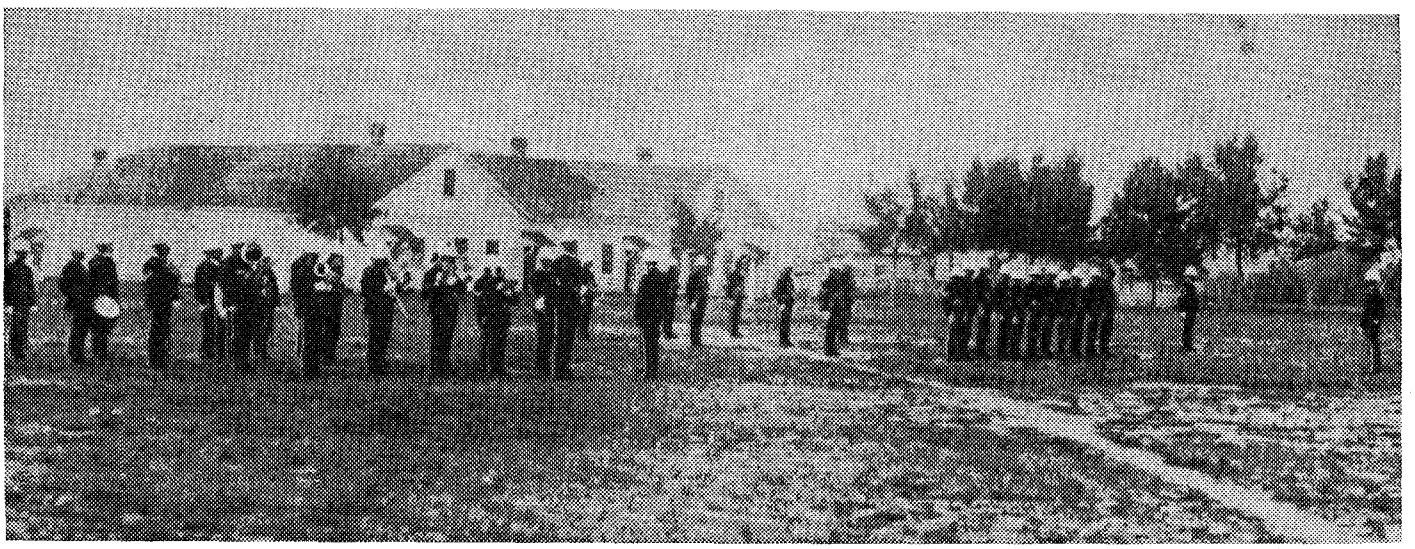

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Photo credit: Miller Studios, Pierre, South Dakota

Ancient fireplace in the badlands believed built by prehistoric Indians.

get out as rapidly as possible.

That night shortly after mid-night, he and his men quietly slipped between the Indian villages and sought the White River at the only spot where, for many miles, it was fordable. Dogs barked furiously as the white men tip-toed between the lodges but the Indians slept on. It was a frigid night. After crossing the river and ascending the highland, the cold was so intense that those on horseback dismounted and walked to keep from freezing.

By daylight the stolen march had been discovered. At dawn scouts could be seen riding from village to village giving the alarm. Before the bone region was reached, Indian sentinels on horseback, posted on surrounding buttes were watching the party. Both because of the cold and the danger, the small party of white men made all possible haste over the gashed, wastelands toward their destination.

When the fossil site was reached, a position for the main camp was chosen which could be strongly defended in case of attack. A militarily stragetic position was difficult to find however as the prehistoric bones lay in an area ten miles in length, mainly through deep gorges.

THE expedition went hurriedly to work, keeping one eye on the excavation and the other on the crests of surrounding hills from which an attack could come. It was intensely cold. The diggers could not sit on the ground as they worked but had to move about to keep from freezing. As fast as the precious fossils were unearthed, they were heaped together and piles of stone placed to mark their position in the event of a sudden snowstorm.

For several days the bitter cold continued. Bearded members of the expedition were soon festooned with icicles and had to break holes under their mustaches before they could eat. Four officers and many soldiers were severely frost-bitten. That no serious injuries from the cold resulted was only because the men forced themselves to stay active. Always there were the silent Indian sentinels on the nearby hills.

At last the cold moderated and there came a heavy snow storm which threatened to obliterate all land marks. Brooms were quickly made of bushes and grass and men rushed about brushing away accumulated snow around the stone markers.

One night some Indians attempted to surprise the camp. But alert guards saw them approaching and awakened the sleeping men. The attacking Indians, seeing the camp ready for action, quietly withdrew. Prof. Marsh drew a deep sigh of relief. If one shot had been fired it would have undoubtedly drawn quick and merciless vengeance on the tiny white party.

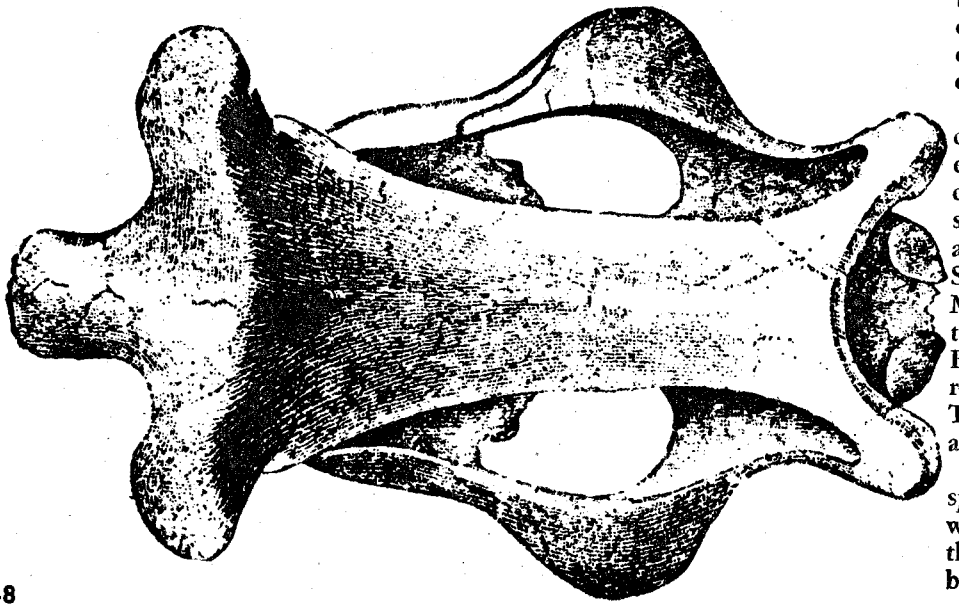
Occasionally during the day a few Sioux dropped into the camp with proffers of friendship just to get a closer look at the work of the expedition. They seemed surprised to see only piles of bones as the only fruit of the white mens' vast labors in the deep gorge.

When the bone collection was nearly complete, a new snow storm threatened. From the looks of the heavy clouds it might well make travel impossible for quite a while. To add to the alarm, a party of Indians headed by Spider and Sword came to warn Prof. Marsh that the Northern Indians had taken their wives and children to the Black Hills and that the warriors were returning to wipe out the expedition. There was good reason to expect an attack that very night, warned Spider.

This posed a dilemma. To throw the specimens into wagons and rattle off with them unpacked meant breaking them to pieces. To pack them at night, burning lights in the tents, might well

Skull and jaw bone of the Brontatherium, called by Indians, the Thunder Horse.

Photo credit: Yale University



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be suicidal. The Indians asked no better target than a lighted tent. To remain would pose an even greater risk. But Marsh, after consultation with the officers in command, decided to stay long enough to pack properly the next day.

The expedition broke camp about noon. Subsequent reports indicated it was in the bare nick of time. A large party of Northern Indians scoured the Badlands the following day in a vain search for the "Bone-Hunting Chief" and his band. But, by then, Marsh was safely on his way back to New Haven with his fossil treasure.

Did the results obtained justify the expense, time and great danger faced by the expedition members?

Yes, amply. The almost two tons of bones unearthed were those of tropical animals of the miocene era, most of of them rare specimens, illustrative of entire families of pre-historic animals then entirely new to science. The stratum in which the fossils lay was once a huge lake bounded on the north by the Black Hills, on the west by the Rocky Mountains and reaching south as far as the Kansas border. The bones

Photo credit: North Dakota Historical Society

Map of Thunder Horse graveyard.

which Marsh uncovered were probably washed into the lake by a freshet and then buried in mud which eventually hardened into stone preserving the remains for millions of years. A careful examination of the surrounding region later showed that nowhere else had any water course cut deep enough to lay bare a similar stratum.

Many other obscure and contested points in science were also determined from Prof. Marsh's daring expedition. Among these were important determinations respecting the geology of the region.

And what about ravishment of the Indians' "medicine"?

The various tribes were well-paid for the fossils which made an important contribution to science, and may be seen today in Yale's Peabody Museum of Natural History and at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C.

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RW

HUGH GLASS' EMPTY REVENGE

(Continued from Page 16)

at the animal's body. Glass moved as he could, drool forming at the corners of his mouth with prospects of red meat. He waved away the wolves and finally crawled to the mangled, torn body of the buffalo.

Without a knife, or a flint for a fire, Glass simply used his teeth to satisfy his hunger, and was busy with this task for a long time. Finally sated, he tore off all the meat he could carry and shoved it inside his shirt. Refreshed he began the crawl, always heading for Fort Kiowa.

Glass' ordeal is a lasting testimony to human courage and endurance. His will to survive was incredible by any standard but considering he was in constant danger, often without food or water, suffering from wounds which would have killed most men, the journey he made is almost beyond belief.

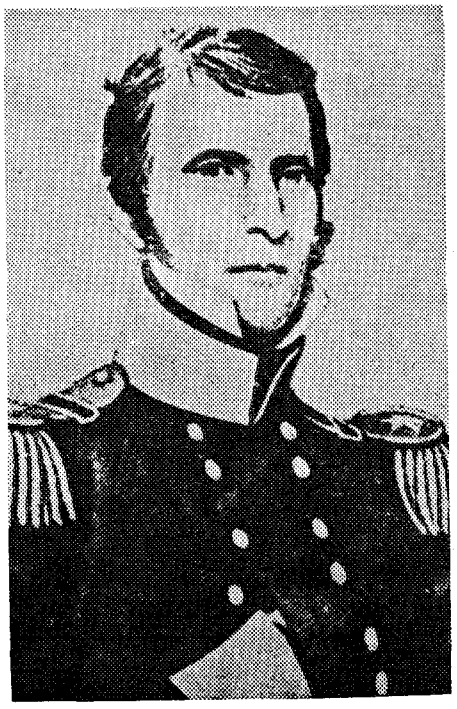
After fording the Moreau River, he slowly crossed the plains to follow the course of the Cheyenne River. At last he saw the wide Missouri and began the final lap toward Fort Kiowa. By the time he had reached there, he was able to stand erect and pound on the fort's gates.

Except for the red-raw wounds, the tattered clothes and knowledge of Glass' prowess, few would have been able to believe the old man's tale. But the men of the American Fur Company treated his wounds, fed him and provided new clothes and weapons.

Any sensible man would have spent the winter at Fort Kiowa but revenge is a terrible, driving passion. It was only a few days later that Glass joined

Col. Leavenworth was friend of Glass.

Photo credit: U.S. War Department



a small trapping party heading upriver. Nearing Tilton's Fort, situated on a wide bend in the river, Glass decided to walk across country, since he wasn't strong enough to help with the cordelling, and meet his companions beyond the fort.

Glass was hobbling along when he spotted two Indian squaws. From their make-up Glass knew immediately what they were:

"Arikaras," he muttered as he dropped into the grass and brush, hoping they hadn't seen him. But they had and both began hollering for the braves in the area. In minutes the Arikara warriors came running to kill Old Man Glass. Glass was still too weak to fight effectively and he tried to run, an equally hopeless task. The Indians were waving their rifles, yelling and nearly within gunshot of Glass. Probably Glass considered he had set his last beaver trap, and this was the end of the line.

But Glass just wasn't destined to be denied his revenge.

Two Mandans, friendly to the mountain man appeared from nowhere and caught Glass by the arms. They swung him up on one of their horses then raced away toward the fort and safety.

Glass had reason to be twice glad. He had missed his companions and had nearly been killed himself. The next day brought news that all of the other trappers had been ambushed and slain by the Arikaras. Despite this dread news that night he gathered up

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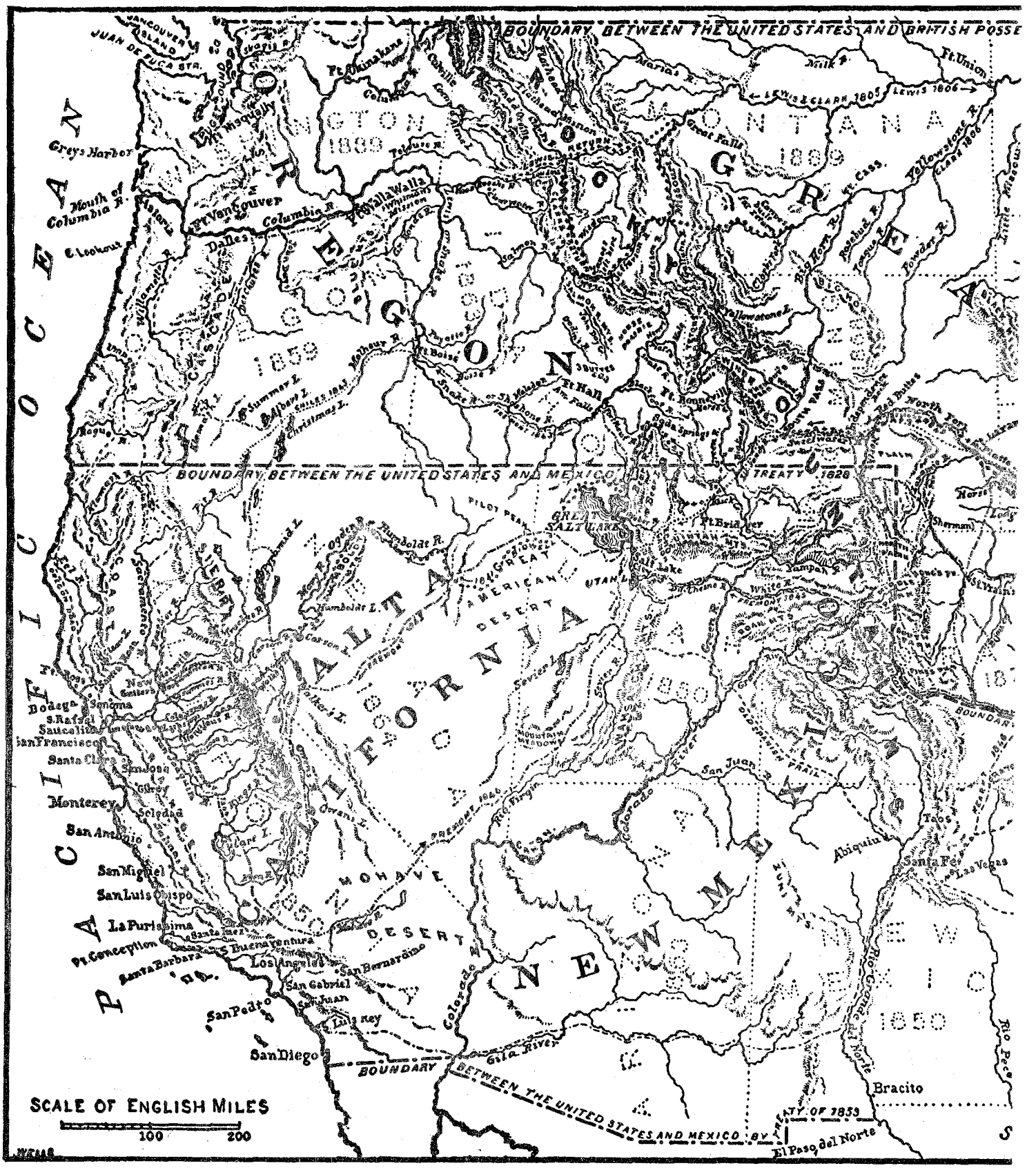
his plunder, rifle and food then set out for Henry's Fort on the Big Horn! The man was obsessed with a desire for revenge and his reason was clouded.

Through a wilderness that few men would even enter without many companions, Hugh Glass walked for 38 days up the Missouri to the Yellowstone, then up the Yellowstone to the

Map of the large area Hugh Glass struggled over in his wild search for the men who had deserted and left him to die from the wounds inflicted by bear.

Photo credit: Bellman Map Collection



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Big Horn where he finally located Major Henry and his men.

"A ghost. I seen a ghost," one of the trappers muttered.

HUGH Glass, with his disfiguring scars and the rags he wore through the 38 days on the trail, was difficult to recognize but he soon convinced the trappers of his identity.

"Fitzgerald or Jim here?" Glass asked. "The 'men' who were supposed to stay with me?"

The youngster, Jim, (was it Bridger?) was brought to face the man that had been deserted. Jim pleaded that it was Fitzgerald who ha' made him leave. He'd had little ch e. Stay there alone with Glass, who they considered dead anyway, and be left in a trackless country infested with Arikaras, or leave with Fitzgerald with whom he might survive, since they didn't think they could do anything for Glass anyway.

Glass considered the logic of the argument, though he and Jim knew the decision was sheer treachery. His scarred face showed no emotion, then a smile filtered through the whiskers, creases and scars. "Alright, boy. Whar's Fitz?"

The trappers told him that Fitzgerald was quartered at Fort Atkinson, situated on the Missouri near the mouth of the Platte, but far below Fort Kiowa. The distance alone seemed enough to deter Glass from the vengeance trail. But Glass shook his head and announced that he would leave the next morning and Major Henry appointed four men to go with Glass, ostensibly to carry a message which Henry wanted delivered downstream. The men left the fort on February 28th, 1824.

They followed the course of the Yellowstone, crossing over to the headwaters of the Powder River, then to the Platte where they fashioned crude bull boats of willow and raw buffalo hides. They were little more than leather tubs but they floated the men down the Platte, even when the river thinned out to where it was just a little too muddy to plow.

Glass and his companions hadn't gone far before they were stopped by a large band of Arikaras whose chief, Elk Tongue, knew Glass having spent a winter with him.

The Indians, known to be deadly and treacherous, gave Glass and his men a warm welcome, inviting them to rest at their lodges and to feast at the Arikaras camp.

They were treated royally and Glass was wolfing down the huge buffalo steaks when he heard a child cry. Looking out through the flap of the teepee, he saw the Arikaras squaws hurriedly taking their possessions and children from the area. That meant only one thing.

Massacre!

Glass didn't have any illusions about who were to be the victims and he signalled his partners. They all jumped up and ran. Two were killed but Glass got away. But in the melee, Glass had lost his rifle and all of his plunder. He still saved his shot pouch which also contained a knife and a steel. He said afterwards:

> " . . . . These little fixings make a man feel real pert when he is three or four hundred miles away from anybody or anywhere — all alone among the painters and the wild varmints."

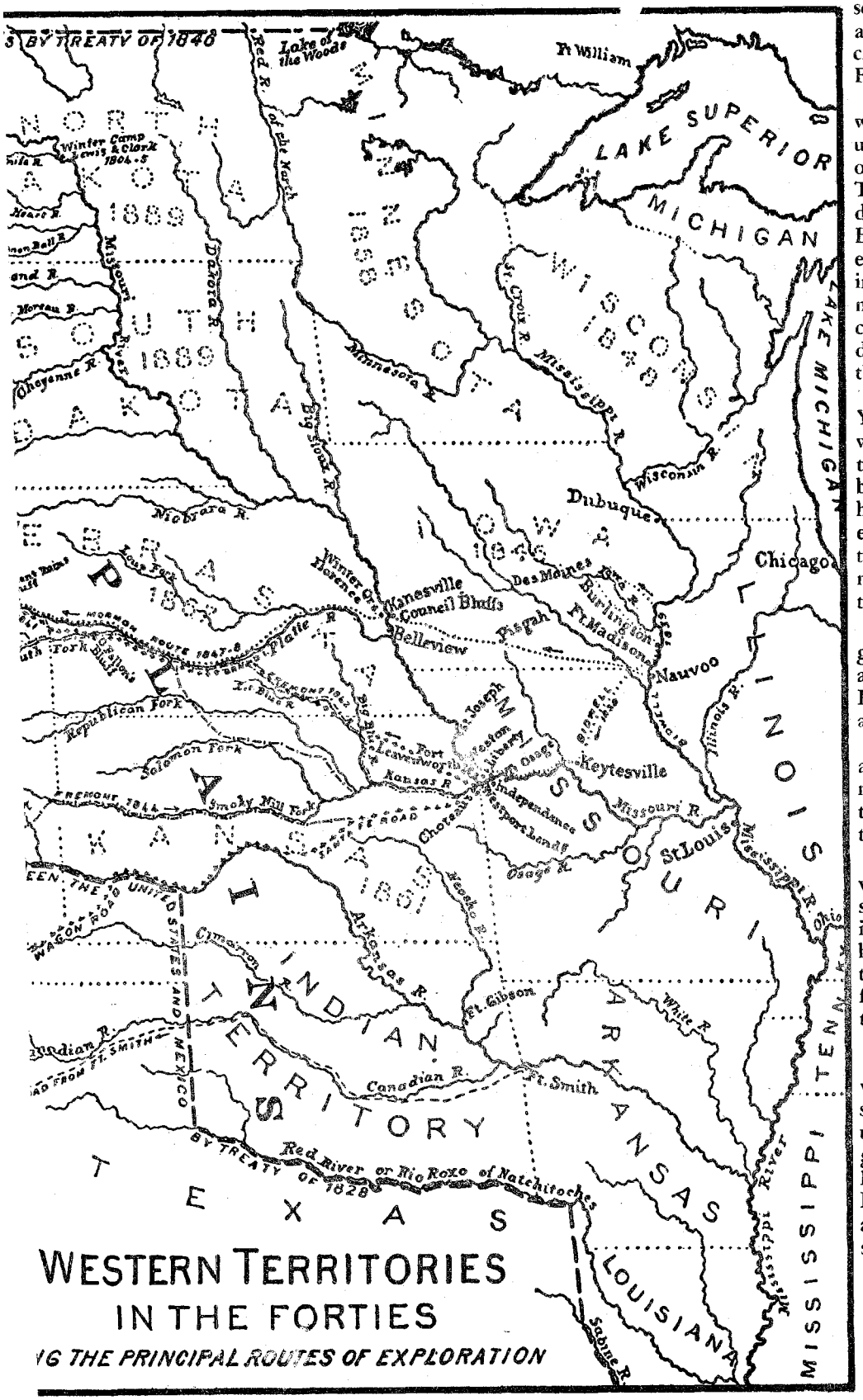

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Photo credit: Mallon Collection

This was the type of bear along the Missouri River that attacked Hugh Glass.

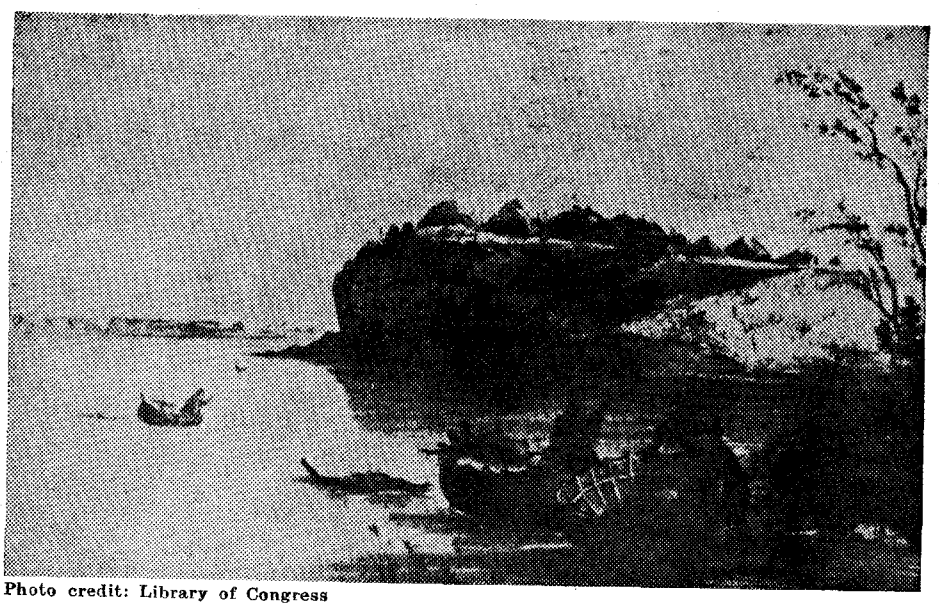
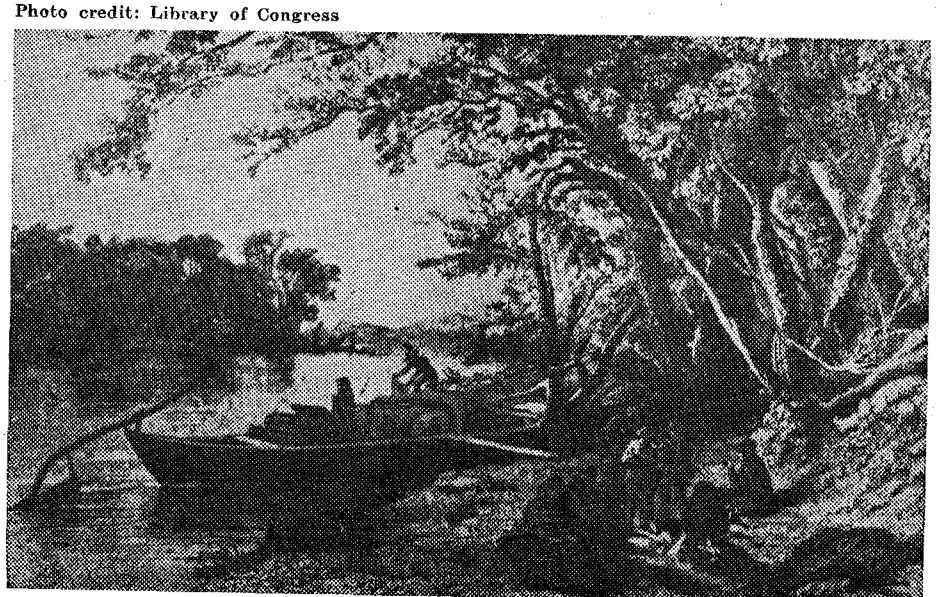


Photo credit: Library of Congress

Indian barrel boats (above) were used by Glass to travel on the river. Later he was able to board a Missouri River keelboat (below) for Fort Atkinson.

Photo credit: Library of Congress



With the determination of a turtle once set upon a course, Glass headed for Fitzgerald at Fort Atkinson. Food was no problem on this three hundred mile jaunt because the buffalo were calving and Glass had his knife. He reached Kiowa without difficulty, picked up supplies, then took off for Fort Atkinson. It was almost a year that he had followed the vengeance trail but at last he found Fitzgerald at the fort.

Fitzgerald faced Glass in an Army uniform. Glass knew he would be in real trouble if he killed a soldier out of revenge. Revenge, even as deeply as it rightly burned in Glass' heart, wasn't worth a prison sentence or hanging. "He'll die with that on his conscience anyway," Glass said, then went to the commanding officer with his story. He was given new clothes, all of his old possessions which Fitzgerald still had and a number of other useful items.

Glass left the fort in a few days. His last years are obscure but it is known that he and two other trappers took off on a hunt toward the Yellowstone country. Because such men often vanished into the wilderness no one looked for Hugh Glass and it wasn't until several years later when another trapping party joined with the treacherous Arikaras. The Indians wanted horses and planned to scatter the trappers' mounts, before they killed the trappers, if they had to. The trapper in charge realized what they wanted and immediately seized four hostages, insisting that all of the other Indians leave peaceably and the hostages would be set free. Otherwise, they would be killed. The chiefs huddled and agreed and the feast continued.

The hostages realized they wouldn't be let loose and began their death chant, telling of their exploits. One told of Glass' death and pointed to the knife that had been taken from him. It was undoubtedly Hugh Glass'. The Arikara admitted that they had ambushed Glass and the others after they had crossed a frozen-over river. Glass was on a hunting party and was so intent upon his quarry that he had let his guard down.

What had he been hunting?

Why, grizzly bears, of course.

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A Real West Short Story

JOURNEY OF DEATH

by Kit Carson

THE Texan Santa Fe Expedition of 1841 had floundered as flat as a pancake! Nothing except blood and gore remained to mark a ghastly tragedy of mistakes the Texans had made plus a few straggling prisoners on a death march—the famed *jornado del muerto* —to Old Mexico. The trail from Austin, Texas, all the way into Santa Fe and on into El Paso del Norte was marked with blood, human corpses, defrayed remnants of wagons, trail gear, and tattered clothes that could not be replaced.

Nothing had come of the carefully unorganized Texan expedition except deplorable circumstances since it first launched upon the wilderness trail in hopes of capturing the trade of Santa Fe and its fattening prospects for the money-minded. Much of the route the unfortunates traveled had never been trod by anyone except savages. And the Texans actually had no idea of what they were approaching.

The New Mexico Governor Armijo got wind of the approach of the expedition. He met it a ways out of Santa Fe, near San Miguel, and foxed them into a surrender. He connivingly captured the beleaguered forces, killed many of the scouts in cold-blood, and led the others into Santa Fe. There he prepared to drive the living skeletons on a death march into Old Mexico and an anticipated life-time imprisonment.

Once the march from Santa Fe south was commenced, the line of prisoners and their guards followed the route of the old *Camino del Rey,* generally clinging to the skirts of the Rio Grande. With deaths occurring all along the route southward, the remaining prisoners were herded by sheer force and belligerence of the guards to within the limits of El Paso del Norte.

There a camp was made at nightfall. Rumor floated among the dying prisoners that a Mexican in the morning would relieve them of all their gold and personal valuables. George W. Kendall, of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* was in the group. He had joined the expedition for writing material. (And he certainly got it!) He had escaped death a number of times by the skin of his teeth since the foxy Mexican Armijo had captured the Texans near San Miguel. He was of strong determination to live and return to Texas, and through sheer luck had managed to escape death over the horrifying march.

It was almost nightfall when camp was pitched. The spot chosen was about thirty miles north of El Paso del Norte. A few of the prisoners, through some recourse or the other, had clung onto their money and their jewels. Kendall, himself, carried a gold watch and chain of which he thought very much. He sought every means to prevent it from falling into the greedy Mexicans' clutches.

When the word passed around that the Mexicans were out to take their valuables, their tired and exhausted minds commenced to fease some sort of solution whereby to protect those items.

Supper time was approaching for the already pitched camp. The Mexican guards stalked about, belligerent and vociferously, keeping a close watch on the prisoners —knowing all the time that only a few of them had strength enough left in their frail bodies to attempt an escape. Therefore, a close guard was not necessary. However, the Mexican guards kept an eagle eye upon the group, watching for just any excuse to gun them down. They usually cut off the ears of such victims and turned them over to the superiors for which they received praise for the atrocities.

The prisoners, as a part of their self-sustaining duties, were commencing to prepare a meager meal of baked dough. All the time they searched their wits and pondered for a method to save their gold. Finally one of the bunch came up with an idea. As they mixed the dough for the scant meal, they would include within that mixture their gold and silver and jewels—and carry on the baking process. Kendall placed his watch and chain around the neck of a friend and noted later that through that act he saved his cherished watch.

A few maintained a close watch upon the guards, while the others meekly worked the valuables into the bread—and baked it all up! Each member kept within his possession a few pieces of money to shift the guards off suspicion, leaving the self-exalted guards with the thought they had taken all the valuables.

That portion of the bread within which was baked the gold, was handled in such a manner that the guards never gained possession of it. Those fortunate enough —or unfortunate enough—to complete *el jornado del muerto* into Old Mexico hung onto their valuables.

Several months later, George W. Kendall with the living members of the ill-fated Texan Santa Fe Expedition was released and permitted to return to the Texas Republic.

George W. Kendall had accomplished his mission. He found something to write about! And the prisoners had saved their gold!

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I SAW THE DALTONS DIE

(Continued from Page 19)

the square the whole place was a bedlam of yelling men running in all directions trying to find a rifle or a shotgun. Others were firing from doorways at nothing in particular. A man was standing under an awning and firing across the street at the Condon Bank. Later I learned this man was Jim Miller, the harness maker. One of his bullets nicked the arm of Broadwell and then everybody was yelling, "They're running out the rear of the bank."

THIS was a mistake. Broadwell, Grat Dalton, and Powers weren't running out of the rear of the Condon Bank. Bob and Emmet Dalton, who had entered the First National, came out of the rear of that bank building. Bob was carrying a sack with $20,000 in it.

What happened next came with such speed that it was then, and still is, something of a blur to me. I saw a youth running toward the bank robbers. One of them fired his rifle and the youth crumpled to the earth dead. Later I learned this youth was Lucius M. Baldwin, a 22-year-old clerk.

The din of the rifle and revolver fire made that town square sound like the Battle of the Bulge. A man came running from the First National Bank, he darted inside the Isham hardware store, came to the door with a rifle. He started to aim it at somebody near me. It was Bob Dalton. Bob Dalton's gun roared and the man went down with his face a mass of gushing blood.

It was then that my father grabbed me and ran inside the hardware store. The man who lay on the sidewalk with part of his face blown away was Bert Ayers, cashier at the First National Bank. Ayers had run out of the bank when Bob and Emmett had fled through the rear door of the bank. Ayers got to the Isham hardware Store where he grabbed a rifle and aimed it at Bob, who was almost on him. But Bob shot a split second faster and Ayers went down.

Scared as I was when father got me inside the store, my boyish curiosity was still great and I peered through the window. Two bodies were lying in front of the Rammel Brothers drug store. They were George Cubine, nephew of D. W. Cubine, who owned a shoe shop. Young George worked in his uncle's shoe shop. He had grabbed a revolver when everybody else was grabbing guns and had stood in front of Rammel Brothers Drug Store. Bob Dalton came running toward the store, saw the armed youth, whose back was to him. This didn't bother Bob Dalton. He fired at the youth's back and the bullet crashed through his heart and he fell dead.

Charles Brown, an old man who worked with young Cubine in the shoe store, was standing at the side of the youth. When he went down, Brown reached for his revolver. His hand never touched the weapon. A bullet from Bob Daton's rifle hit him in the side and he fell dead over the body of young Cubine.

By this time Broadwell, Powers, and Grat Dalton had run out of the rear of the Condon Bank and were headed for the alley where their horses were tied. Bob and Emmett Dalton were running in the same direction. I darted to the rear of the hardware store and looked out of the window. Men were all round me and some were firing rifles.

OUTSIDE others were firing at the fleeing bank robbers. Broadwell was limping and Powers had been hit but he kept going. They got to their horses. I saw Marshal Charles T. Connelly come out of nowhere and walk toward the bank robbers. He had a rifle but he never fired it. Bullets from the bank robbers riddled his body and he fell dead.

A rifle exploded at the fence at the rear of the livery barn. Bob Dalton lunged forward, his rifle falling from

This composite picture of dead of the Dalton gang at Coffeyville became a best seller over country for several years after the famous Coffeyville raid.

Photo credit: Tilghman Collection, University of Oklahoma Library.

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his hands, and then he hit the ground dead. Grat Dalton, who was with Bob, swerved, saw the man behind the fence, brought his rifle up, but he was a split second too slow. The man behind the fence fired and the bullet hit Grat in the throat and he went down with convulsive shudders and then lay still in death. The man behind the fence at the rear of the livery barn was John Kloher, who worked at the livery barn and was considered the best shot in Coffeyville.

Bill Powers tried to get on his horse, but a barrage of bullets from the men at the rear of the hardware store smashed him down upon the lifeless bodies of Bob and Grat Dalton with bullets through heart and head. Dick Broadwell managed to get on his horse, but lead ripped through his body and blood gushed from his mouth. But he rode down 8th Street. A posse gave chase. They found Broadwell dead sitting on his horse and holding the reins at the gate of the creamery on Independence Road.

In the meantime Emmett Dalton had tried to get on his horse but bullets crashed into his body and Casey Seaman, the barber, fired a load of buckshot that caught the youth in the back, knocking him off his horse and onto the lifeless bodies of Bob and Grat Dalton and Bill Powers.

It was all over in less than ten minutes, ten of the most terrifying minutes I ever spent. The same can probably be said of most of the citizens of Coffeyville. Eight men were dead — four robbers and four victims, and a number of citizens had been wounded.

When Emmett Dalton was pulled off the pile of the dead, it was found that he was still alive. Nobody thought for a minute he would live. Otherwise a lynching party might have taken care of him. He was later convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. After serving seven years he was pardoned by Governor Edward Hoch. I would often meet him in Frank James' cigar store on Main Street in Kansas City. He walked with a limp and was always quite friendly. He married Julia Johnson, who had nursed him back to life in Coffeyville. As far as I know Emmett proved a respectable citizen, moved to California where he was a successful real estate operator.

I don't know whether those terrifying minutes at Coffeyville ever haunted him, but I can assure you they have haunted me for seventy-two years.

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All material in this article based on eye witness account.

RW

THE STAGEDRIVER

The West spewed forth all sorts of characters, but none as colorful as the stage driver. The stage driver was held in respect, if not in revered awe, by many of the tamers of the west. He has become as legendary as the gold of California, and there are many historical landmarks in recognition of his feats.

One notable driver with a coveted record was known as Charlie Pankhurst; more widely reputed for his use of profanity, whiskey drinking roughness in general, and the constant chewing of plug tobacco. His past was a well kept secret and all anyone knew about Charlie was that he arrived in California in 1848. He said he had migrated from the East.

Charlie's route, for many years, was the rough road from Stockton to Mariposa. The route was narrow in many places, with an array of precipitous grades. But Charlie always came through, even in the darkest nights and through all the dust of the West.

When questioned as to his uncanny method of getting through. Charlie claimed that he could smell his way through. That he had travelled the mountains so many times that he knew where the road was, by the sound of the wheels; by listening to whether they rattled or not.

When a horse kicked Charlie in the eye and he lost the optic, that ended his career suddenly. He retired to a small farm, living alone until his death from tongue cancer, in 1879. As his friends arranged for an elaborate funeral they made an amazing discovery: Charlie Pankhurst was, in fact, Charlotte, a woman born in New Hampshire.

No one had ever been aware of the impersonation, and she had voted in California as Charlie Pankhurst, many years before woman suffrage. She had also been a mother, for her will bequeathed $4,000 to a boy.

Many tributes were paid to Charlotte, for as Charlie Pankhurst, she had lent a hand in the taming of the west. A man had to be a man, in order to preserve his life in the wild west. Charlotte proved to be capable of being as strong-willed as any man that wore boots.

Robert Graham

PAULO DURO, CANYON OF THE DEAD

(Continued from Page 36)

buffalo trail and was the first to spot Mackenzie's men, firing a couple of warning shots to arouse his tribesmen. They apparently assumed someone was on an early morning hunt and ignored the shots. Red Warbonnet himself rushed back into his tepee to put on his war paint.

As each of Mackenzie's troops arrived at the bottom of the canyon, they mounted, formed in line and went off at a gallop after the fleeing Indians, who abandoned everything. The Colonel himself took personal command of "H" and "L" Troops as they were formed abreast, and he led them in a swooping charge past empty villages strewn with personal belongings and occupied only by frightened horses and pack animals, running aimlessly about or tugging at their halters.

"A" Troop soon returned, herding an immense number of captured horses and mules, and by this time the few Indians who had hidden among the junipers on the canyon walls had come to their senses enough to begin firing.

The cavalrymen couldn't ride up the precipitous canyon walls, nor could they dismount and leave their horses in such an exposed spot. As they wheeled their mounts to return to their initial position, a bullet struck the trumpeter of "L" Company, a man named Hard, in the stomach and he fell from his horse.

He was treated almost immediately by Acting Assistant Surgeon Rufus Choate but no one expected him to live.

"Within a few weeks, however," Nye reported, "he was blowing reveille as hideously as ever."

Three companies were then sent to engage the redskins in a long range carbine duel. The trumpeter was the Raiders' only casualty. The next job of the troopers was to destroy the villages and supplies, making huge bonfires of the lodges.

Mackenzie was a man who knew

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Photo credit: Paulo Duro Salon.

Present view of Paulo Duro Canyon where many Indians and soldiers died.

when to fight and when to quit. The Indians were already demoralized and completely unable to continue their pillaging without horses. The time had come to return to the supply train.

The troop commander formed his regiment into a hollow square with the captured animals in the center, one company riding abreast in front, a similar arrangement in the rear, and two companies each composing the sides of the "box." Carter estimates they drove the 2000 horses and mules about 20 miles and then shot them, keeping only those needed as temporary replacements for cavalry horses killed in the action.

Mackenzie knew the impossibility of holding Indian horses and it was evident that the animals would soon be recaptured by their former Indian owners if they were released.

All the fight was out of the Indians and they began returning to the reservation at Fort Sill by November, the last of them holding out only to the following spring. The Colonel had thoroughly proven his theory expressed to General William Tecumseh Sherman at the time of his assignment to the Southwest:

"We'll burn their lodges, drive off their herds. Destroy blankets, food, ammunition — everything. Then they'll have no strength for war."

This was the last major Indian battle in Texas, and for Mackenzie's Raiders it had meant 34 hours in the saddle, riding over 70 miles, and two or three hours of fighting and hard work. But their faith in their commanding officer was not misplaced.

The next two years saw this Indian-fighting ability put to use in cleaning out pockets of resistance by small bands of Indians on the Mexican border, and by 1876 it was obvious that Mackenzie was the man to clear up the sorry state of affairs in the Dakota country. Custer and his men had been decimated on June 25, 1876, and other attacks against the Sioux and Northern Cheyenne had met with little success.

Another Paulo Duro was needed. A strike had to be made if the Army was to assert its authority, and that strike had to be made before the winter sealed off all opportunities. It was under these conditions that Colonel Mackenzie conceived the Dull Knife Raid. Perhaps he didn't think of it in these terms, but looking back it is clear he chose the impossible situation, including temperatures which plummeted to the minus thirties and a wide separation from his source of supplies, a military parallel to the unscalable "cliffs" which the Indians assumed he could not get down.

A month's careful preparation found his men equipped with arctic boots and furs, and adequate supplies laid in at Fort Fetterman from Cheyenne by way of Fort Laramie, a distance of 160 miles.

On November 22 Mackenzie, with 2000 troopers, 168 wagons and 400 pack mules, arrived at a spot on Crazy Woman Fork of the Powder River about a day's ride from the former Cantonment Reno. This was his last depot and here the wagons were parked. About half his force, including 500 Indian scouts, were assigned to the first division, which was to carry rations for 10 days and 100 rounds of ammunition for each men. The second division would follow to take care of any contingency.

Such imminent scouts were in this division as Major Frank North's Pawnees and Washakie's son, Tom Cosgrove, with 100 Shoshone; Leading Chief of the Pawnees, Three Bears of the Sioux, Sharp Nose from the Arapahoe and Red Shirt, Cheyenne. At the fore front of the first division was Colonel Mackenzie.

THEY located the ice-bound Indian village on the night of November 24 and moved into position for an attack at daybreak. When Mackenzie sounded the charge, a human avalanche hit the village. The Indian warriors put up a stubborn resistance as they sought to gain time for their women and children to escape.

The battle raged all day and all night, but the Raiders managed to destroy 173 lodges and all the Indians' supplies, including ammunition. The braves lost about 40 men in the fight and an untold number to the freezing weather, while Machenzie lost only two men and had 25 wounded.

From that time on, the Sioux and Cheyenne resistance died out and the Dull Knife Raid is directly credited with the surrender of Crazy Horse in the spring of 1877. It also gained the Colonel a commendation from General Sherman and brought a total of 4500 Indians into the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies within a few months.

For the next five years, Mackenzie and his troopers were the army's chief trouble-shooters for Indian affairs. The permanent rank of brigadier general was bestowed on him in 1883, and he finally got around to marrying his long-time sweetheart, Florida Tunstall. He was named the army's chief of the Department of Texas with headquarters at San Antonio about the same time.

But, unlike Custer, Ranald Mackenzie was to be denied the privilege of dying gloriously. His body wracked by eight wounds — some from bullets and some from arrows — his mind torn by his fierce demands upon himself and the Indian brutality he had witnessed first-hand, he collapsed in 1884 and spent the remaining five years of his life in a government asylum on Staten Island.

Perhaps his unfortunate demise is the reason his statue is not on the campus at West Point. Custer is commemorated there and, as a martyr, he deserves it. But, after all, Custer lost. Mackenzie always won.

What memories tortured him in his final days can only be surmised, but

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there is a monument of self-accomplishment that he must have carried close to his heart, and that happened in Colorado in 1881.

Riding at the head of nine troops of cavalry and nine of infantry, he drew his men up in battle array before the Utes.

They looked at the Colonel. They looked at his men. They looked back at the Colonel, and they saw "Bad Hand," a man whose reputation struck fear in their hearts.

Laying down their arms, they turned their mounts obediently toward the new reservation at Green River in preference to meeting the ouslaught of Ranald Slidell Mackenzie — the soldier who went down the walls of hell to put a stop to Indian warfare in the United States.

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RW

GENERAL VALLEJO, THE CON MAN'S DELIGHT

(Continued from Page 7)

fortable smoking the general's best imported cigars, drinking his brandy, and idly considering plans which would divert more of the general's money to his use.

But as summer waned and the days grew shorter, the seeds were planted, fortuitously just before the rains came. In time, the seeds sprouted and the forty acres were green and lush. The crop was near maturity when General Vallejo was called away to Monterey, then on to San Diego, a duty which would probably take weeks, or months. But he was heartened as he received reports on the crop and the first experiments with refining. A few days later he received a package which was crammed with sparkling sugar. Elated, Vallejo gave the sugar to his many friends, waving away their thanks. He knew he would have a never ending supply of this rare commodity from now on. Success was his.

AT length, Vallejo's tour of duty was completed and he returned home. He immediately made a trip to the sugar farm where, to his great dismay, Vallejo found only seared, dead beet plants; none showing appearance of having been harvested. The refinery stood empty and silent, completely devoid of machinery to process beets, or anything else. Vallejo realized he'd been had but there was one thing that plagued him. Where had Custot secured the sugar he sent? But that question was answered when there was no sugar at the dinner table, and the venemous looks of his wife, Dona Francisca, told him why.

The Vallejos had stored a hoard of precious loaves of Peruvian sugar in their cool house and in some manner Custot had sequestered them and sent them along to the general.

Custot had carefully ground up each loaf and they had provided Vallejo's friends with a sweet treat while the general's household went without any sugar at all.

While that venture cost Vallejo thousands to buy back his own sugar loaves, his greatest error of judgment was when he paid a million dollars for piano lessons.

It was during the 1840s when three rosewood pianos were brought around the Horn and put ashore on Monterey's dock. Vallejo happened to be in town and, being extremely fond of music, was determined to have one of the pianos. He gladly paid $600 for one of the instruments and had it shipped to his home, where everyone agreed that it was the best ever and would add a good deal to the forthcoming fiesta.

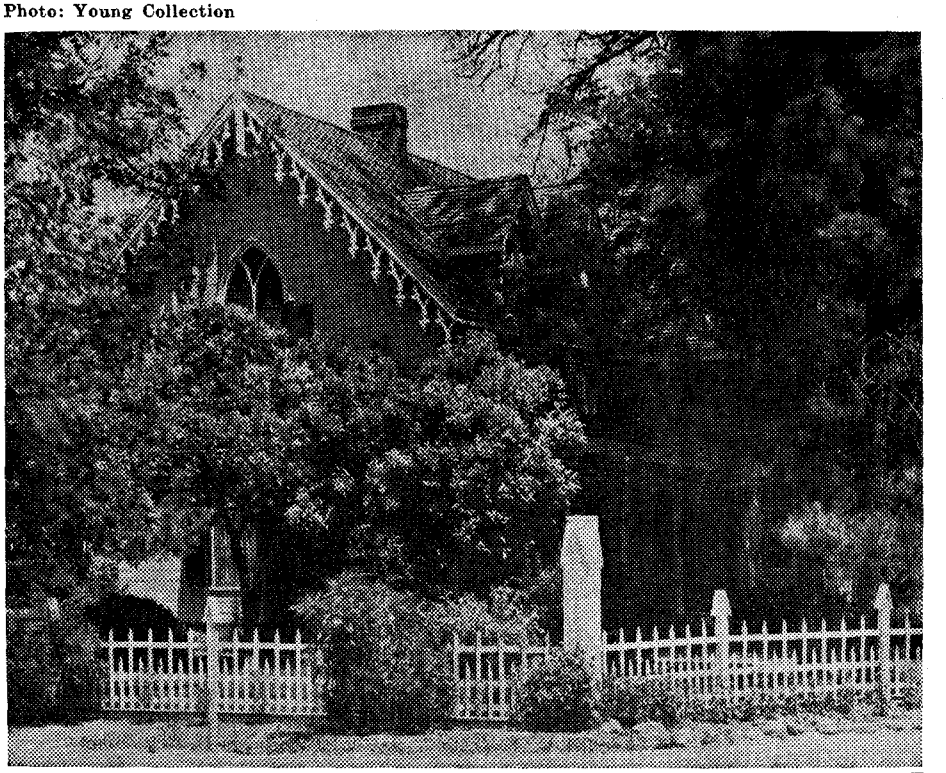
Vallejo was planning that his children would be taught to play and thus provide him with many hours of enjoyment. But there was a fly in the chili powder: no one knew how to play the piano, and the fine piano gathered dust while Vallejo wondered why no piano instructors ever came to California. He had the word spread that the first person willing to instruct his family in the fine arts of piano music should be brought forthwith to Vallejo's home, and would be well rewarded. But no one appeared and day by day Vallejo became more dejected. He simply wasn't used to not having things his way.

He was lower than a gorilla's hairline when a wandering German named Andrew Hoeppner stopped by Vallejo's rancho asking for food and lodging, since he was weary and a long way from the next rancho. With true Californiano hospitality, Vallejo invited the man into his home and they immediately sat down to a sumptuous meal.

They were sipping their brandies when Hoeppner's eyes widened as he noticed the fine grand piano in the next room. He excused himself and walked to the bench and sat down. His fingers played lightly over the keys, then formed a melody which held all of the Vallejo family entranced. After playing several numbers, Hoeppner arose from the piano and apologized for interrupting their drinks and for letting his great joy in finding a piano overcome him.

Home of the rich Vallejo was often visited by notorious con men and crooks.

Photo: Young Collection



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VALLEJO eagerly questioned his guest about his background and was told that Hoeppner was a musician and a composer who, like many others, had tired of doing just one thing and struck out to see the world. Vallejo begged Hoeppner to stay on and the German became convinced after they drank deeply of the glasses of fine Port wine which Vallejo saw were always present in front of the musician. It was late that same night, March 24, 1846, when the two men entered into one of the strangest agreements on record.

Hoeppner obligated himself to teach all members of the Vallejo famiy to play the piano "at least during five years or more if necessary."

In exchange Vallejo would deed Hoeppner 4,00 acres of land, small pay in Vallejo's eyes since he owned 7 million acres anyway.

The young man began the instruction at once, worked faithfully and completed his assignment on August 6, 1850, some seven months before the agreement stipulated. Though the Vallejo mansion now rang with Bach, Mozart and Handel compositions, when the general signed the deed to the 4,000 acres with a great flourish, his fortunes began to wane.

By the time he died in 1890, the vast estates of Vallejo had shrunk to a mere 250 acres upon which his fine home "Lachryma Montis" (Mountain Tears, because of the hot and cold springs in the acrea) stood. About the only thing he didn't lose was the respect of his countrymen and the glory which he had achieved for his newly-embraced country, the United States.

But it was Hoeppner who got the best of the bargain with the general. The 4,000 acres which he acquired for giving some music lessons eventually became the famed "Valley of the Moon," where Jack London built his home. Hoeppner made at least a million tax-free dollars selling the land.

But both men considered they had made a good bargain, despite the fact that Vallejo became known as the man who had swapped a valley for a few music lessons.

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RW

THE THREE TRIALS OF KILLER SMITH

(Continued from Page 33)

we're fixin' to. Now, Collins, you tell her what you done!"

Milt started to dismount.

"Stay on your horse!" ordered Smith. "One move to get off, and I'll dust yuh on both sides!"

Copeland spurred forward to grab Smith's arm, but Smith yelled, "I told you, Cope, leave me be, or I'll kill you too!"

TURNING back to Collins, he aimed his pistol at the young farmer's head. Collin's wife started to run to him, but Bert Brown, as drunk as his boss, but still an expert on horseback, worked his horse between the woman and her husband. Collins, seeing the danger his wife was in, swung his right leg over the horse's rump. Before he touched the ground, Jordon Smith fired twice, both shots hitting Collins. As the young man turned and staggered toward the house, the Texan shot him three more times.

Seeing that Collins was dead, Smith's companions were stunned momentarily. Their whiskey-fogged minds finally comprehended what had happened. Swiftly liberating the troublesome horses, the men fled toward the river.

Mrs. Collins saw her husband was beyond help. Mounting his horse, she hurried into Kearney and notified the authorities of the murder. Several posses were hastily organized. One, led by Deputy Sheriff Wilt James was out all night and all next day. Worn out and hungry, the possemen began to complain. Crossing the river to an island, they were surprised to see one of their quarry come out of a thicket with his hands in the air. "I give up," he cried, "don't shoot."

It proved to be Copeland, and he was quickly taken into custody. Bert Brown and Smith were still at large, as was the kid wrangler, Roach. Copeland hinted that the fugitives were still on the island. Deputy James sent a message to Dave Anderson at Kearney asking for help to storm the island. Anderson, however, had ridden south with a posse, but Colonel John Roe, a veteran of the Civil War, enlisted eighteen determined men and commandeered a Union Pacific train to Plum Creek. In the meantime, however, Deputy Sheriff James and his men were not standing idle.

Riding back to the island, they began a careful search. Finally, in a willow grove, the fugitives were spotted. James called out for them to surrender, and sweated out a long delay as the men in the thicket discussed it. Finally Jord Smith's voice broke the stillness.

"If we come out with our hands up, will you promise we won't hang? Will you promise I can get in touch with my folks in Texas?"

"I'll promise to deliver you to Kearney. What happens after that will be up to the Sheriff, but I guarantee you won't be harmed while you're in my custody."

"What the hell's wrong with you, James," asked one of the possemen. "What do you care what happens to him — he killed Milt Collins, didn't he?"

"Yeah, I reckon he did, Tobe, but what I said goes. If he turns himself in to me, I'll see him safe in Kearney, and no one better try to stop me!"

Turning back to the thicket, James shouted, "You better come out with your hands high. If you don't you're a dead man. I'll see you safe in Kearney, but if it's a fight you want, you can get it here!"

With twelve Winchester pointing at the thicket, the tough killer and his men came out. Dirty, hungover and sick, they didn't much resemble the haughty cowmen of yesterday. James turned his prisoners over to Colonel Roe who returned them to Kearney.

The trial, as can well be imagined, created tremendous interest in the county. Milton Collins had not had an enemy in the world, and for the unkempt gunslinger, Jordon Smith, to expect mercy was out of the question. A short shrift at the end of a rope was the general consensus, and even Deputy Sheriff Marsh was heard to remark that hanging was too good for the s.o.b.

One Joel Hull became pretty vocal. Lubricating his courage as well as his vocal cords in one of the local dispensaries, he managed to get quite a following.

"Come on, boys, do your duty. These Texans can't come up here in this civilized country and kill our people. Let's us get some rope and show 'em how we do it up here!" The mob was with him, and for awhile it looked pretty ugly, but Judge Post, and a peace officer named Heartherington put an end to it by collaring the vocal Hull and slapping his carcass in jail for the duration.

THE charge against Smith was first degree murder, and his wealthy parents underwrote his brillant defense. Attorneys E. F. Gray of Fremont and Warrington and Hewitt of Plum Creek were engaged. Roach, Brown and Copeland were charged as accessories before and after the fact. Attorneys Connor and R. G. Hamer were retained by them. Hamer, a salty young lawyer, was a fighter as well as a lawyer, and on one occasion when half a dozen wild-eyed cowboys were hurrahing the town, he walked up to them and offered to fight them one at a time or all at once. They elected not to mix with the little man and rode quietly out of town. In

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later years, Hamer would become a distinguished jurist and member of the Nebraska Supreme Court.

The trial was called to order in the court of District Judge Samuel Maxwell. As murder trials go, it was pretty short. It commenced three months to the day after the wanton killing of young Milton Collins. The testimony of the young widow, an eye witness, as well as that of Alice McDonald and her bawdy ladies reminded the troubled Jordon Smith of his drunken boast, and gave the flinty-eyed jury something to think about.

Smith's own testimony was shaky, and he was not able to convince the jury that he killed the homesteader in self defense. Copeland and Brown, working hard at saving their own hides, did Smith no good with their testimony.

On December 18, 1875, the verdict, signed by jury foreman C. S. Bailey was read in open court:

"We, the jury empaneled, charged and sworn to well and truly try and true determination make in the above entitled cause, do find the defendant, Jordan P. Smith, guilty of murder in the first degree."

In pronouncing sentence, the satisfied judge intoned —— "it is therefore considered and adjudged by the Court, and the sentence of the Court is that you, Jordon P. Smith, be conveyed hence and confined in the jail of Buffalo County, until Friday, the 7th day of April, 1876 and that on the 7th day of April, 1876, between the hours of 10 o'clock A.M., and 4 o'clock P.M. of said day, you be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

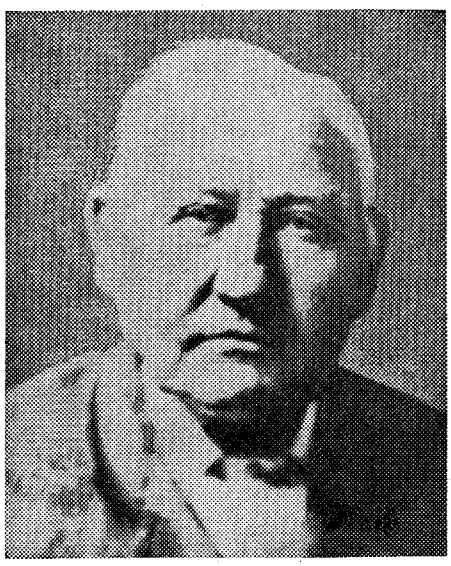
It looked like the end for the capricious young cowman from Texas. Copeland and Roach were both acquitted in a separate trial, and left the country forthwith, leaving no forwarding addresses. More money came up from Texas, and with a great deal of legal manipulation, a new trial was ordered for Smith, and a change of venue was granted. Trial was set for May 16, 1876 in Lowell, Nebraska with Judge G. W. Post presiding.

This second trial was almost ridiculously brief, with more of a picnic spirit prevailing than that of a murder trial. The reason being that Roach and Copeland could not be found to testify, and the young widow of Milton Collins could no longer testify against the killer. The broken-hearted young woman died a few short weeks before the commencement of the second trial.

ONE interested spectator at the trial in Lowell was a more or less unknown frontier character named William Gaslin. This tough old frontier judge deserves a hallowed niche in the archives of justice. An eccentric, who never wore socks, and who feared no man, Gaslin was a judicial bulwark in Nebraska.

Two years after the Smith case, Gaslin would fearlessly issue murder warrants against the accused man-burners of Custer County, Print Olive and Fred Fisher, and would sit in judgment upon them with a loaded Winchester on the bench in front of him. He would hear that case in its entirety, and in spite of covert threats, would have the courage to find them guilty as charged.

But now he was only a spectator. At the beginning of the second trial, a mob formed at the court house with the sole intention of having a necktie party, with



Judge Gaslin wasn't fooled by killer.

Jordon Smith furnishing the neck. Judge Post, flanked by Sheriff Heartherington, with the help of some cocked shooting irons, discouraged the would-be lynchers, and the trial proceeded according to law. After hearing such testimony as was still available, the jury compromised and brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree. Judge Post looked pained, as he accepted the lesser crime. Smith was brought before the judge, and heard himself sentenced to serve thirty years in the penitentiary at Lincoln.

The two trials had cost Buffalo county the sum of $4,579.65, no mean figure in those days. Most of the citizens, while feeling that hanging was too good for the scoundrel, felt that justice would be served if Smith had to serve his thirty year sentence. Anyway, it was spring and time to get the crops in, and besides, the more public-spirited felt, the County couldn't stand much more expense in the case.

But Smith's parents, still in Texas, sent more money, and the attorneys for the young convict still had an ace or two to play. More legal corners were turned, and the State Supreme Court finally revoked the sentence imposed in the second trial. Still a third trial was ordered.

Another change of venue was pleaded for and granted, and Judge Gaslin prepared to hear the trial at Juniatta. By this time, even the citizens of Kearney were sick and tired of Jordon Smith and his trials. The clamor for his scalp had died down to a weak whisper. The remaining witnesses had lost interest or had disappeared, and the verdict was a disappointing slap on the wrist for the triumphant Jord Smith. The third trial cost Buffalo co. an additional $975.70, and the jury, after due deliberation, found Jordon Smith guilty of manslaughter. To top it off, they recommend clemency. Jordon Smith could almost smell the sweet, fresh air of Texas.

BUT Judge Gaslin, aghast at the verdict, brushed aside the recommendation of the jury. In a manner that would later become his trademark, he delivered a stinging rebuke to the jury, condemning them for "taking the easy way out of a dilemma," and for "refusing to take such means as are available to free men to eliminate wanton murder and outlawry." Informing the panel that he had no intentions of accepting the recommendation for clemency, he turned to the prisoner. "Jordon Smith," he said, "you have been tried before a jury of your peers, and have been found guilty of manslaughter. This Court is relieved only because this jury did not see fit to free you completely. It now becomes the duty of this Court to sentence you for the crime of which you have been found guilty. Not for many years will you see the broad plains of Texas, or feel the exhilirating freedom of a law abiding citizen. It is the sentence of this Court that you be taken to the city of Lincoln, there to be incarcerated in the State penal institution for a period of not less than ten years, that time to be served in solitary confinement."

The shoulders of the jaunty Smith sagged. The recommendation of the jury which had so encouraged him had been disregarded by this stern judge. No more money came from Texas, and the cowman went to prison. He actually served but seven years, receiving a discharge for "good behavior." It was a good thing Buffalo County couldn't afford one more trial or the slayer of Milton Collins might have wound up with a medal.

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INDIANS HAD STRANGE APPETITES

(Continued from Page 39)

under the hot embers, then cracked between two stones, and the rich, delicious marrow sucked in quantities sufficient to ruin a white stomach forever.

(The fore-legs of the buffalo are scarcely larger than those of domestic cattle, but they are enormously stronger. The bone is so thick that the internal cavity is a mere pith. I have often been greatly amused at the utter disappointment of green hunters, who, having heard of "marrow bones," and determined on the treat, had brought into camp and roasted the fore-legs of the buffalo, to find, when they had with difficulty cracked the bones — nothing.)

Marrow-fat is believed by the Indians to be especially good for the hair, and during the feast the greasy hands are constantly wiped upon and passed through his long tails.

The Indian is an enormous feeder. But that corroborative evidence is so easily obtained, I should hesitate to give details of the great capacity of his stomach. In the course of a night of feasting, dancing, and story-telling, an average Indian will consume from ten to fifteen pounds of meat; and if he has abundance of food, and can make selection of the parts to be eaten, he will swallow, without indigestion or other inconvenience, not less than twenty pounds in one evening.

I was once on a hunt with an escort of twenty infantry soldiers and seven Pawnee Indians. On the second day we killed a magnificent buck elk, one of the finest I ever saw, and weighing gross not less than seven hundred pounds. Cutting the carcass in two, behind the ribs, I reserved the hind-quarters to take back to camp, and taking a few pounds for use of our mess, I gave the soldiers one fore-quarter, and the Indians the other. To these latter I also gave the entrails, which were eaten on the spot, raw.

The Indians danced and feasted all night, and came to me next morning for more meat. Seven Indians had had fifteen or twenty pounds more meat than twenty soldiers; yet next morning the soldiers had enough to last two whole days, the Indians had nothing. With fullest allowance for bone, they had averaged in the night's feast at least fifteen pounds apiece, but in the morning, like "Oliver Twist," they wanted "more."

An old Indian employed as guide at a military post was much liked and petted by the officers of the garrison, and was always invited to sit down to table if he happened in an officer's quarters at meal time. He soon found out that they breakfasted at different hours, and before a great while it was discovered that about twice a week the old fellow commenced with the earliest and moved up with the latest, so well timing himself as to secure four hearty breakfasts on one and the same morning. By a little management he might have secured a breakfast from some of the officers every day in the week, but he preferred to have a good square meal, a regular surfeit, twice a week, and took this method of getting it, being ashamed to eat so much as he wanted at any one house.

Some years ago an exploring party found itself in a country so barren of game that the efforts of its best hunters had been able to secure only one huge turkey gobbler, so old and tough that though parboiled, and boiled, and roasted, no one had been able to masticate him. Unwilling to lose so much meat, he was then cut up, put in a campkette, and stewed for neat twenty-four hours. Even this failing to soften him, he was about to be throw out for the wolves, when a party of Indians made its appearance, with the inevitable demand for "chuck." The officer in command, having little else, bethought him of the turkey, and ordered it to be set before the Indians.

The old chief carefully examined the contents of the kettle, then gravely informed his followers that it was "guacalote" (turkey), that to eat it would make them cowardly, that he was old, had not long to live, was not ambitious of further distinction, and would therefore risk it. After this exhortation he deliberately turned to the kettle, and in less than an hour emptied it completely, storing away, the officer declares not less than two gallons, or sixteen pounds of solid and liquid food.

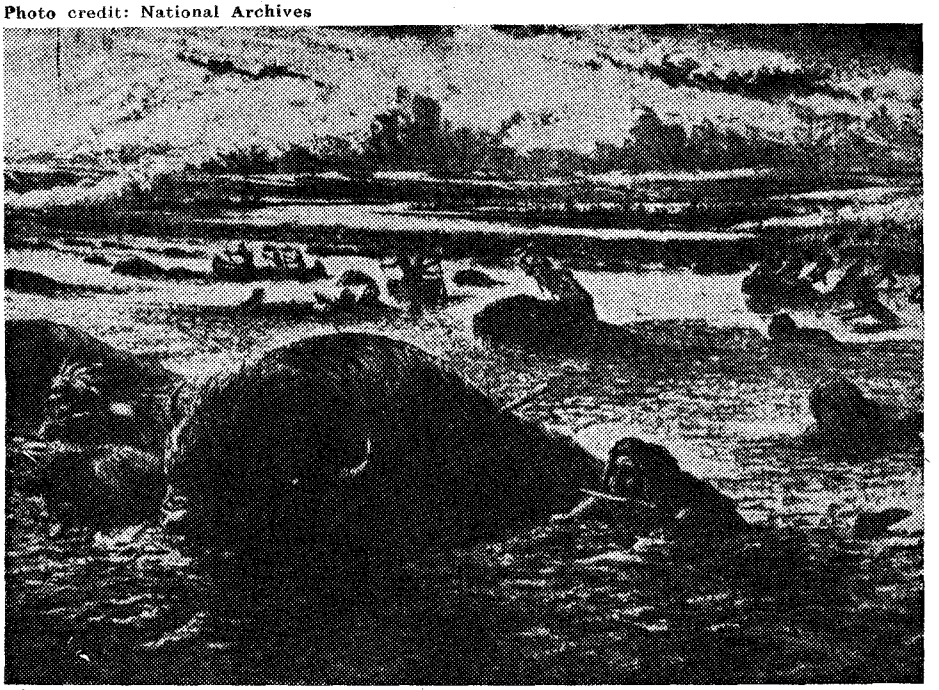
Even in their wildest state, all the Indians I have ever known use salt with their food when they can get it. This mineral is so generally distributed throughout the western country that it is easily obtained, though I have known it purchased at high prices.

THE advanced tribes take greatly to condiments, using considerable quantities of both red and black pepper. Curious as it may appear, this last article is used frequently in tea and coffee. This is done by old men, who believe it invigorates them.

Among white hunters, the rule of parties hunting together is, that while the meat must be divided equally among all, the hide and horns belong to the man who shot the animal. Among Indians, the general rule is the same, but the special perquisite of the successful shot, and that on which he sets most store, is the entrails. As soon as the game is killed it is opened, and the lucky hunter seating himself beside the carcass, betakes himself to what is to him a most perfect repast. The smaller entrails go first, but he is not satisfied until bowels, stomach, liver, and not

Without guns or horses Indians would chase buffalo in water to kill them.

Photo credit: National Archives



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infrequently, heart and lungs have all disappeared before his astounding appetite.

The liver of a very fat buffalo or elk will not unfrequently become granulated and broken up by overheating in a long chase. This, with the contents of the gall-bladder sprinkled over it, is one of the most delicious of all morsels that can titillate an Indian palate. A Pawnee chief, a great friend of mine, once brought and presented me with several pounds of this stuff tied up in a handkerchief. He was greatly astonished when I told him I could not eat it, but his mortification did not prevent his burying his face in the handkerchief, from which he scarcely lifted it until every particle of the horrid mess had disappeared. The smaller entrails of even the largest animals are eaten raw.

Dog-flesh is regarded by the Sioux as almost a sacred dish, being reserved only for feasts on occasions of ceremony, or when desiring to do special honor to a distinguished guest. When very fat, wolf is considered nearly, if not quite, as good as dog.

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes, are very fond of fat puppy, but only eat dog when forced to it by hunger.

The Comanches are extremely fond of horse-flesh, perferring it to beef or even buffalo. The most delicate and delicious dish that a Comanche can set before his most distinguished guest is the foetus of a mare boiled in its own liquid.

Even when buffalo and other large game was most plentiful, skunk was most highly esteemed as an article of diet, and was considered specially beneficial to women in an interesting condition. The odor of the animal is no protection against the Indian, who seizes it by the tail and beats it against the ground until it is dead, regardless alike of the fetid discharge which would sicken a white man, or the danger of its bite, which in some portions of the country is almost certainly followed by that most horrible of all maladies, hydrophobia.

In their rambles about camp, heretofore spoken of, the boys kill with their arrows a good many birds, rabbits, and other small game. The larger portion of these is eaten by the boys themselves, but many are taken to camp, where they are eagerly pounced upon by the mothers, whose special prerogative they seem to be. A hole is raked in the ashes, the bird or animal is placed in it and covered over with ashes and coals. After half an hour, or less, it is taken out, beaten a few times against the ground to get rid of the ashes, the feathers pulled off (bringing the skin with them) and devoured, entrais and all.

This process of cooking is by no means appetizing to witness, but I can aver, from personal experience, that it is really the very best way to cook a small and delicately flavored bird, all its juices being retained.

Some few animals and birds were protected by superstition — though this was not at all strong enough to amount to absolute prohibition. They could not be eaten by the Indian under ordinary circumstances, but this did not prevent his eating them when the circumstances were extraordinary. Our favorite Christmas bird, the turkey, was tabooed to the Indian, who would not eat it, except when on the verge of starvation. He believed it would make him cowardly, and run from his enemies, as the turkey runs from his pursuers.

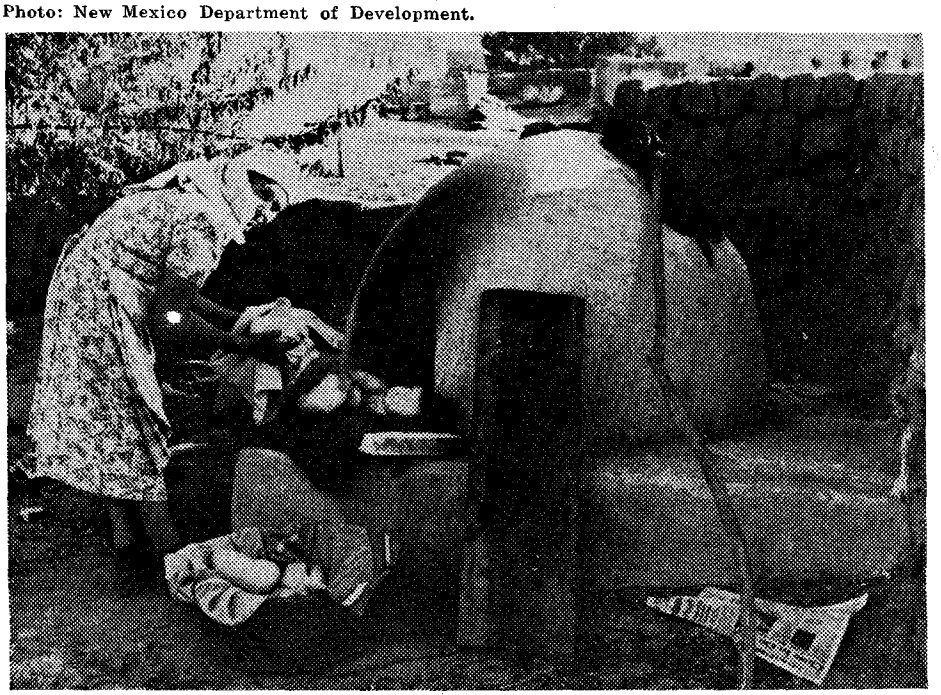
But all this is gone. Religion, superstition, public opinion, even self-respect, all give way before the craving of an empty stomach.

Photo: New Mexico Department of Development.

Indian women husk the corn for winter use, use stone to pound it into flour.

Making bread among Pueblos is a great art. Beehive ovens bake fine loaves.

Photo: New Mexico Department of Development.



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CLENG PEERSON TEXAS VIKING

(Continued from Page 25)

founding empire had graduated from a neglected province of Mexico to an independent republic and finally to the thirty-fourth sovereign state of the American Union

Land it had in abundance. Families it needed for the land. Families that were frugal and industrious and law-abiding, able to build churches and schools and orderly towns that would offset the hell and hurrah of so many brigands and gunslingers drifting into it from the older American states to the north and Mexico to the South.

Norwegians had built just such communities in all the eight states and territories where Cleng Peerson had led them. Any of their settlements generally had a church as its center. They were all literate since it was a disgrace for a Norseman not to be able to read a Bible and catechism. They were much more likely to set up some kind of an academy or embryonic college than a sporting house or a gambling den.

In 1849, thousands of Americans caught the Gold Fever and dashed off to California. Cleng Peerson, immune to wealth, got the Texas fever. He was now sixty-two years old. He could have settled in any exising Norwegian-American colony and been taken care of for the rest of his life even though he still stubbornly refused religious affiliation.

But for the gray old nester of nesters, there was yet one more country to see; one more river to cross; that river being the Sabine which was the traditional boundary of the late Mr. Austin's canaan.

Carrying no hardware except surveying instruments, maybe buying himself a new pair of boots, Cleng Peerson journeyed from the main Norwegian colony of Fox River, Illinois, to Texas, seven hundred miles away. Cleng came back talking as big about the big state as any modern Texan.

THE soil was so fertile, the climate so balmy, Cleng said, that you could grow four crops a year and have them ready for market in towns like Dallas and Austin. Acreage-all a family needed — was practically free; cabbages grew as big as drumheads. Wild horses, that the Texans called broncos, could be easily caught and tamed for the plow. Wild cattle were as thick as grasshoppers and belonged to any man who rounded them up. This particularly interested Norwegians with their penchant for dairies and creameries.

In 1850, Cleng Peerson led his last colony to his last canaan. These were Norwegian Lutherans from Illinois, and their pastor would argue anything with the old trail blazer except theology. For four years, the emigrants farmed around Dallas where a few Norwegians had settled, with the blessings of President Sam Houston during the days of the Texas Republic.

Four years later, in 1854 the Norwegain colony moved en masse to wild Bosque County on the edge of the great western Texas hill country. This sparsely populated county also needed good settlers from being beset with outlaws who would not be finally exterminated till the organization of a vigilante committee secretly headed by old Texas Ranger Buck Barry. It offered these upstanding folks good terms to come there.

Inspired by Cleng Peerson, the Norsemen did their share in bringing this rough stretch under the dominion of the law. They built the oldest Norwegian community in the Southwest, a place called Norse whose big stone church is still a monument not only to intrepid pioneering but also to Nineteenth Century religious architecture.

"Uncle Cleng", as everybody called him, was now too old to blaze any more trails on any more frontiers. His friend, the Lutheran pastor, talked him into accepting a farm in this last settlement he'd started. But he speedily deeded half of the spread to a neighbor who agreed to take care of him in return. In his last years, he was an honored guest at any place where he cared to visit for any length of time. Texans of all nationalities loved his droll stories, and were impressed by his amazing store of knowledge about anything you might mention.

On December 13th, 1865, he died at age 78 after a fifteen year residence in Texas. In no other state had he cared to stay for so long. He left no children by either of two marriages that had been unsuccessful; one in Norway, a second in Illinois. Whatever he may have thought about religion, his countrymen lovingly laid him away in the Lutheran cemetery at Norse then erected a marker commemorating him. His old chair where he used to sit and read his books is still preserved. The descendants of his colonists are numbered by the thousands over Texas. A strange man, Cleng Peerson. An opponent of slavery when that was a mighty unpopular stand in Texas. A scholar who had also travelled in England and France before reaching America. A cross between Daniel Boone and the sire of Texas, Steve Austin. A maverick in the great Texas tradition of the mavericks.

"Cleng Peerson walks with God," a contemporary Texas Norseman once told this author, "because he did so much walking for his fellow men and hardly ever stopped to rest."

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(Continued from Page 6)

Q. It is true that the Union soldiers cut off the head of Bloody Bill Anderson and he wasn't actually buried until nearly fifty years later? Santo B. Marino, 23 Wallis Avenue, Jersey City 6, New Jersey.

A. According to Carl W. Breihan, author of *Quantrill and His Civil War Guerrillas*, Bloody Bill Anderson, henchman of Quantrill, was killed October 27, 1864 a half mile north of the Missouri town of Orrick when he rode into a trap set by the Federal troops. To show their hatred for Bloody Bill, the soldiers cut off his head and dragged the decapitated body through the streets of Richmond, Missouri. Then they tossed the head and body into a shallow grave without benefit of clergy. In 1908 Cole Younger, then out of prison and hearing that Bloody Bill had been buried without any religious services, had elaborate funeral services held for Bloody Bill.

Q. What is the truth about the death of Harvey Logan, known as Kid Curry? Walter B. Frazer, 20318 Saticoy Street, Canoga Park, California.

A. The death of Kid Curry is one of those puzzles of the old West, like the legend of Booth. In 1901 he pulled a sensational prison break from the Tennessee penitentiary and organized a new gang of outlaws. In the first attempted train robbery at Parachute, Colorado, the outlaws were cornered and it was said that Kid Curry rather than face another prison term killed himself. The police said it was Kid Curry, but men who knew him, and also a member of his new gang, said that the man who killed himself was not Kid Curry. From that date on, old timers have come forth with many and sometimes fantastic stories about where Kid Curry was living.

Q. What was the meaning of the verb "haze" on the cattle range? John Jones, 26 Bond Street, New York City.

A. While this verb has many meanings, such as hazing college freshman or hazing a new member of a fraternal organization, it had a different meaning in the old West. The "Wyoming Guide to History" described it as a cowboy riding at the side of an obstreperous

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bronco to keep the horse from running into a fence or some obstruction. The term was used in breaking wild horses.

Q. Was Tom Mix ever a cowboy on the range, a peace officer, and a soldier of fortune, or was all that a lot of Hollywood publicity? Ellen Wilkins, 520 Walnut Street, Findlay, Ohio.

A. Tom Mix did have plenty of Hollywood publicity, but he was a cowboy in the Indian Territory and later in the Dakotas. He was also a soldier of fortune, serving in the Philippines, the Boxer Rebellion, and with the English Army in the Boer War. He is supposed to have been sheriff at Dewey, Oklahoma, and peace officer in many other towns. He was sheriff at Dewey, but there is some question about his services as a peace officer in other places. However, Tom Mix was being given credit for revolutionizing the Western movie, eliminating the grotesque gestures and facial expressions.

Q. There has been considerable question about how many wives Wyatt Earp had. Can you clear this up? Michael Jesky, 45 East Washington Street, Ma-Doo, Penn.

A. Frank Waters in his brilliant book *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone*, written in collaboration with Mrs. Virgil Earp, states that Wyatt Earp was married three times. His first wife was Willa (or Urilla) Sutherland. They were married January 10, 1870 in Lamar, Missouri. This first wife died several months after the marriage. The cause wasn't given, but the brothers of the dead wife ran Earp out of Lamar. His second wife has always been something of a mystery, but Waters has produced some evidence that she was the stepdaughter of one of Jim Earp's (Wyatt's older brother) former marriages and that her family name could have been Blaylock. Wyatt Earp kept her under cover because of his interest in a Jewish girl from San Francisco who had followed Sheriff Behan to Tombstone by joining the Pauline Markham "Pinafore" theatrical troupe. Wyatt's brutal treatment of his second wife caused her to commit suicide. His third wife was Josephine Sarah Marcus, daughter of a San Francisco merchant. It is the contention of Frank Waters that Josephine Sarah Marcus was the Sadie of the Tombstone days.

Q. What were the Mossy Horns in Texas and where were they found? Beth McCandless, General Delivery, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

A. The Mossy Horns were the wild cattle in the southern part of Texas. They lived in the timber, sneaking out only during the night to graze on the prairie grass. Because the Spanish moss hanging from the limbs of the trees got caught in their horns, they got their name, "Mossy Horns." The cattlemen could drive them from the timber, but the problem was to keep them from running back. One way was to sew their eye lids, and by the time the thread rotted and their eyes opened, they were far away from the timber. "Mossy Horn" was also a term used for a veteran cowman.

Q. My grandfather had a revolver with the name "Leech & Rigdon" stamped on it and with this name the initials, "C.S.A." It is a single action six shot percussion. Can you tell me anything about this gun? Ted Shannon, 135 Fort Green Place, Brooklyn, N.Y.

A. Your grandfather's gun is a duplicate of the Colt Navy Model 1851. This was manufactured by Leech and Rigdon who made revolvers for the Confederate army. The initials C.S.A. mean Confederate States of America. The frame of all Leech and Rigdon revolvers, like most of the Confederate arms during the Civil War, was of brass. The Leech and Rigdon Company was forced to have its headquarters in a number of places in the South as the tide of the Civil War moved deeper in the South. In 1865 the company had its factory in Augusta, Georgia, but here it was burned to the ground by the Federal Forces. A number of revolvers were taken by ex-confederate soldiers into Texas and the other western states.

Q. Why have we heard so little of the Chippewa Indians? Weren't they a Western tribe? Howard Cochran, 3068 Reed Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

A. The Chippewas were definitely a tribe of the West. They migrated east to Minnesota and then into the Dakotas, but here they met the Sioux and for a number of years the two tribes fought bloody battles. In the end the Sioux won out, but there are still Chippewas in the West.

Q. We have heard much about Billy the Kid, but what about his parents? Monroe Cates, P.O. Box 1006, Prescott, Arizona.

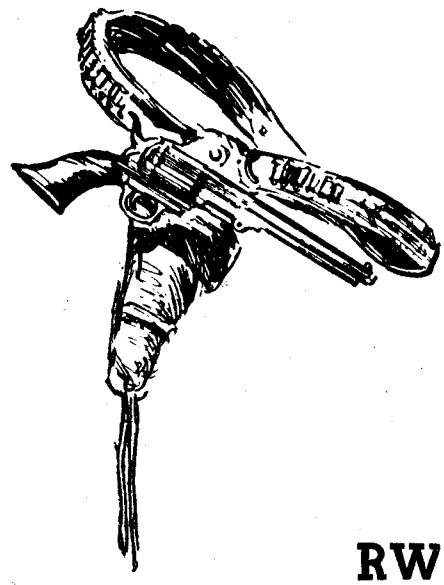
A. Not a great deal is known about the father of Billy-the-Kid, except that he died on his way West and is buried in Coffeyville, Kansas. The mother continued West with Billy and Edward, a baby brother. The mother went to Colorado where she did menial work to feed her two children. Then she moved to Santa Fe and here she married a man named Antrim. The story goes that when Billy was twelve he killed a man with a knife who had insulted his mother, and fearing arrest fled from his mother's home, to start his ill-famed career. There is no record of what happened to the mother or to Billy's younger brother, Edward.

Q. Where and when was Pat Garret born and is it true he was so tall he had to have pants sewed together to get a fit and while he was an excellent shot with a rifle, he wasn't so good with a six-gun? Max M. Coleman, 2008 47th Street, Lubbock, Texas.

A. Pat Garrett was born June 5, 1850 in Chambers County, Alabama, spent his childhood in Louisiana. Pat Garrett was tall, 6 feet 6 inches in his stocking feet, and the legend has it that he always had to buy two pairs of trousers and have the legs of one sewed on the other for him to get trousers that fit him. He was an expert shot with a rifle, but wasn't considered too good with a six-gun. He was killed February 28, 1908 near Los Cruces, New Mexico in a fight with a tenant.

Q. Was knife throwing ever used in the West? John Hollum, Whittier, California.

A. Knife throwing was practiced in all parts of the old West. At thirty feet the long knife, in the hands of an expert, was a deadly weapon. A man with a six-gun was no match for the expert knife thrower. The knife was never held by the blade. Always it was in the open hand palm, in a position where pressure on the handle by the thumb could aim it. The arm was brought back just over the shoulder, the knife thrown by a quick forward and downward motion of the hand. For short distances, the blade was pointed to the rear and hurled in a half motion of the hand. For longer distances the point of the blade was forward, the knife turned one and one half times around. This movement made the knife deadly at fifty feet.



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WOMEN OF THE WEST

CHINA POLLY

First slavery, then marriage — to the same man; this was the fate of China Polly, petite, doll-like Chinese slave girl who at 18 had been shipped to a rich Oriental gambler in Idaho who had apparently purchased her sight-unseen.

Johnny Bemis was a cocky youngster in checkered shirt, corduroy pants and muddy boots who ran away from a New England farm to go to sea — he later headed for the Idaho gold fields from San Francisco. The mining camps were rough but Johnny's weakness was not women or liquor, but gambling. He would wager all the gold dust he owned to stay in a game; in a feverish poker game with an elderly Chinaman, Johnny was winning so consistently that at last there was nothing left to stake against the young miner's gold except Polly.

When Johnny won the hand, Polly followed him submissively to his cabin, a slender, young Oriental, mysterious and lovely in a sheath-like, yellow silk dress, her skin olive, eyes slightly almond-shaped.

Johnny was slightly embarrassed when the girl not only cooked and washed for him, but faithfully followed her new master everywhere. He was kind, but uncertain what to do with her.

In a faro game several months later, Johnny was shot in the chest by a crooked gambler. Polly took him to their cabin and saved his life with her nursing.

It was during these long weeks of illnss that Johnny fell in love with the beautiful young Chinese girl. Upon his recovery, they were married.

The gold diggings petered out and Johnny and Polly moved into the backwoods where they built a small home and Polly started a vegetable garden, selling produce to miners in nearby camps. With their savings, the couple bought a small herd and lived happily until Johnny's death years later.

China Polly lived alone, then, on the Bemis ranch until old age ended the unusual life of the happy, little farm wife who was won by her husband in a poker game.

ROSE OF THE CIMARRON

"Rose of the Cimarron", they called the dark-haired, convent-bred girl when she rode with her outlaw sweetheart, Bitter Creek Newcomb, but for many years her true name and identity were a frontier mystery.

Rose Dunn, as her real name is now believed to have been, lived with her well-off family near Ingalls in Oklahoma Terr., slim, dark and lovely, with blue-black, shoulder-length hair, flawless skin and a gay laugh.

Ingalls was headquarters for the notorious Doolin gang, one of which was slim, bold, young "Bitter Creek" Newcomb. He and Rose may have met at a neighborhood dance, which legend has the Doolin gang dressing up to attend weekly. Rose smiled at the bandit and they fell deeply in love, a relationship which endured through the years the pretty girl spent riding with Bitter Creek and the gang as nurse, scout and spy. In spite of this wild life, such was her character that the other outlaws treated Rose with respect, as did the people of her community.

During robberies and gun battles, Rose helped Bitter Creek to escape. For years, she begged him to hang up his guns and he finally did give up the outlaw trail, but was ambushed and killed before the two could find a peaceful haven from the law.

After his death, Bitter Creek became a fronier legend, as did Rose of the Cimarron. However, Rose now 19, was finally taken into custody to be tried on a charge of "aiding and abetting outlaws".

As the lovely Rose pleaded guilty, legend tells us, a young man in the courtroom jumbed up to ask permission to marry the girl and save her from an evil life.

Rose bowed her head to hide tears of gratitude — the eyes of everyone in the room were also misty as the judge, wiping his own eyes, performed the marriage ceremony.

The real identity of Rose of the Cimarron, and her past, were then carefully protected by both lawmen and outlaws of the day. Her husband became a prominent Oklahoma citizen and Rose was mother of several beautiful children.

HARRY TRACY THE WEST'S MAD KILLER

(Continued from Page 13)

the morning of his trial, Tracy made another desperate bid for freedom. Somehow he managed to have a gun smuggled into his cell in the old Portland Kelly Butte Jail. At gunpoint he forced the guards to release him from the "strong cell." He then ran into his final obstacle, Ned Dougherty, the head jailor, who was commanding the last iron door to the outside.

In what would appear to be nothing short of suicide, the old jailor threw the keys through the outer bars and out of reach. Dougherty saw the look of death in the gunman's eyes as Tracy ran up to him. Then, in what was certainly not typical of Tracy, he proceeded to curse the jailor rather than shoot him. At this moment, Deputy Sheriff Tom Jordan appeared and triggered off a shot which knocked the gun out of Tracy's hand. Forced to surrender, this incident stands on Tracy's record as his only unsuccessful attempt to break out of confinement in his long, bloody career.

Tracy, between holdups, had found time to marry Dave Merrill's sister, Rose. It was thought quite possible that she had smuggled the gun to him while visiting the jail. Brought to trial, Tracy was handed a twenty-year sentence at hard labor in the Oregon State Prison. Merrill, for his part in Tracy's capture, received a lesser sentence of thirteen years.

Tracy entered the Oregon Pen at Salem on March 22, 1899, as #4088 — Merrill as #4089. Oregon prison records give us this information on Tracy:

Real name: Harry Severens
Born at Minong, Wisconsin
Height: 5 ft. 8 inches — Weight: 160 pounds
24 years old, married
Raised a Catholic, cook by occupation,
has served time in Utah and Colorado Prisons,
has a brother and a sister in Wisconsin.

For nearly three years Tracy bided his time waiting for the right opportunity. Since the day of his arrest, Tracy had been suspicious of Merrill. As they labored in the Prison shops, Tracy often commented to Merrill about the difference in their sentences. Merrill passed him off by saying that Tracy's additional time was caused by his attempted break from the Portland jail.

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This explanation seemed logical enough, but it would never pacify Tracy's bitter mind. Whatever bad judgment may have led Tracy to choose his destructive way of life he was not stupid nor was he a *double-crosser! He swore he would find out the truth about Merrill someday . . .*

Now, with three dead guards behind them, following their escape, they were being closely pursued by men and bloodhounds from the Oregon prison as they fled north toward the town of Gervais. It has been told that Tracy sprinkled pepper along the way to throw the bloodhounds off the trail. A posse from the Washington State Prison at Walla Walla and Company F of the Oregon Militia were called in on the hunt. In Gervais, the two desperate convicts stole a horse and buggy and continued their flight northward.

That night they found themselves surrounded in a thickly wooded area, but cunningly made their escape under cover of darkness. Stopping at farms along the way, they made their way past Oregon City and on to Portland. When confronted by the pair, farmers never argued with their demands, but fixed them a meal and gave them clothing and other essentials. When approaching a farmhouse, Tracy would announce, "I'm Tracy. This is Merrill. Just do as you're told and we'll get along all right."

One old farmer told how the convicts ate with guns across their laps while a posse passed down the road just a short distance from the house.

On June 15, a week after the break, Charles Holtgrieve, a farmer living on the Columbia River, was confronted by two men who ordered him at gunpoint to row them across the vast river which divided Oregon and Washington states. This was done, and they landed about five miles above Vancouver. That the pair had managed to successfully elude the hundreds of armed pursuers for a full week, and gain the Washington shores, seemed an unbelievable feat. Not stopping to look back for a moment, they stole another team of horses and started for the mountainous country directly north.

Without any serious encounter with their pursuers, they passed safely by Ridgefield, LaCenter, and Kalamas, and near Castlerock, Washington they stopped at another farmhouse for a meal. While sitting in the kitchen after finishing the dinner, Tracy glanced over a local newspaper. It was here that he confirmed his suspicions about his partner. In recounting details of the manhunt, the paper related how Merrill had betrayed Tracy to the Portland authorities. Tracy put down the paper, and never let on what he had learned to Merrill. In a few minutes they were again on their way.

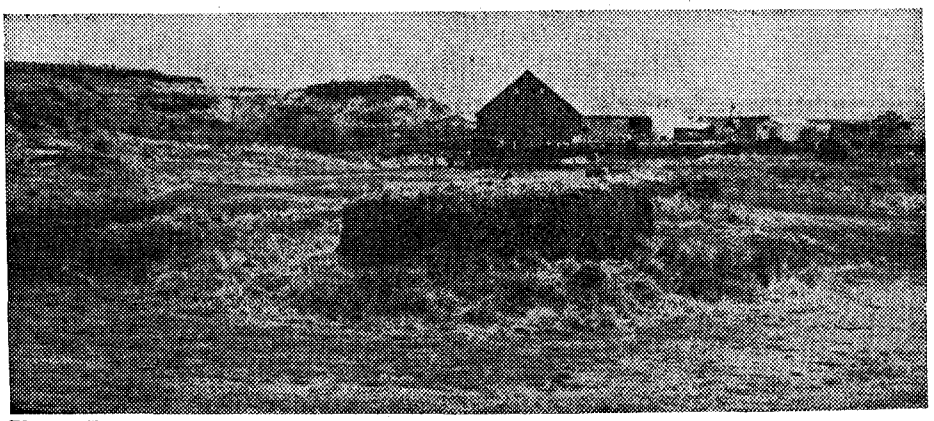

Photo: Chelan County Historical Society.

"Haystack Rock" at the Eddy Ranch where Tracy made his last desperate stand.

SEVERAL days passed and then, on July 2, 1902, employees of the Capital City Oyster Company at South Bay, a short distance from Olympia, on Puget Sound, got the surprise of a lifetime when Tracy stepped into their place and ordered them at the point of his Winchester to get him something to eat. After he had finished a large breakfast of bacon and eggs, Tracy tied up several of the employees, and then ordered Captain Clark and three others to accompany him to the tug, N. & S., which was anchored nearby.

"Everybody aboard!" Tracy announced. "We're going to Seattle; but don't bother to hurry, because I don't want to get there 'til after dark."

Accompanied by Captain Clark, his son, and two men named Scott and Munro, America's most wanted fugitive started out slowly across the waters of Puget Sound. As the tug passed by the Federal Prison on McNeil's Island, Tracy said to the Captain, *"Pull in closer. I went to see if I can pick off a couple of guards!"*

Tracy was no doubt serious, but he was finally talked out of it by Clark and the others when they pointed out that some of the men in the boat might be hit if the guards opened fire on them.

Captain Clark, like most everyone else, had followed the exploits of this newsworthy outlaw. While cruising northward across the sound, he asked Tracy where Merrill was Tracy told him matter of factly, "I read in a newspaper that Merrill had double-crossed me into the pen, and I figured he would turn on me again to save his own skin if he had the chance, so I killed him!"

When pressed for details, Tracy told this story to the men: "We were walking in the woods about sun-up when I told Merrill that I knew he had betrayed me. I said I was going to kill him. I told him that I'd give him a chance though, and offered him the choice of fighting a duel or being shot down like a dog." With a tone of satisfaction, Tracy recounted the grim game. "I could see he was scared as hell but he finally agreed to the duel. He had no choice. He knew I meant business."

Tracy went on to relate that the two men were to pace off ten steps, pistols in hand, then turn and fire at the count of ten. "We started back to back and I counted off the steps out loud. I figured, yellow ——— that he was, he would try to ambush me before the count of ten, so I turned at the count of eight and let him have it. I got him square in the back; and just for good measure I put a couple more slugs in him. He was a yellow rat and he deserved it," Tracy finished.

Several days later Merrill's body was found shoved behind a log in some woods near Castlerock, where Tracy said the "duel" had taken place. He had been shot three times in the back and head.

The N. & S. landed that evening at Ballard, six miles from Seattle, and Tracy left his captive crew with a friendly "So long." He even shook hands with Captain Clark and thanked

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him for the boatride. The rewards for his capture, dead or alive, now totaled $5,600.

That night Tracy slept in a deserted waterfront shack in Ballard, and by sun-up he was walking north along some railroad tracks. A caretaker on the University of Washington campus spotted him and rushed a call to the Sheriff's office. This day, July 4, was to be the bloodiest red-letter day in Tracy's career.

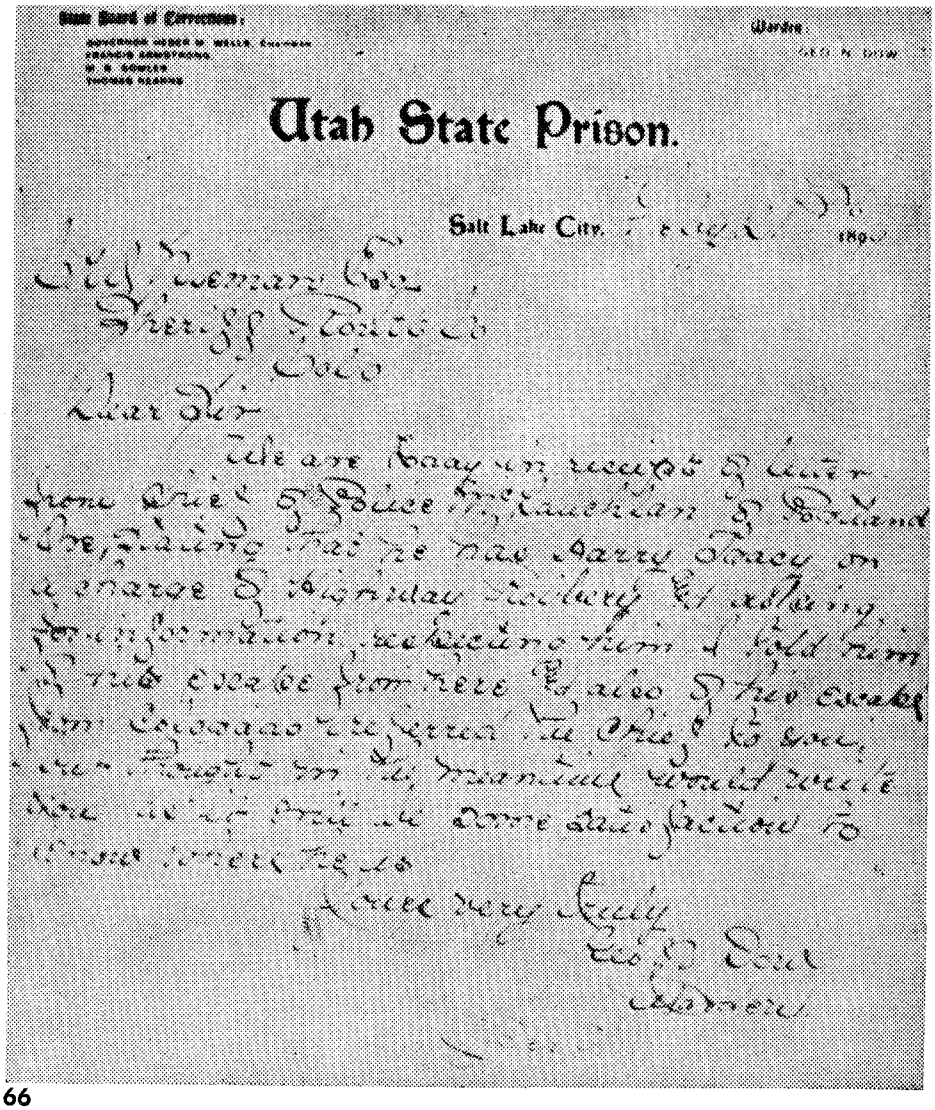
A posse was quickly formed and they came upon Tracy sometime later that morning near some deserted cabins at Wayne Station along the old macadam road near Bothel. In the battle that followed, Tracy's Winchester again took a heavy toll. The first man to fall was a newsreporter, Karl Anderson. As he and Deputy Charles Raymond advanced up a rain-soaked hill toward Tracy's position, the outlaw suddenly raised up from behind a stump and fired. Anderson crashed forward on his face. Before Raymond could go into action, Tracy killed him instantly with a bullet through his heart.

Another newsman, Louis Sefrit, following a short distance behind, exchanged shots with Tracy, and fell as though he had been hit. For several nerve- wracking moments, Sefrit lay in the damp weeds watching the outlaw through slitted eyelids — not daring to move upon penalty of death. Tracy watched him from behind the stump for three or four minutes, which must have seemed an eternity to the newsman, then, apparently satisfied that he was dead, the outlaw slowly moved away toward the shacks nearby.

As Tracy dodged around the corner of one of the shacks, a movement in the brush caught his eye. It was the lone figure of Deputy Jack Williams. Three well-placed slugs from Tracy's rifle brought him down. Two other officers, Nelson and Brewer, then appeared and began shooting. Dodging the hail of bullets, Tracy darted into some woods and made good his escape.

Letter never before published from Warden Dow, Salt Lake, to Sheriff Nieman.

Photo: Williams Collection


Utah State Prison.

Salt Lake City.

The remaining few unscathed members of the defeated posse loaded their dead and wounded in a wagon and started back to the City to report the grim news to Sheriff Ed Cudihee, who had been away on other matters when the call to Bothel was received. Cudihee vowed he would run the outlaw to earth. He was to have his chance that very night.

IN quick time, Tracy put several miles between himself and the battle scene. He next stopped a farmer named Johnson, who was driving his buggy along a back-country road, and forced him to drive to Freemont, a Seattle suburb. Tracy and his captive arrived in Freemont about 8:00 p.m. that evening and reined the buggy up in front of the Vanhorn residence. They were met at the door by Mrs. R. H. Vanhorn who was understandably frightened to hear, "Hello Ma'am. I'm Tracy. You've no doubt heard of me. I want to rest awhile and have something to eat, and, as you can see, I'm badly in need of a change of clothes."

So that evening Mrs. Vanhorn had the somewhat dubious pleasure of playing host to the country's most wanted outlaw. While they were having dinner, Tracy talked freely of his past life and spoke of his mother, whom he hadn't seen in many years. "He talked tenderly about her, and there were tears in his eyes," a newsman later quoted Mrs. Vanhorn.

After the meal was over, Tracy thanked Mrs. Vanhorn profusely, and seemed in good spirits as he walked out the door, accompanied on either side by Farmer Johnson and another man who had been at the home when he arrived. Tracy was not aware that a butcher's boy, who had delivered some groceries to the home that evening, had received a hurriedly-whispered message from Mrs. Vanhorn. So, a bright full moon and a cool evening breeze weren't the only things that awaited Tracy as he emerged from the Vanhorn home.

Sheriff Cudihee, the moment he had received the tip on the outlaw's presence in the city, threw his King County deputies into action, and in a short time they had arrived at the Vanhorn residence, and were stationed at various points around the yard. Cudihee, knowing well the desperate nature of his quarry, passed out the order to his men that no one was to fire until he did, and that *"no quarter"* was to be given the outlaw. Cudihee was unaware, however, that two other men had also gotten word of Tracy's presence at the home, and had decided to take a hand in capturing him.

They were Frank Breece, a city policeman, and a guard by the name of Neil

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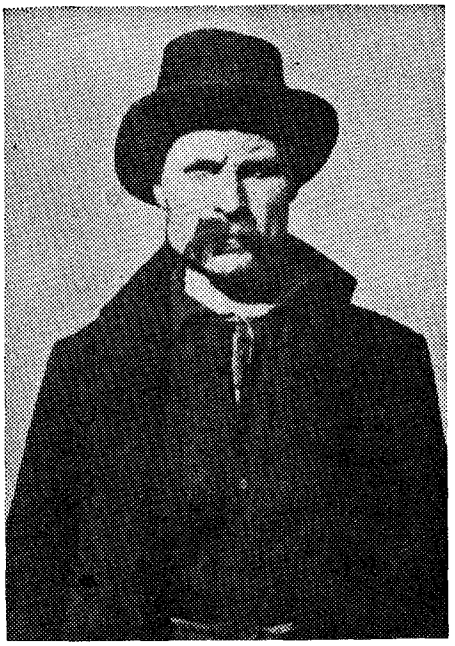

Photo: Williams Collection

Hans Anderson, Tracy's forced valet.

Rawley. They too, were waiting in the bushes near the house when Tracy emerged. As the outlaw and his two captives started across the yard toward the buggy, Sheriff Cudihee drew a fine bead on Tracy. At that moment, a voice broke the stillness, "All right Tracy! Get 'em up and be quick about it!" It was Neil Rawley who had shouted the command.

The order surprised Cudihee who withheld his fire for a fatal instant. Tracy's hands went up all right, but in them was his Winchester. Two loud blasts shattered the night and Rawley and Breece died on the spot. All hell broke loose then. Cudihee's men, scattered around the yard, let loose a hail of fire. Zig-zagging, Tracy ran across the dirt road and into Woodland Park about fifty yards away. Amazingly, he gained the wooded area unscathed, and was soon lost in the groves of pine trees and darkness. Tracy circled Freemont and that night he slept in a graveyard at the outskirts of the city.

On that single red-day of July 4, five men had fallen under the deadly sights of his 30-30. Following this last battle, the manhunt reached its peak of excitement and the newspapers had a field day. Extra editions were rolling off the presses to keep a hungry public well-fed with each new morsel of the Tracy drama! Ed Cudihee, the small but redoubtable Sheriff of King County, declared he would never leave Tracy's trail until the desparado was captured or killed.

Somewhere along the line Tracy took on an unwilling companion named Hans Anderson, whom he compelled to accompany him for three days as a sort of valet. The men slept out in the open at night and Tracy would tie Anderson to a tree for safe keeping. The next definite word on Tracy's whereabouts was a report that he was at the Jerrolls' home in Renton, a few miles south of Seattle.

As Cudihee's posse converged on the house, Tracy was finishing up a meal inside. The officers first saw Anderson, who was tied to a tree, as usual in the yard. As the posse closed in at the front of the house, Tracy spotted them through a window. Thanking Mrs. Jerrolls politely for her hospitality, he darted out the backdoor, and made an easy get-away.

Tracy took an easternly course then, and near Kent, Washington he compelled a farmer, John Johnson to go into Tacoma and purchase for him two colt revolvers and a fresh supply of ammunition. This the frightened farmer did, for Tracy held his wife and children hostage under the threat of death if he was reported to the sheriff. Killing helpless women and children seemed out of character for Tracy, but with this desperate man one could never tell, as self-preservation above all else was his aim.

REPORTS filtered in during the next few days of his presence near Covington, Enumclaw, and other small towns southeast of Seattle, then nothing more was heard of him for some time and many people expressed the opinion that Tracy had fled the coastal area completely. And indeed, they were right.

During the latter half of July the indomitable outlaw beat his way on foot across the rugged Cascade Mountain range and wild back-country toward Eastern Washington. He traveled by night and slept in the brush during the daylight hours. It seemed he was heading toward his old outlaw stomping grounds at Hole-In-The-Wall. This was a long way off, but obstacles seemed to mean nothing to him. In his desperation, no undertaking seemed too great. He had vowed he would never again be captured alive . . .

Sam MacEldowney, a fruit rancher in the Wenatchee Valley was startled when a desperate-looking sight with a shaggy growth of beard approached him on the morning of July 31 and announced, "I'm Tracy. I need some food and some fresh horses!"

Tracy had grown thin in his race with the law and things like combing his hair, shaving and taking a bath were forgotten trivials in his life-and-death race for freedom.

Tracy got his meal and horses. When rested, he amused himself thus: Back in King County, Sheriff Cudihee, sitting at his desk, received a phone call that must have jolted him out of his chair. As he picked up the receiver, the voice on the other end said, "Hello Cudihee! This is Tracy! I just called to give you and your schoolboy posse my regards. If luck is with you, I won't be seeing you." And he hung up.

Tracing the call, Cudihee formed a group of officers to accompany him to Wenatchee. He also telephoned the Spokane Sheriff's Office in Eastern Washington to put them on guard should the outlaw get that far.

Tracy stole a horse and proceeded to Mottler's Ferry, 18 miles south of Wenatchee where he forced the ferry pilot to take him across the Columbia River. He was the guest of several terrified ranchers along the way where he always announced the familiar greeting and helped himself to a meal. Passing through Coulee City, he boldly entered the little town of Wilbur where he

Sheriff Gardiner and posse arrived too late at Eddy farm to take part in battle.

Photo: Chelan County Historical Society.

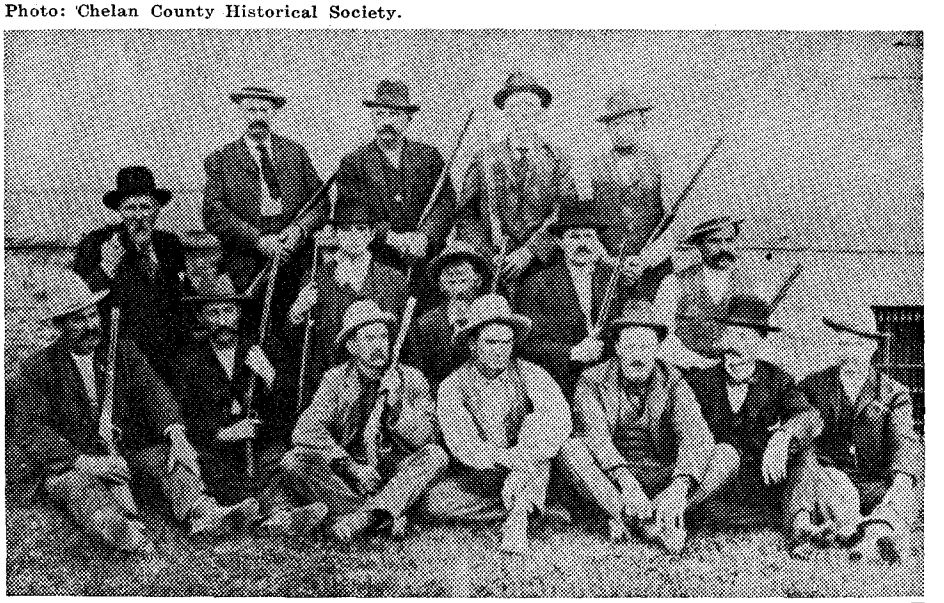

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Photo: Chelan County Historical Society.

Unpublished picture of Eugene Eddy.

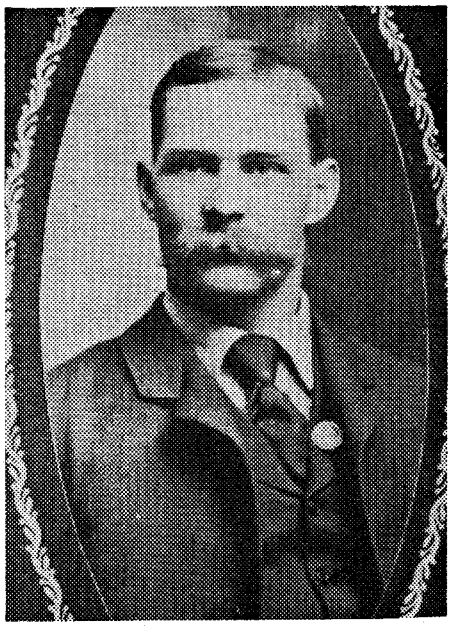

Photo: Chelan County Historical Society.

Rare picture of other brother, Lew Eddy

grabbed a few hours of badly needed sleep in a livery stable. Being hard-pressed, he moved on changing to a southeasterly route to throw off any posse that might be close behind.

On Sunday afternoon, August 3, a seventeen year old boy named George Goldfinch was riding horseback along Lake Creek Basin, about fifteen miles southwest of Davenport, Washington when he met a man who told him, "I need some rest and so does my horse. You probably recognize me. I'm Tracy. I want you to guide me to some out-of-the-way place where I can stop for awhile."

Young Goldfinch decided to cooperate and told him matter-of-factly, "I think the Eddy place would be what you're looking for. Two bachelor brothers live there." With Goldfinch leading the way, the two covered the few miles to a small ranch where Lou and Eugene Eddy lived alone.

THe Eddys were dumbfounded when Goldfinch walked in the door about 3:30 that afternoon and told them who his companion was. "I'm going to stay here awhile," Tracy informed them. "I'll be leaving tonight so if you cooperate no one will get hurt. But don't try anything!"

He told Goldfinch he could go but warned him not to tell anyone of his presence at the ranch. Goldfinch left for the nearby Adam Blentz ranch where he was working. He told no one the secret that night. Tracy didn't leave the Eddy place as he had said he would, but slept out in the open a few feet from Gene Eddy, on a haystack near the barn. For two full days the reckless outlaw was the uninvited guest of the Eddy Boys. During this time, as Lou and Eddy related, "Tracy made himself useful around the place. We were putting up a new barn and Tracy spent much of his time carrying boards and nailing them to the roof. He was a first class worker."

Eddy said that Tracy talked intelligently about the issues of the day, and said that the newspapers exaggerated the number of men he had killed. As a conversationalist, Eddy summed him up thus: "He could talk an arm off a man!"

Lou Eddy said that he and his brother, on several occasions, talked over the possibility of attempting to capture or kill Tracy. "In the end, we decided to take no chances unless success was assured!"

Goldfinch, believing that Tracy had left the ranch Sunday night, returned to the Eddy place Monday evening and was surprised to find the outlaw still there. Tracy asked him if he had told anyone he was there, and Goldfinch told him truthfully that he hadn't. Once again, he was allowed to leave. Early the following morning Goldfinch related the news to the Lincoln County authorities. The word leaked out to Joe J. Morrison, a 22-year-old section foreman who related the news to his friend Maurice Smith. In quick time the two men rounded up three other Creston citizens; Oscar Frank Lillengreen, Dr. E. C. Lanter, and Constable Charley Straub. The five men armed themselves and set out in a buggy toward the Eddy Ranch to tackle the dubious task of "getting Tracy!"

The ranch was located about twelve miles southeast of Creston and three miles directly south of the railroad station stop of Fellows (now Telford). The layout of the surrounding country is much the same today as it was then. The Eddy Ranch is located in a rocky scope of country, devoted almost entirely to farming and stock grazing. (The ranch was sold to Charlie Ensor shortly after the Tracy affair, who, in turn, sold it several years ago to its present owner, Vic Ault.)

The house, barn, and outbuildings stood at the eastern end of a barley field which ran the length of a long valley. Bordering the valley on the north and south sides were high, sheer, rocky cliffs from which a commanding view could be gained of the Eddy property. Looming out in the middle of the field was a large rock which, because of its peculiar shape was called "haystack rock."

Oscar Frank Lillengreen, (always known as Frank in the Creston area) gave his memoirs to a small local journal in Oregon shortly before his death a few years ago. His account of the battle at the Eddy Ranch seems to me to be honest and accurate. He wrote:

"We got to the Eddy ranch about 4 o'clock. Lou Eddy was mowing hay in the field about a half-mile northwest of the house. We went up to him and saw at once that he was pretty scared.

"Marshal Straub asked him, 'Seen any stranger around here, Eddy?'

"Eddy didn't look directly at us. 'Well, yes,' he answered hesitantly. 'There was a guy around here, but he's gone now,' Eddy glanced nervously toward the barn. We looked that way too, and all around us but we could see no one. Apparently no other posses had arrived yet either. Then one of our group saw a man come out of the barn. 'There he is now!' the posseman yelled."

Tracy had spotted the Creston men also, and sprang into the barn. In a few moments he came sprinting out the side door, clutching his Winchester. Tucked in his belt were two 45-Calibre Colts and he carried a large leather pouch filled with cartridges. Running low he made a wild dash for the open field and "haystack rock." The Creston men were positioned on a high bluff commanding a full view of the field. Lillengreen's memoirs state:

"Tracy was about 200 yards from us, I should judge. He stopped and fired several times and one of the slugs hit the dirt just in front of me. A foot or two higher and I would have been another notch on Tracy's gun! We hit the dirt and scattered, taking what cover we could find. We then got our licks

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in at the outlaw. I would estimate that a couple of dozen shots were fired altogether by us and Tracy. Just before he reached the boulder (haystack rock) he fell forward. He had been hit! There was no question about that. He grabbed for his right leg and it was obvious, even at our distance, that he had been seriously wounded in the leg."

SEVERELY wounded, but still game, Tracy got down on his hands and knees and began crawling through the deep barley. The wind, causing the grain to ripple, made it difficult for the posse to follow the outlaw's movements. Tracy tied his belt tight around his wounded leg in an effort to halt the heavy flow of blood. It is possible that he was making an effort to reach the far end of the valley where he could have a good opportunity to escape. Lillengreen's account is as follows:

"After Tracy disappeared into the grain we fired a few more shots where we saw it moving and then everything became quiet. We decided on a plan of watchful waiting. No use risking our lives to go in after him where he could see us and we couldn't see him. So we spread out around the field. In the morning we could flush him out. It was a tedious business, sitting there through the hours watching the field for a wounded killer to emerge, but soon others began to arrive by the score: possemen, lawmen and just plain curious. They spread out too, around the field. It was about 10:30 that night, as I remember it, that we heard a single shot out in the wheat field. Then everything was quiet again."

Throughout the long night the men kept to their grim vigil. They were determined that the outlaw wouldn't make his escape as he had done so many times before. By morning there were from 300 to 400 men at the Eddy place, including Sheriff Cudihee from Seattle and Sheriff Gardner and his Davenport posse. A great party of men moved into the wheat field, advancing cautiously.

About 75 yards from "Haystack rock" they suddenly came upon the outlaw lying prone in the grain. As the men approached the motionless form they knew that Tracy was playing no tricks this time for his skull had been split wide open by a bullet from his own revolver. The heavy 45 slug had made a gruesome mess of his head. The revolver was still clutched in his right hand and the deadly Winchester that had claimed so many lives lay against his body.

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A closer examination revealed that his wounded leg had swollen so badly that the belt he had tied around it was hardly visible. Tracy in the end, had cheated the law, which no doubt would have hanged him. In a final act of defiance he put the muzzle of his revolver close to his right eye and ended his mad career.

Unlike Jesse James, Billy the Kid, and most of their contemporaries, Tracy died without a single friend to mourn his loss. Though looked upon with awe, he had been feared and despised by all.

As to who actually put the bullet through Tracy's leg and sealed his fate. Frank Lillengreen said, "Which one of us it was that hit him we never could determine. I cannot claim that I did, but it could have been I as well as any other member of the posse. We all tried hard enough to get him!"

Archie Hoople, who still resides in the area, drove Tracy's body to the County seat at Davenport in a buggy, and delivered it to the undertaking parlor. It is often told that souvenir hunters stripped the dead man of his clothing and took snatches of his hair.

Tracy's body was taken back to the Salem Prison from which he had exited some two months previous. His long, round-trip was over. He was buried beside his ill-starred partner, Dave Merrill. Oregon prison officals are vague as to the location of their graves. They lie buried somewhere beneath a large new industrial shop which was erected over the old prison graveyard inside the walls.

Lillengreen stated in his memoirs: "Sheriff Gardner was acting very much as if he was going to claim all the credit for Tracy's slaying and sure enough, he immediately applied for the reward. But when Tracy's body was sent on by rail to Salem, Straub, Doc Lanter, and Maurice Smith went right along with it. They saw it that the rights of the five of us were fully protected."

The five Creston men were highly praised for their work in bringing the outlaw to his end and the rewards were split up among them. Oregon paid promptly. Washington paid only after a lawsuit.

The Eddy brothers, Lou and Gene, were 33 and 27 respectfully, when America's most feared killer visited their ranch in 1902. A few years ago, Lou Eddy gave a thrilling, intimate account of the story at a meeting of the Lincoln County Historical Society in Eastern Washington. From a tape recording of this talk came much of the information on the battle at the Eddy ranch. Lou Eddy, a grand old gentleman, passed away on October 18, 1959 at the age of 90 in Cashmere, Washington. Many thanks go to his nephew, Robert Eddy, President of the Chelan County Historical Society in Cashmere for supplying us with several never-before-published photos.

Maurice Smith outlived the other four brave men of the Creston posse, and went on to further fame as a government worker and officer in the northwest. While living in quiet retirement in eastern Washington, he passed away in March 1957 as the age of 81.

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Mrs. Ruby Nieman, of Steamboat Springs, Colorado (widow of Sheriff Charlie Nieman) supplied the poem Tracy wrote in Haun's Peak jail and gave to Sheriff Nieman shortly before he escaped.

Lincoln County Historical Society has on file a recorded talk which was given by Lew Eddy, a few years before his death, of Tracy's visit to the Eddy Brothers' ranch.

Interviews:

Mr. Robert Eddy, President of the Chelan County Historical Society in Cashmere, Washington (nephew of Lew Eddy) supplied many of the little known photos pertaining to the Tracy story.

Clarence T. Gladden, warden of the Oregon State Penitentiary, talked with the writer about Tracy story during a visit there, and supplied photo of Tracy and prison.

Interviews with Charlie Ensore (of Mendovie, Washington) and Vic Ault, both of whom owned Eddy Ranch following the Eddy Brothers, were of special interest, and of course, visits to the ranch, Vanhorn home, Bothel battle site in Seattle area, and Oregon Prison helped to complete the picture.

RW

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SANTE FE, CITY OF STRANGE MYSTERIES

(Continued from Page 17)

ronado. These explorers — soldiers, priests, adventurers — covered an area from the Grand Canyon of Arizona to the center of Kansas, a feat that tested the endurance and the mental stability of these men often to the breaking point. But they did not find the cities of gold rumored to be here; rather, they found plains, mountains, mesas, stretches of eroded and volcanic land probably recalled the Hades of old prints, and Indians, sullen, fearful, or dazzled by the sight of white faces and white horses.

After these explorers returned to Mexico, this vast land was almost forgotton. Then two friars fanned the small spark of interest into the steady flame of conquest. To the north was a huge land that could become a province of Spain — a new Mexico — and there were brown-red people to convert to the Christian faith. Both material for military conquest, and heathen souls, ripe soil for the seeds of the Church.

By 1608 there was a Spanish settlement at Santa Fe. In 1610 the Governor, Pedro de Peralta, proclaimed "The Royal City of The Holy Faith" (La Villa Rea de la Santa Fe), and moved the capital from San Gabriel (now San Juan), where it had been maintaind for twelve years, to Santa Fe.

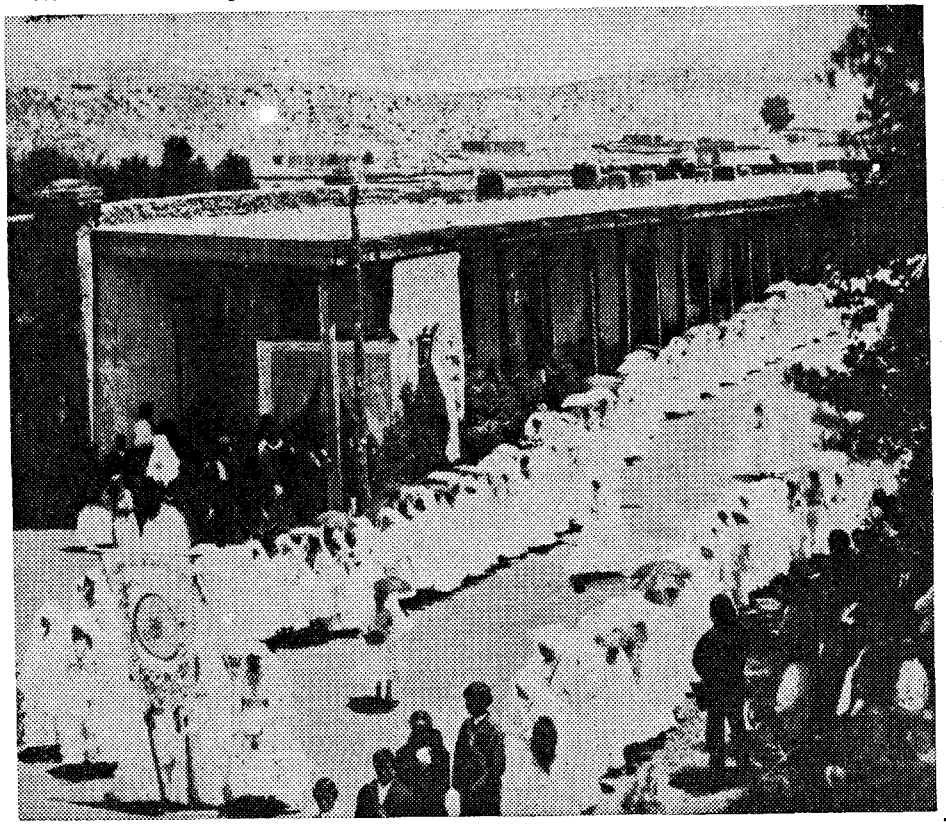
Few cities in America have been ruled by so many different nations. Since 1610, Santa Fe has five times been governmental headquarters for Spain, Mexico and the United States.

Those early days were not easy for the white men. Gradually the pueblo Indians rebelled against enforced tributes and the many restrictions under which they were forced to live. The Pueblo Rebellion of 1680 was the result. The Spaniards were taken by surprise; missionaries in the pueblos were slaughtered, and many farmers and stockmen on outlying farms met a similar fate.

From the various pueblos, bands of Indians closed in upon Santa Fe, intent upon vengeance and regaining the land they believed their own. Governor Otermin, warned of the coming attack, prepared to defend the capitol. A thousand people were gathered behind the walls of the fortress back of the Palace of the Governors. For several days the defenders withstood the seige. Then the water supply was cut off and, to make matters worse, fresh bands of Indians arrived to swell the forces from the pueblos. After a final assault by the defenders, the Indians were driven back. The Spaniards abandoned Santa Fe and fled towards the south down the valley

One of the many religious processions that took place in old days in Santa Fe.

Photo: New Mexico Department of Development.



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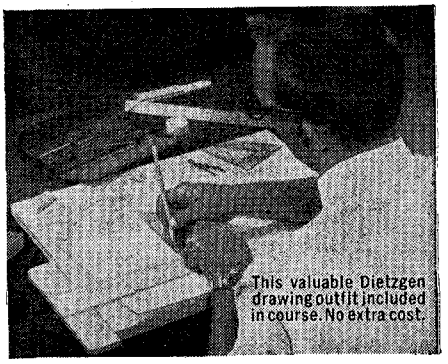

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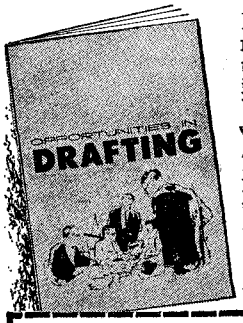

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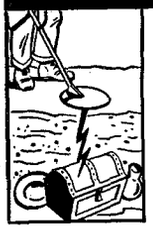

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of the Rio Grande. Again Santa Fe became the home of Indians, and these first residents since prehistoric days held the city for the next twelve years.

In 1691 Diego de Vargas became Captain General and Governor of New Mexico. He received the honor at El Paso del Norte, the place from which the province had been ruled since the grim days of 1680. 1692 saw de Vargas lead an expedition that reconquered New Mexico for Spain and re-established the capitol in Santa Fe.

NEW Mexico of the 18th Century was the scene of spreading Christianity, the building of mission churches, and military action against the Indians. Commerce developed, as trading caravans north of Santa Fe came to Chihuahua and Durango over trails that were safer as the Indian threat receded. With the coming of these caravans the immigrant population increased. Spain acquired Louisiana from France, colonized upper California, and the way was opened for the first expeditions to the shores of the Pacific.

Trails had been blazed from the east in spite of opposition from the home government in Mexico City, which insisted that trade should be with Mexico, which of course meant profit for Spain. Intruders from beyond the mountains were held within the colony or sent to Mexico. And this rigid limiting of trade was one of the reasons for the colonies of Spain revolting against her government.

In 1820 Mexico gained her independance from Spain, and a far more friendly attitude developed towards the United States, and this friendliness reached northward into New Mexico. The change stimulated commerce, and Santa Fe became the most important trading center beyond the western banks of the Mississippi, a link in the long chain of communications on the way to the west coast.

The war between the United States and Mexico caused a good deal of concern in New Mexico. James K. Polk, President of the United States, had prevailed upon James Magoffin, who for many years had been a trader and had served as consul in Chihuahua and Durango, to attempt to convince Governor Manuel Armijo of New Mexico to yield to American occupation.

Evidently Magoffin met with some success, but when news reached Santa Fe that an army was being equipped in Missouri to attack Santa Fe, feeling ran high, and Governor Armijo issued a proclamation calling on the people to defend their homes and land. The Americans under General Stephen Watts Kearny, called The Army of the West, met with little difficulty in conquering New Mexico. The Mexican army, largely made up of inexperienced volunteers, was demoralized. Accounts of American strength reached them, and many returned to their homes, and Armijo, after a council of war with his officers, retired with the faithful towards the south. On August 18, 1846, Kearny and his small army took Santa Fe without a shot being fired, and American rule was established in Santa Fe.

THE war between the states caused more conflict in New Mexico. The battle of Glorietta proved the turning point of the struggle in New Mexico. Both armies, the Confederate under General Canby, fought bravely, but the Union forces succeeded in achieving a victory over the army of the Confederacy, they retreated towards the south, and decisive action was at an end.

Then attention was turned towards the Indians. Kit Carson and other heroes of early days played important parts in subduing raiding bands of Navajos and Apaches, tribes that had become actively aggressive during those troubled times. As the indians ceased to be a menace, trade continued to develop, and pioneer families moved westward and made their homes in New Mexico. In the 1880's the railroad came, and with the steel rails the whole course of life was changed.

Statehood was granted to New Mexico in 1912. From a vast territory an organized political and social unit gradually came into existence a state with its own problems, its own way of solving them. It is a state that differs from others in many ways, and Santa Fe combines its Indian, Spanish-American and Anglo cultures to a greater extent than any other New Mexico city. And this is why it is called "The City Different," and will remain so forever.

The pages of Santa Fe's history have been stained with blood, and they have been touchd by beauty — blood and beauty supplied by three races that after the passage of centuries have come to know one another as human beings working towards the common cause of social intercourse and being good American citizens.

As the visitor studies the past, he or she will find again and again that this is one of the few places in North America where he can face remote yesterdays and the living present, and find that each falls into place as gently as tumbleweed blown by the desert wind.

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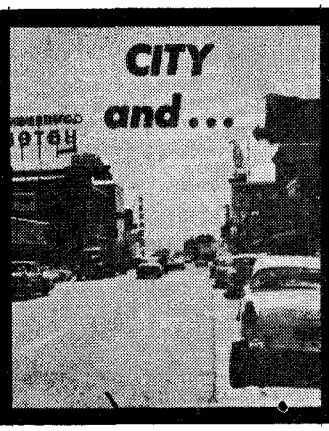

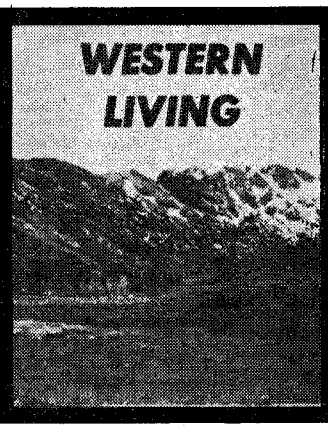

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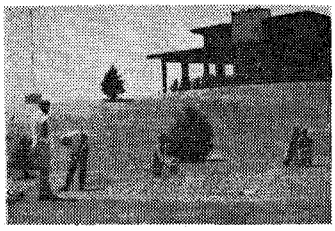

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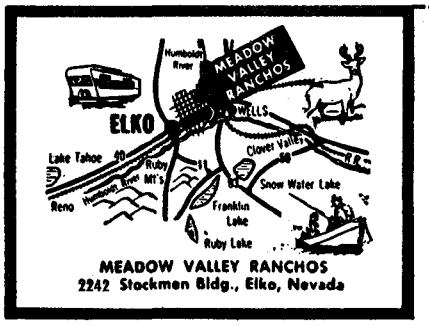

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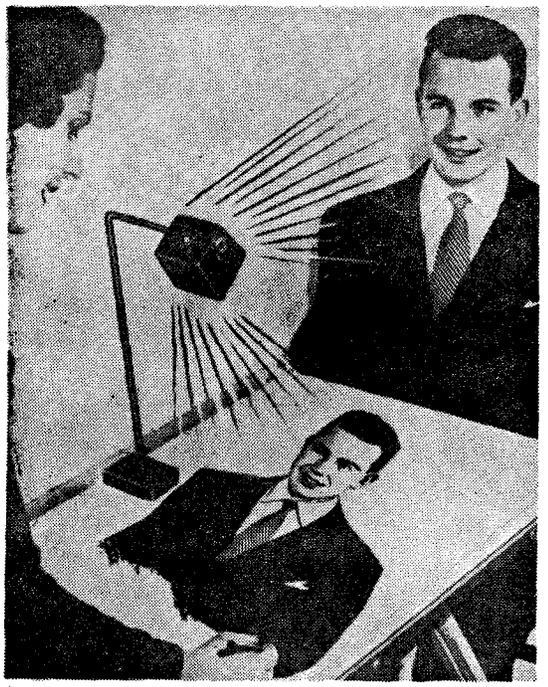

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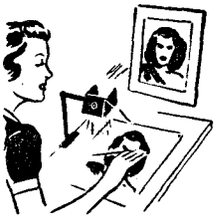

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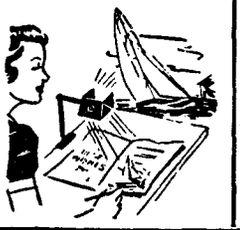

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MAIL ROUNDUP
(Continued from Page 8)

the Wyoming Stock Association and the "Vendetti of the Plains" by Ace Mercer — a book that is the back-bone of all the stories of the "Johnson Co. War."

After years of trying to get into the records of the Wyoming Stock Association, I finally got permission to look at them June 6th, 1962. Elmer Brock, when he was president of the Wyoming Stock Association, had the records locked up. I can see why because when I got into the old records I found every page with a rustler's name on it the page had been cut out.

Knowing Russel Thorp had been on the board with Brock, I went to Cheyenne and in the presence of Mrs. Jo Ann Mushmore of Ponca City, Oklahoma, I asked him if he knew why Brock had cut the pages out. He told me he helped Brock cut them out because he did not believe it would be right for the offspring of the rustlers to have that history hanging over their heads.

I ran into Black Henry Smith (Hank) in Turstupeck, State of Caxaco, Mexico on March 20, 1912, and I was well acquainted with all the rustlers after I got old enough to work on the roundup (1900) and they never denied taking cattle from the big outfits as the cattle were eating grass that belonged to the natives.

Fred W. Hesse
Box 168
Buffalo, Wyoming

KNOW GOOD WESTERN WRITER?

Dear Real West:

I just recently discovered your magazine, REAL WEST, and like it very much. I like and enjoy reading anything really Western, and this brings me around to my problem.

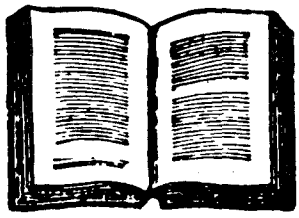
I am a real fan of the late and truly great, Zane Grey. My question is, are there any other authors that write any thing at all like Grey? Owen W. Wister fills the bill beautifully, but all I can find by him is the "Virginian."

I am wondering if you will print my letter, and out of REAL WEST's vast reading audience, perhaps someone knows of such a writer and will be kind enough to drop me a line.

In your September issue, I especially enjoyed the story about Fanny Kelly by Carelton Mays. She was a truly brave woman.

Another thing I like about your magazine, all through the book, I find spots of little known information about our early West. It's a great book, too quickly finished. Thank you for any information I may receive.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Mildred Hewett
Box 537
Lackney, Texas



CRITICIZES MR. McCULLOCH

Sirs:

Regarding the letter in your September 1963 issue by Mr. McCulloch of Canada, on the Custer controversy, I would like to make a few statements in the cause of historical fact.

First of all, anything about one Theodore Goldin (it was not Golden) must be classed with the hundreds of other myths which now encrust the Custer Mystery. Goldin was a pathological liar of the worst kind, a mere boy of 17 when with G Troop in 1876; and the famous Custer historian, the late Colonel Graham, completely discredited all he said and/or claimed he did at the Little Big Horn, in his fine source book — "The Custer Myth."

I also read the REAL WEST story on Goldin, and must say it so closely followed Col. Graham's chapter on Goldin, that I had to check it closely against my Custer Myth copy to ascertain that it wasn't pure plagarism.

But, as Col. Graham proves (and other Custer historians among which I have been graciously included by various societies), there was no "second message" which Goldin claimed to have carried to Reno. A verbal message was carried to Capt. (not Major then) Benteen by Sergeant Kanipe of C Troop, asking that the pack train be hurried along.

Then the famous "Come quick" message was sent to Benteen by Custer, which his adjutant, 1st Lieut. W.W. Cooke, wrote on a message pad. This was then carried to Benteen by Trumpeter Martin of H Troop who was on duty as an orderly with Custer for that day. As you say — Goldin was a fake and how!

Now, the matter of Lieut. Cooke. COOKE. Not *Coope*. In some 39 years of study and writing about the Custer battle, I never before saw the word "Coope" used as the Lieutenant's name. I have a

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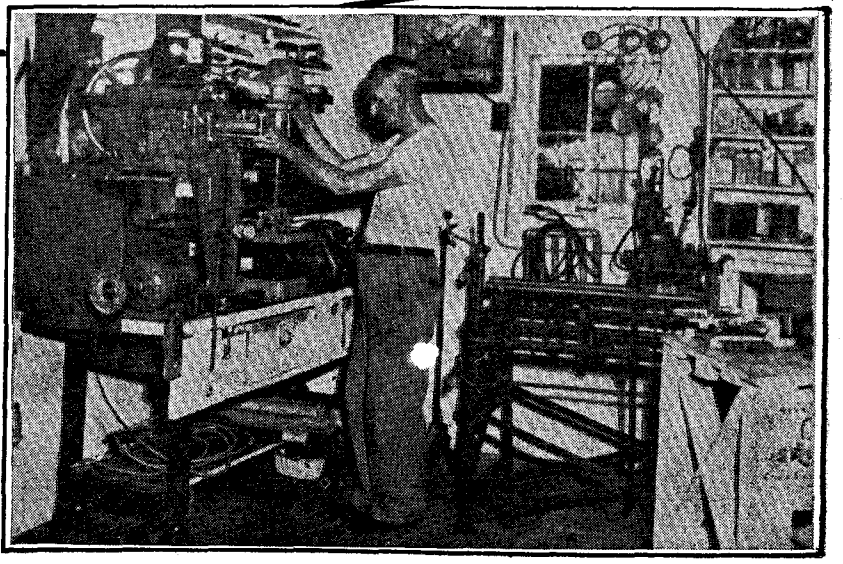

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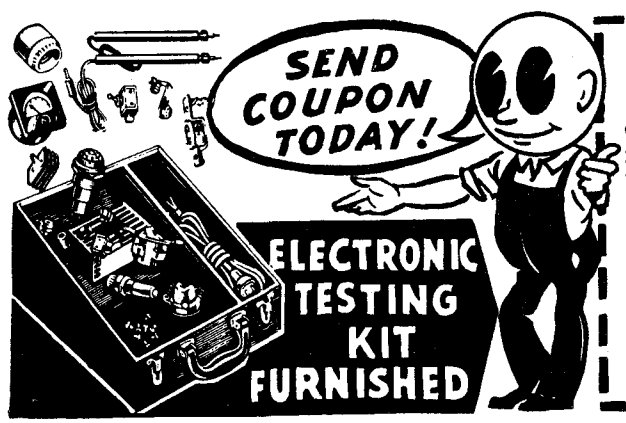

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fine copy of that last message on my study wall, taken from the original at West Point. Anyone can easily discern without the use of a glass the name is Cooke. His service records, orders he signed, letters written by him now in historians' files — every one plainly bears the signature Cooke. Where Mr. McCulloch obtained his way of spelling the name now becomes a subject to be researched and clarified — like all Custer material. Maybe we Custer buffs have all been wrong for over 86 years. But only maybe. So, please Mr. McCulloch, what material authenticates the signature of COOPE? Or is the whole sad bit merely a typographical error — thrice?

Robert B. MacLaine, Sr.
Yours cordially,
2808 North Washington Street
Tacoma 7, Washington: 98407

MR. McCULLOCH'S ANSWER

Sirs:

Through the courtesy of Mr. Robert B. MacLaine, Sr., Tacoma, Washington, I have received a copy of his letter addressed to you referring to my letter in the September issue.

Mr. MacLaine raises the point that the name of Lieut. W.W. Cooke, Adjutant 7th. U.S. Cavalry, killed at the Little Big Horn with Custer in June, 1876, is spelled "Coope" three times in the article and asked if he and other historians have been wrong for more than eighty-six years.

At ease, men! The fault lies in my own handwriting and is not in any way due to indifferent typesetting. I note to my surprise that I form the letter "k" not unlike the letter "p". Sorry to cause such unnecessary brow wrinkling.

There is a curious thing about Lieut. Cooke's name. From January 30th, 1864, when he joined and enrolled in the 24th. Regiment N.Y. Cavalry at Rochester, N.Y. before his eighteenth birthday, as a 2nd. Lieutenant, until November 4th, 1872, his name is incorrectly spelled as "Cook" in all U.S. Army records. I have a photostat of a letter in his own handwriting addressed to Major Thomas M. Vincent, Ass't. Adjt. General, U.S.A. which states as follows: "I have the honor to request that my name appear in the Army Register as "Cooke" instead of "Cook" as heretofore. I would respectfully state an explanation that when I first entered the service my name was through accident misspelled and it has been allowed by myself to remain uncorrected."

The undersigned has made a long and serious study of his career and personally knew his nephew, the late Alex Cooke, and enjoys the acquaintanceship of his grand-nephew Ranson Cooke.

The above stated facts are based on family records and photostats of documents contained in the files of the War Department, Office of the Adjutant General, now in the files of the U.S. National Archives and Records Service, General Services Administration.

Sorry again about that "k". I shall have to print sur-names in future or rely on the typewriter, which I am doing in this case.

Yours sincerely,
W.J. McCulloch
Co-founder of the Lincoln Fellowship,
18 Wentworth Street, N.
Hamilton, Ontario
Canada

DEFENDS SITTING BULL

Gentlemen:

In defense of Sitting Bull: Your November issue contained a letter from Mr. Ross P. Deon which greatly detracted from the fame of Sitting Bull. As the chief is among the dead, I am humbled to defend his honor.

Sitting Bull was not a converted Catholic, though he was receptive to the Priests who came before the war. He was a chief and never a medicine man, as was his father, Returns Again. He and Crazy Horse were in charge at the Little Big Horn. Red Cloud was not present and the battle was not planned. The Indians were camped and Custer came and had to be fought.

If it is true that Sitting Bull was a liar, it is then very strange that so many remained loyal to him for so long. As to his bravery, if one will check his record it will tell its own story without aid from me. If he remained on the side that seemed to be winning, as Mr. Deon stated, why did he lead the Sioux through years of war climaxed by the Little Big Horn and why then did he seek refuge in Canada, after which he served a prison term for responsibility of the Sioux Wars?

Mr. Deon told his version as his parents passed it down to him, and I have done the same, though mine is more in agreement with the historical records.

I did not see Sitting Bull alive and cannot say firsthand what sort of man he was. If Mr. Deon did know my great grandfather, then I cannot argue. If not, then why not depend on historical facts and the words of those who were there and know so much more of the subject than any of us? I rest my case.

Sincerely,
Leroy Yarbrough
206 Gilmer Street
Killeen, Texas 76543

Mr. Yarbrough is one of the country's leading authorities on Sitting Bull.

CRAZY HORSE'S GRANDDAUGHTER

Dear Sirs:

Today I thought I would write about this picture. You see that lady besides that tall Indian man with a War Bonnet and Indian outfit — that lady is my real blood relation. She is my grandmother, my mother's mother.

My mother's name was Mrs. Nancy Pablo. Her maiden name was Nancy Little Bald Eagle. My grandmother's name was Elizabeth Kills Her Own. Her first marriage name was Little Bald Eagle. Her second marriage name was Mrs. E. Crazy Horse — that tall man is my second grandfather, Joseph Crazy Horse, grandchild of old Crazy Horse.

I was reading the magazine and when I turned the page I saw my grandma's picture. I used to stay with them so I know I was my grandma and grandpa's pet.

Her land allotment in the Pine Ridge Reservation is allotment #2315, lots of 4 and 5, Sec. 31.38.43. I and my sister own 80 acres of it and my brother owns 80 so that makes 160 acres.

If you really want to believe it write to the Pine Ridge Office and find out it's all true.

Miss Agnes (Pablo) Gaeligs
General Delivery
Pierre, South Dakota

This letter sheds some light on the strange mystery of Crazy Horse's picture.

CHEYENNE TORTURE

Dear Sir:

I read your story on the Indian Torture Dances. It was very interesting to know of my people (the Cheyennes being my people). Recently, I read another article by an author called Leroy Yarbrough in REAL WEST. He wrote a story about his relative, Crazy Horse. I was very happy to read the article.

I am a true American Cheyenne Indian, aged 22 years. I am a full-blooded Wag Soldier Cheyenne, my mother and father are both full-blooded Cheyennes.

In your story of the Cheyenne Torture Dance, you several times mention the word Hock-ea-yum. It means all that you said it did only the word implies

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correctly as a word of great emphasis to the Cheyenne's religious ceremonies.

This ceremony is very religious to my people and I am to participate in one next summer! This ceremony includes religious practices including that all must not eat, drink, but long to dance until he falls or is excused for 3 days. There are singers there to sing songs of "sacred" to dance, and food is brought in by the women and set before the dancers — but not for them to eat; it is only for the sacred. This is called the "Sundance by the Cheyenne tribe."

Yours truly,
Bobby Ray Lumpy
Lock Box No. 1
Fort Supply, Oklahoma

WANTS INFORMATION

Dear Editor:

I hope you will print this letter, as I hope some real old timer reads it. (I like your magazine very much.)

What I would like to know, if any one can help me on the following:

My mother, Frances Randolph, was born on the Green Farm near Maretta, Oklahoma. Her mother, Tlitha (Jackson) Randolph was married to William Eliga Randolph. Mr. Randolph left Burnsville, Oklahoma for Weatherford, Texas. Parker County, in the year of 1881 to sell property and stock in Parker County. With him he carried my mother's half brother Lee Randolph who was about 10 years or more old. Neither of them were ever heard of again. My mother was born shortly afterwards. She is 81 years old and Lee Randolph would be between 92 or 94 years old. If any of you old timers know of Lee Randolph or his children or grandchildren, I would be very happy to hear from them or any one that knew of them.

Thank you,
Mrs. Lucille Mixon
Garner, Texas
(Route 1)

If any readers can help Mrs. Mixon, it will be greatly appreciated.

FLYING SAUCERS

Dear Sirs:

I would like to know if in any of your collection of information (including back copies of your magazine, as I have not seen all issues), you found references to any sort of strange phenomena in the sky. I have read in some publications, excerpts from wagon train diaries, etc., where some individuals have recorded sightings of strange aerial objects. This is connected with the present day study of "flying saucers" or more correctly, "unidentified flying objects".

The information desired might fall into any of a number of categories, including the following:

(1) Strange objects or lights seen in the sky or on the ground, either in daytime or at night.

(2) Strange clouds which exhibit peculiar characteristics.

(3) Falls of either animate or inanimate objects or material from the sky.

(4) Any meteor sightings, as anything seen in the night sky in this time period was automatically called a meteor.

Perhaps some of your readers can give me this information.

Yours very truly,
Lucius Farish
Route One
Plumerville, Arkansas 72127

Our records do not show any sky phenomena seen by members of wagon trains, mountain men, or any person in the West, and if any reader has this information, we would be glad to hear about it as would Mr. Farish.

INVITATION TO HANGING

Dear Sirs:

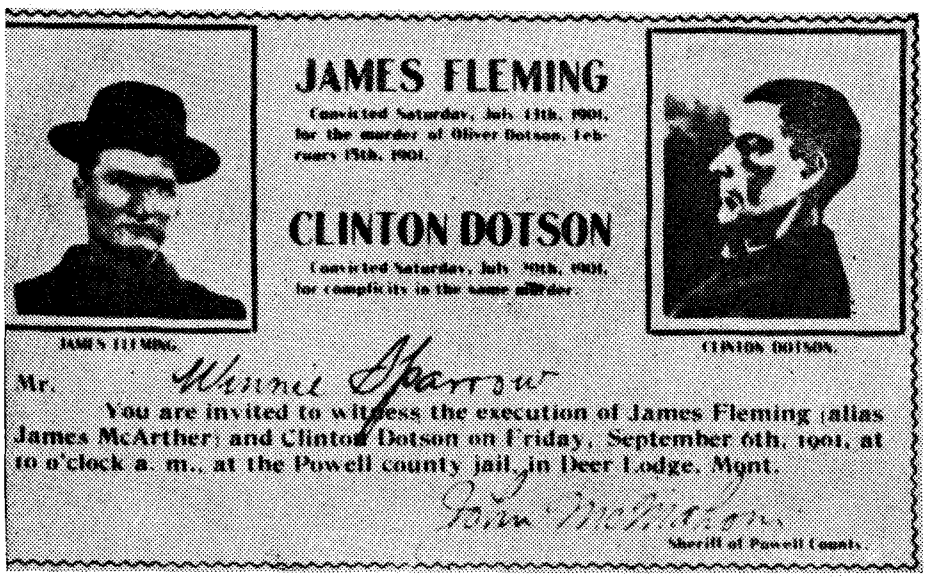
Am enclosing photo of invitation to double hanging, superimposed on story of "Double Hanging in Washington Gulch."

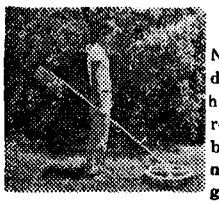
I found this invitation among my Dad's effects after his death approximately five years ago. Not knowing the story connected with it, imagine my surprise when I happened to pick up a copy of your magazine and there was the whole story leading up to the double hanging. The names seemed to ring a bell so I got to digging and came up with the invitation.

My Dad "Winnie" Sparrow ran a drug store in Anaconda for some fifty odd years.

Thank you for your enlightening story.

Sincerely yours,
W.F. Sparrow
2782 Fay Way
Oroville, California


JAMES FLEMING
CLINTON DOTSON
JAMES FLEMING.
CLINTON DOTSON.
Mr. Winnie Sparrow
You are invited to witness the execution of James Fleming (alias James McArther) and Clinton Dotson on Friday, September 6th, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Powell county jail, in Deer Lodge, Mont.
Sheriff of Powell County.



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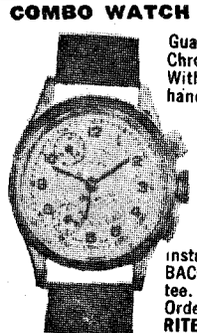

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JOHN 'TARO' ROTH Dept. 2242
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

CHEROKEE RELATIVES

Dear Sirs:

In one issue of your magazine I read where you would trace members of families in the West. I am tracing the history of my family, which is of white and Indian blood.

When the Cherokees were brutally driven out of this mountain country, they wanted to take my great grandfather, who was then a child, with them, saying that he would pass for one of their people. My great-great grandmother, who was half Indian wouldn't let them.

I would like to know if there are any Cherokees on the Oklahoma Reservation by the name of Suggs or Miles. Both of these are Indian families and are closely related to me.

I am very proud to be related to the Red Man and if I have any relatives on the Oklahoma Reservation I surely would like to know it.

Yours very truly,
Max White
Route 2
Alto, Georgia

Some of our Oklahoma readers might be able to help Mr. White.

ENGLISH READER

Dear Sir:

I have been collecting REAL WEST since January 1961 but I have been unable to get my copy regularly. I have Vol. 4, No. 15, Vol. 4, No. 20, Vol. 4, No. 18, Vol. 5, No. 22 and Vol. 5, No. 23.

I think your magazine is great. Never have I read a publication to match it. Each copy is better than the last. I would like to collect items connected with the Old West but I am unable to purchase anything in this country. Therefore, would you be kind enough to mention that I would like to exchange English car magazines, etc., for such items. I hope you can spare the space in your next issue.

Yours faithfully,
W. Sargent
31 Fieldway
Northtown
Aldershot
Kamshire, England

FOREIGN GUN

Dear Mr. Rand:

Could you possibly tell me where I can get in touch with someone who has information on a rifle called the "tiger" (a lever action, cab. 44-40).

On the barrel is written "Garates Anitua Y *Cia* Eibar-Espana Cal. 44 L." On the rear of the receiver is written Marca Registrada — Tiger — Patente Madelo 1919.

Or where I can get spare parts for this rifle. It would be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,
John R. Brooks
509 South Glover Street
Baltimore 24, Maryland

As we have no way of checking guns of foreign makes, we hope that some reader, who is a gun collector, can give Mr. Brooks this information.

MINER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

Dear Sir:

Please could you give me the following information: On page 42, July 1963, REAL WEST Magazine, can the following be had — large and clean pictures of the humorous little sheet of the '40 Niners.

Can "The Miners' Ten Commandments" be had so it can be read. So it can be framed. I like your magazine and I long for the day when I can go out West and see that part of the U.S.A. I have seen a part I would like to see more. What a price these people paid for our freedom.

Yours truly,
Paul Carlson
7 Barteau Street
Endicott, New York

We continue to receive letters similar to the above about getting a larger picture of The Miners' Commandments. We advise all wishing a larger copy of this humorous sheets to enclose 65 cents in a letter to the Photo Duplication Service, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., asking for a copy of The Miners' Ten Commandments, Code Number USA62 — 8113. 65 cents is for an 8 by 10. If you want a larger one, 16 by 20, you can get it for $2.50.

COST OF WHISKEY

Dear Sir:

In a thousand ancient western films one sees the hero and villain stride to the saloon bar, order a drink and receive the bottle. They pour themselves a drink or two or three and when they leave toss some money onto the counter (in passing they never receive any change). How does the hero, the villain or the saloon keeper decide the cost or how much to charge when the customer simply helps himself from a half full bottle at times in a crowded room with a swiftly changing clientele.

Thank you, I am

Yours sincerely,
Arthur Moyse
39 Minford Gardens
West Kensington
London, W. 14
England

We'll send a copy of this to movie directors and maybe they can explain this phenomenon.

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739
463
906
785
642

(Solve in 6 seconds) ?

$\frac{9864372}{8146}$ = ? (Solve in 9 seconds)

$\frac{4}{7} \times \frac{9}{4}$ = ? (Solve in 4 seconds)

1¾% interest per month amounts to what percentage yearly? (Solve in 4 seconds)

367 X 75 = ? (Solve in 3 seconds)

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A Father

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E-Z MATH PROGRAM

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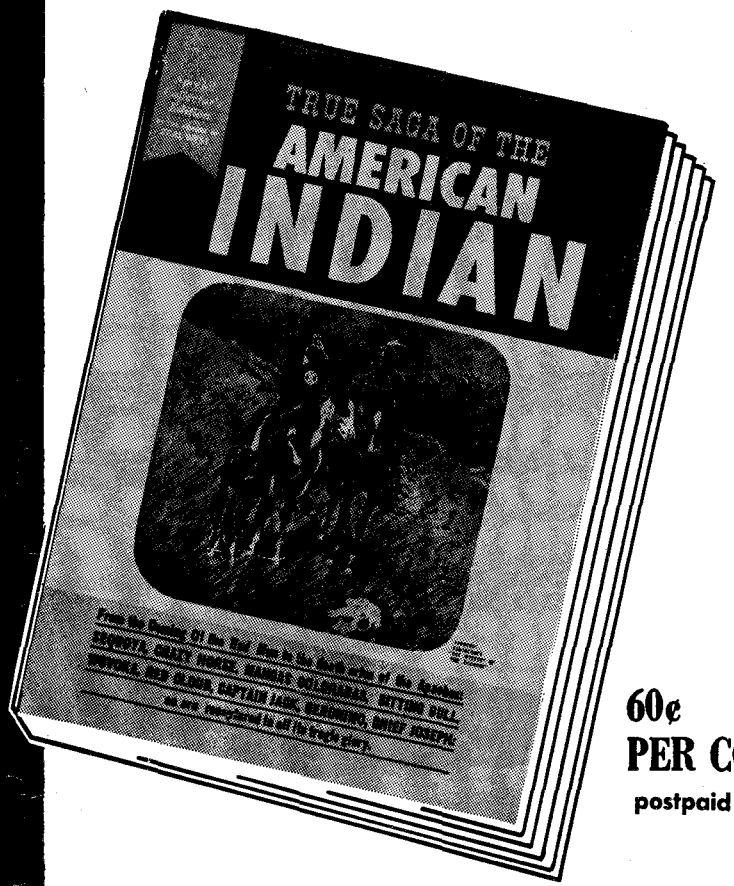

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